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CHURCH MISSIONARY
GLEANER.

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"IS IT NOT A LITTLE ONE?"—GEN. XIX. 20.  
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VOL. VI. NEW SERIES.

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LONDON:  
SEELEY, JACKSON, AND HALLIDAY, FLEET STREET,  
AND HANOVER STREET, HANOVER SQUARE.

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Two Shillings.

W. M. WATTS, CROWN COURT, TEMPLE BAR.

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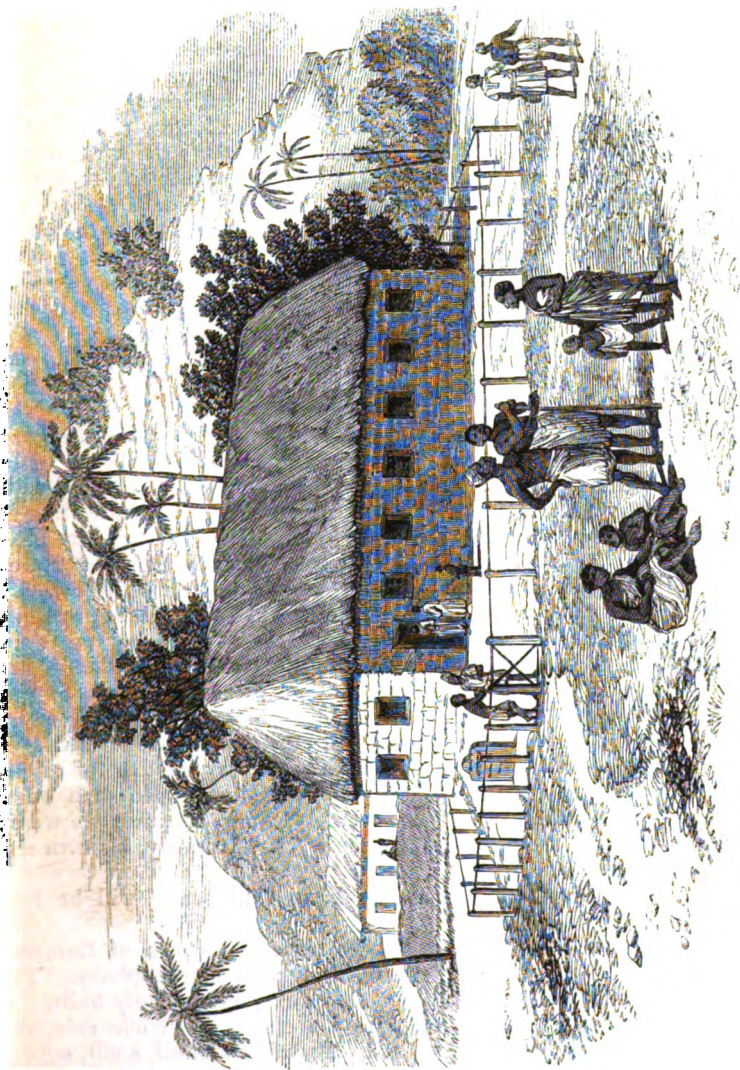
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THE
CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.



THE NEW CHURCH AT IBADAN, WITH KEFER'S GRAVE.—See p. 4.

“FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.”

MISSIONARIES are the picked soldiers of the Christian camp. They are sent forward to services of difficulty and danger, to attack the strongholds of Satan's kingdom, and force their way in wherever a breach is practicable. In the conflict they often fall, like good soldiers, at their post, counting not their lives dear to themselves if so be they might finish their course with joy: and so tidings continually reach us of one and another who is no longer with us in this service, and who has gone to be with Christ. On the West-African coast, during the present year, such bereavements have been frequent. Now the good Bishop Vidal, then the Rev. G. F. Gerst, of Lagos, then Dr. Irving, and, very recently, the Rev. J. T. Kefer, of Ibadan. Truly they have proved to the African how strongly they felt his need of the gospel, when to give it to him they were contented, after the example of their great Master, not only to live but to die. Kefer's death was precisely similar in its circumstances to that of Van Cooten. Van Cooten, in March 1851, although not feeling very well, left his station at Badagry to visit some towns in the direction of Porto Novo. He found the people attentive beyond his expectations, and became so interested in his work, that, disregarding the symptoms of increasing illness, he went on from town to town until he sank, and was brought home in a canoe to die.

In the beginning of last May Mr. Kefer was not well. Fever was hanging over him. Mrs. Hinderer requested him to take medicine which she had prepared for him; and he seemed so much better as to resume his visits to the town, and his lessons in Yoruba every day with the schoolmaster. On May the 18th, the roof of the church was destroyed by a violent tornado. “He had made up his mind,” writes Mr. Hinderer, “to go out the next week to visit some farm villages eastward. On the destruction of the roof of the church he intimated that he thought he ought not to go. But knowing he had set his heart upon it, and that we could not do much, at this time of year, in the way of repairing, I thought it better not to hinder him. On Sunday, the 20th, he did not go to the town at all, but in the morning he preached in one of our piazzas, not being able to use the church, with great spirit and power, from the text, ‘Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.’ On Monday, the 21st, he was busy putting to rights and preparing to go. Tuesday morning, the 22d, we bade each other good bye, wishing each other Pentecostal blessings, wherever we were; and he left, accompanied by his interpreter, Mr. Hardisty, his own servant, and his horseman.”

Some notes of his journey, made by himself in pencil, will be read with melancholy interest.

“*May 25*—We reached before ten the respectable town of Lalupon, with large compounds, broad streets, and large market-places. The compound of the chief was a very extensive one, quite kingly built. A multitude of women and children, with the chiefs, filled one side, and men and boys the other, of the piazza. The chief himself, a tall, strong, and nice-looking man, was seated on a deer and sheep's-hide. He replied very heartily to my salutations, and shook hands. He bade me sit down, but seemed a little reserved. He sent for the agelle, or consul, sent by the balle of Ibadan, these little towns being all tributary to

Ibadan; and at the agelle's house I found I was to have my lodging. But before I was conducted thither, I explained why I had come, and what for; and their replies showed that they were not sorry I had come. I was much interested in a deaf and dumb boy, who seemed quite affectionate, and at once went and fetched grass for my horse. After an hour's rest, the chief desired me to come to him and his elders. He received me kindly, and told me he had feared at first, because he thought I had come to sit down, and his master, the balle of Ibadan, had said nothing to him about it; but he could be glad, now that I was going back again, and only came to pay him a visit. After a little talk, they all said they would like some one to teach them God's word, for they would like a word of peace, and they were glad a friend of their master's came to tell them such a word; and the chief added, "If I can only get a white man by and bye, I shall indeed be happy."

"My lodging was crowded the whole afternoon with all descriptions of people. I acquainted them with the object of my coming, and told them of the Saviour of the world. The agelle spent much time in my piazza, and studied how to please, and make us all comfortable. The chief also sent me eggs and kolas. In the evening I walked out to see the town, and found it by far larger than I had expected: large and densely-filled compounds, regular market-places—quite a resting-place for traders. Oil and pots are made, clothes are dyed, and indigo prepared for use and to sell. The evening, after a little rest and quinine, as I had felt feverish, we spent in teaching our visitors the first commandment. They could soon repeat it, and we talked over it. I asked a young man if people of this country do according to the word of God, and have no other God beside. He considered it for a while, but his neighbour said, 'What are you waiting for? Look there: your shango beads round your neck;' and then he said, 'We do worship orishas, and if this be God's word, our fashion must displease Him.' After a little music, which delighted them much, we had our evening prayers, to which they all kneeled down. Two hours had thus passed very pleasantly, and the people did not seem inclined to go till I told them I must now retire."

Here ends the last written record of our departed friend, who was indeed "faithful unto death," and has now from his Saviour's hand received the "crown of life." His interpreter gives the conclusion.

"Mr. Kefer was ever ready to receive and talk to all who came near him, and he tried to tell all of Jesus. On this Friday, when I saw he had a little fever, I begged him to rest, which he did a little, but said, 'I am well. This little white powder takes all my fever away.' He slept well that night, and seemed quite well in the morning (Saturday, the 26th). There was heavy rain, and so we could not go out till past eleven; but it was then nice and cool, and we stayed out in compounds, &c., till two. Fever returning, he lay down, taking a little more white powder. He became better, and walked a little. After an hour he returned, looking very pleased, but pale. He said, 'I have found another nice little town, to which we must go on Monday.' We had a pretty quiet evening, and Mr. Kefer slept well. On Sunday morning, the 27th, his skin looked a little pale and yellow, which I did not like, and I said, 'You must be quiet, Sir, to-day, or fever will take you strong.' He said, 'I am not at all ill, only a little.' We went out preaching to many people. At eleven I again said, 'Please, Sir, do come home now;' but he said,

'Wait a little longer.' At twelve I looked at him again, and he said, 'Well, we will go now.' As soon as he lay down fever came sharply, and by seven o'clock P.M., or before, he was quite unconscious, and continued so all night. We all watched him the whole night. The next morning we saw his skin more yellow than gold, and I set about making a hammock, for I felt we must get him home or he would die out there. I said to him, 'I will carry you home in a hammock.' He seemed conscious for a minute or so, and said, 'Yes, do : make haste.'"

"This," adds Mr. Hinderer, "is Hardisty's account in his own words. We cannot be thankful enough for his persevering efforts in accomplishing this bringing home, for it would indeed have added doubly to our sorrow to have had him die out there. But Hardisty had great trouble to get carriers. He begged the chief and agelle to give him people. But as soon as they came near they all fled in terror; and until the agelle himself took one end of the hammock, with Hardisty at the other, nobody would touch it. Our poor brother was quite delirious: one on each side had to guard him, and another held the umbrella over his head; and thus they arrived about three or four o'clock that Monday afternoon. He gave Mrs. Hinderer and myself one smile of recognition, but that was all. We got him to bed with all speed, and gave him medicine which had helped him on two former occasions. While Mrs. Hinderer bathed his burning head he fell into a nice sleep, and we again gathered hope; but by seven o'clock he became very restless, requiring three or four of us to hold him, and at last lay down greatly exhausted by the efforts he had made. We had prayer around his bed, but the spirit which was passing away showed no sign of heeding it. He lay with his hands folded as quietly as a little child falling to sleep in his mother's arms, without sigh or sound; and at seventeen minutes to ten P.M. drew his last breath, and entered into the joy of his Lord. Next day, at five P.M., Ibadan witnessed the first Christian burial. Near the church we laid our dear brother till the resurrection morning, in the sight, and amid the sympathy and tears, of a large number of heathen, and our little band of Christians. God give us grace to be 'followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises.'"

We cannot but think that much of this severe sickness, and removal by early death, must be attributed to the over pressure of work which is inseparable from insufficient numbers. Let us conceive the position of two Missionaries, in the midst of a large African town containing at least 70,000 inhabitants, besides populous towns and villages within an easy distance, and the people willing to hear the white man, and by their attention encouraging him to go on; and we can understand how easily, in endeavouring to improve his opportunities, he passes the limits of prudence in the expenditure of health and strength.

Mr. Hinderer, in his journal of May 30th, thus refers to this sad event, which deprived him of a faithful friend and colleague, and left him alone in populous Ibadan. "Oh, what a change has the last week wrought for us! Full of nervousness, I look out from our front door to-day upon a grave near our little church.* Can it be? Is it really true that there lie the remains of our dear brother, my most faithful fellow-labourer? Yes! and he has indeed been 'faithful unto death,' and is now receiving the 'crown of life.'"

* See Frontispiece, from a sketch by Mrs. Hinderer.

And now, who is willing to be "baptized for the dead," and to take Kefer's place, which he filled with such devotedness? When one soldier falls, another steps forward, and freely exposes himself to the same dangers. Is there less fidelity and courage amongst the soldiers of Christ, who, by His own example, has shown us that through death lies the path to victory?

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#### FAREWELL MEETING AT WANGANUI, NEW ZEALAND.

ONE of our New-Zealand Missionaries, the Rev. R. Taylor, who for the long period of fifteen years has been alone sustaining the pressure of Missionary service in connexion with the extensive district of Wanganui, on the western coast of that island, is at present on a visit home. On his return to England he was accompanied by a Christian chief—who for many years has been one of Mr. Taylor's most efficient native catechists—deputed by his countrymen to solicit at the hands of the Society more Missionaries for New Zealand. We admire the Christian anxiety which prompted him, at the bidding of his brethren, to come so far; and we pray God that his sojourning in England may yield him much spiritual good. But we do not think that an increase of Missionaries is what New Zealand wants; but the reviving influences of the Holy Ghost, quickening into energetic action the large amount of Christian truth which has been received into the understandings of the New Zealanders. What is needed is, that their Christian profession should become of a more practical character, leading them to employ the large resources, providentially placed at their disposal, for the increase of Christian institutions throughout the land. It is time that Maori friends should begin to lean less on man, more on God, and, under God, on their own efforts. This is what they need.

Mr. Taylor's account of his and his companion's farewell meeting with the chiefs and people of Wanganui presents an interesting picture of the warm feelings of our Maori brethren—

*Dec. 10, 1854*—A very rainy morning, but I had a full church. Mr. Stock took a part of the service. I preached my farewell sermon to my people, and, I trust, was enabled to speak to their hearts: they were extremely attentive. Afterwards I administered the sacrament to 140. The Rev. W. Woon, the Wesleyan minister, partook of it. During the afternoon service I baptized thirty adults and infants.

*Dec. 11*—I was requested this morning to go to Hori Kingi's house, where the chiefs of this district had assembled to bid me farewell. I accordingly went there, accompanied by Mr. Stock and Hoani Wiremu. We found all the head chiefs of Wanganui, Wangaehu, Turakina, and Rangitikei there. Tamati Wiremu stated that this meeting had been summoned to take a public leave of me and my companion, to express their regard, and to wish us every blessing. "Go," said he, "and strive to increase our wealth. The riches we desire and stand in need of are more ministers to proclaim the gospel. Go, then, and seek to obtain some for us." His thoughts, he said, did not dwell upon the Queen or the governor—though he loved them both, as being their well wishers—but upon the ministers of the gospel.

"Go, then, and seek to increase their number: go and see your native land once more, your friends, your relatives, and then return to us, your children. Good bye."

Two Kaitaka mats, a green-stone mere, a war club, hi patuparaua, and meremere kokoti,\* with a bag of 200 sovereigns, were brought forward and displayed before us. Hori Kingi said, "These are our offerings to the Queen: we send them by you, as tokens of our remembrance and love. The green-stone mere is from myself and Mawae; the patu paraua is from Abraham Tipai; the meremere kokoti is from Rangitikei and Turakina, as also the mats and the waha a ngohi. We place them in your hands to convey to our Queen: they are the best offerings we have to make. The money is to defray John Williams' expenses. All here present have but one thought, one heart and mind: it is love to you. Go, and the Lord be with you."

Meti Kingi said, "You go upon the good way, with our wishes to waft you along; but when you are gone, who will remain for us? There will be no one to set things right. The sky is dark above us. Go, both of you, and make haste back. Go, O te Teira, the father of all our tribes, of us who will be left orphans; go, you two. It is for the Lord to take care of us who are left. It is you ministers only who have had power to subdue this island, and make us dwell in peace: it is for you to speak to the Queen, and try to get back our governor; for he likewise cared for us. Go, and every blessing attend you."

Paora said, "My esteem for you is not the growth of a day: no, it is the produce of years. But what remains? My hopes, like the drifted canoe which is dashed on the shore and broken, are destroyed, and the tear of affection will not cease to flow from the eyelid, because the great ocean will flow between us. Go, te Teira, and may God take care of you both, and of us who remain. When there is a flood in the river the canoe shoots along. This is the flood to carry you to England. When you get there, speak to the church, speak to the Committee, for Rangitikei; speak to the Queen for the governor. He was the only governor who came to see us; therefore we know and love him. Go, and may the Lord go with you both."

The presents were then placed on the table before me, and the joint collection for John Williams' passage.

I thanked them for all they had said and done. I told them that I had now been many years amongst them; that their children had grown up to manhood before me, and many had grown old with me; that I had laboured for their good in things temporal as well as spiritual; and now I rejoiced to receive their affectionate farewells. I left my wife and children amongst them as pledges of my return; and, if it pleased God, I should end my days amongst them. That when we mounted our horses at the commencement of a journey, the last thing we did, after we had said Good bye, was to give our horses the whip, and set off. They had now given us the whip to send us on the way. That a canoe, which has to contend with a strong tide, and which has only one or two paddles, cannot make much way; but with a strong crew it easily overcomes every difficulty. They had given us paddles: their good wishes and prayers would fill our sails, and waft us on our way, and shorten our journey. That I had

\* Different kinds of war instruments formerly in use among the New Zealanders.

told them I should not leave before a minister was appointed to take my place; and now I left with comfort, and trusted that they would look up to him, as they had done to me, and, above all, remember the hope whereunto they were called.

Rawiri said, "The whip is cut for your horse: whip it along, and make haste back. It is no use our making long speeches. Although we paint our canoes gaily, and ornament them with feathers, they will not sail a whit the better, or catch any more fish. Let us, therefore, bring our words to an end. Fare you both well."

The whip for our journey, viz. the money for John Williams' passage, was then counted out, and the meeting dispersed. John Williams was too full to say any thing. He is carrying a beautiful embroidered mat as a present to the Queen.

### SABBATH DAYS.

Types of eternal rest—fair buds of bliss

In heavenly flowers unfolding, week by week—

The next world's gladness imaged forth in this—

Days of whose worth the Christian's heart can speak!

Eternity in time—the steps by which

We climb to future ages—lamps that light

Man through his darker days, and thought enrich,

Yielding redemption for the week's dull flight.

A milky way, marked out, through skies else drear,

By radiant suns that warm as well as shine—

A clue, which he who follows knows no fear,

Though briars and thorns around his pathway twine.

Days fixed by God for intercourse with dust,

To raise our thoughts and purify our powers—

Periods appointed to renew our trust—

A gleam of glory after six days' showers.

Foretastes of heaven on earth—pledges of joy,

Surpassing fancy's flight and fiction's story—

The preludes of a feast that cannot cloy—

And the bright out-courts of immortal glory.

*Henry Vaughan.*

### FINANCIAL DIFFICULTIES OF MISSIONARY SOCIETIES.

THERE never existed a period in the history of Christianity when the opportunity for its extension, according to the command of Christ, was so large and remarkable as at the present moment. At its first promulgation, in consequence of the wide-spread rule of the Roman empire, and the facility of transit thus afforded from one country to another, there was an open door presented for Missionary operations; so that Paul, in writing to the Colossians, could say of the gospel, "which is come unto you, as it is in all the world, and bringeth forth fruit." Yet that time of opportunity, great as it was, was far inferior to our day; as much so as the "all the world" of Paul's age was inferior to that of ours. In Paul's day it did not comprehend an entire hemisphere: now the whole earth is mapped out before us. Portions of Europe, Asia, and Africa, lying around the Mediterranean Sea, comprised the world

of ancient geography. These continents were only partially known, while the continent of America, and the vast Pacific Ocean, with its countless isles, remained undiscovered. All these are now familiar to us, and from every quarter of the wide earth urgent applications for Christian teaching and instruction are addressed to us. Time was when the difficulty was how to obtain access to the heathen: now, barriers and hindrances have been removed, and the providence of God has remarkably wrought to open a way for the preaching of the gospel. Never since the period of their formation had Missionary Societies so noble and encouraging a field of usefulness presented to them.

Is it not remarkable, then, that, just at this crisis, most of those great institutions should be suffering under a deficiency of funds, and find themselves to be painfully crippled when they most need to be unembarrassed in their operations? The income, from home resources, of our own Society, for the year ending March 31, 1855, was less than that of the preceding year by 5955*l.*; while its expenditure from home, for that year, exceeded its income by 8913*l.* The Wesleyan Missionary Society is burdened with a debt of 15,000*l.* and upwards. The London Missionary Society is in similar circumstances. For many years past its expenditure has considerably exceeded its ordinary income, and its funded property has been exhausted in supplying the annual deficiency. A debt of 13,000*l.* has now accumulated. The great American Society, the Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, has a balance against its treasury to the amount of *dols.* 20,507.90. Another American Society, in May 1854, found its expenditure in excess of its receipts by *dols.* 9500. The Bâle Missionary Society, at its last anniversary, reported a deficiency of 28,000*f.* (1120*l.*) on an income of 13,280*l.*

How are we to account for this? Is interest declining, and that at the very moment when the efforts of the past are yielding solid and abundant fruit? Are the friends of Missions forgetful of the exhortation, "Let us not be weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not?" We have been toiling for years up a steep hill; and now that we have nearly reached the summit shall we begin to flag, and suffer the work to retrograde? Are our faith and love inferior to that of friends in former days, and are we incapable of the same amount of self-denying exertion? Or is it that the friends of Missions are only taking breath, preparatory to an effort so unanimous and vigorous, as, by the blessing of God, to place these several institutions in a better financial position than they ever previously occupied; like the tide, that occasionally recedes, even when it is coming in, but which retires a moment only to collect its strength, and then to urge onward its waters by a bolder and further stroke? May it prove to be so! Still, it is impossible to mark this crisis without much solicitude. Our Bâle friends tell us that their financial difficulties have already yielded good to them. "The first-fruit of this crisis," said Mons. Josenhans, the principal of the Bâle Institution, at the

late Missionary Anniversaries in that city, "has been to teach us all to PRAY." That, no doubt, is the great lesson. The Lord can alone dispose the hearts and open the hands of men to give willingly; and He will do so in answer to prayer, for "the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." And then when, in answer, a spirit of liberality has been poured forth, this crisis will prove a means of bringing to light some lively instances of devotedness. So it has been with our Bâle friends. An African Missionary, hearing of the difficulties of the Society, voluntarily offered to relinquish his salary, and to sustain his family by working with his own hands, in order that others might not suffer. Twenty friends in Switzerland and Alsace, as an extraordinary contribution between them, sent 45,000*f.* (1800*l.*) to the Treasurer. Some friends at Bâle, learning that the Committee had been advised in various quarters to abandon the Chinese Mission, formed themselves into an Auxiliary Society to sustain this Mission till the Committee could resume the charge of it. If they cannot do so, they will take the responsibility of it.

Similar instances of Christian love and zeal are not wanting amongst the Missionaries and friends of our own Society. One Missionary, in New Zealand, has been for several years struggling with the difficulties attendant on the establishment of a self-supporting industrial school. We cannot, in this country, have any conception of the difficulties attendant on such an undertaking; so contrary is it to the thoughtless and improvident habits of the natives, who are disinclined to every thing of prudential forethought and system. Nor have those difficulties, in the case of the Waikato Institution, been as yet altogether overcome. The station has been very recently removed from its old site, near the mouth of the river, to a more favourable location higher up its banks. It has been a change involving great expense and trouble, and the new buildings are yet in a very unfinished state: yet, in the midst of all his own labours and inconveniences, the directing Missionary of this institution has addressed the following letter to the Secretaries—

Having seen, in the "Record" newspaper, that your funds, in consequence of the war, were falling short, I forward to you 100*l.*, being from myself 50*l.*, and from my school 50*l.*

I have long indulged the hope that the time would come when I could maintain myself in my Missionary labour. This 50*l.* I wish to regard as a first step to that course. The 50*l.* from the school I regard as a return of a portion of my assistant's salary. I indulge strong hopes to be able, in the course of a few years, to maintain him ourselves. At present we are not too wealthy: our crop this year has been next door to a failure, and our houses are in an unfinished state. Still, I feel that as people at home are making sacrifices we ought to do so. I would rather we should be a little inconvenienced, than that your deeply important operations in China, India, and Africa, should be affected.

That is the spirit in which we ought to act at a moment like the present. May we go and do likewise!

## VILLAGE PREACHING IN THE NORTH-WEST PROVINCES.

A MISSIONARY stationed at Agra, who takes much interest in visiting the rural districts in the vicinity of that city, thus notes some pleasing instances of encouragement in his work—

Since the last report I have been able to take four Missionary journeys; all necessarily short: the longest a fortnight, the others varying from nine to twelve days. On two occasions I visited Allygurh, a city about fifty miles distant; population, perhaps 30,000 or 40,000. There is a greater readiness, on the whole, to listen there than at Agra; but there also, as here—and, indeed, generally through the North-West Provinces—Mussulman hearers continually interrupt with quibbles having reference to the canon of Scripture, or the various readings. Three journeys have embraced a visit to a little village in which a small band of earnest inquirers has been formed, under the direction of a durzi, or tailor, in humble circumstances, whose heart has been in a remarkable manner opened to the gospel, and his understanding enlightened; so that truths which the Hindus often profess to find unintelligible seem to have been appreciated and rejoiced in by him. The movement began even to extend to the thakoors, or higher families in the village; and then the pundit began violently to oppose, forbidding all over whom he had any influence to visit the durzi's house. The poor man has undergone a good deal of persecution since I met with him at the beginning of the year; but the simplicity of his faith has been superior to the trial. Till the spring he had had no portion of the Bible, but only tracts; but at my second visit I left a New Testament with him. During another six months' interval I found he had learnt the value of "the treasure hid in the gospel field." He had evidently been a careful and deep student. He did not seem to think he could hold his ground long, and we are proposing another visit to him almost immediately. It is a remarkable instance, I believe, of direct teaching of the Holy Spirit, with little or no aid from any human instrumentality. Here, surely, "wisdom is justified." Three or four persons, at the least, have, it would seem, been a good deal touched by the communication of the truth to them through him; but how far they are prepared to share his afflictions I cannot say.

As a specimen of opportunities which sometimes occur, in the course of village preaching, of proclaiming the truth to receptive and willing hearers, I extract the following from my journal of the October tour—

"Shapoo. Walking through the village, I found a blind, elderly man, seated on a little terrace on a kind of matting, well dressed, and rather self-important, to whom all pointed as the most learned and well-informed and respected man in the village, which consists of about a thousand people—shopkeepers, dyers, &c. As soon as he heard me mention some fact concerning God, he began to pour forth such a profusion of Hinduwi verses and Sanscrit couplets as would soon have consumed the whole evening; so I begged him to remember that time was short, and we had some important matters to discuss; and, after all, the substantial meaning was the great thing: and, moreover, a great and good man had said, 'If I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all knowledge,' &c. This, he said, was very true and reasonable; and began quoting some more couplets to prove this point. Then, I said, the great point was to know who was the proper object of love, and



what we loved Him for. Now an apostle has said, 'Herein is love, not that we loved God,' &c. I then spoke of the spotless incarnation as having appeared, which he at first denied with protestations, quoting his favourite poems to prove the future appearance of this incarnation. I told him, however, that the evidence of so many prophets and apostles, and of our Lord's words and works, was not thus to be set aside. The old man asked many questions, in a very intelligent way, concerning these testimonies; who wrote them, and when? whether eye-witnesses, or no? in what country our Lord appeared? where it was? &c. These preliminaries discussed, and a considerable company having gathered, some beneath and some below, I went on to give specimens of our Lord's teaching and manner of procedure with different characters, as well as some account of His miracles. The decision given concerning the relative merit and consequent acceptance of the Pharisee and publican he greatly approved. Raising the dead he did not allow to be any great action, as Har Das, and many more besides, had done this. So with the exception of the case of Lazarus, which afforded an opportunity for dwelling on the words, 'I am the resurrection and the life,' I passed on; dwelt on our Lord's continually reminding His disciples of His approaching death, and its agreement with prophecy; also on His resurrection, and return to judgment. The old man lost all his spirit of opposition, and listened really in a beautiful spirit, and gave occasion for a full exhibition, as far as my power and the time allowed, of Christ's incarnation, death, and atonement. As he did not speak, none else thought himself qualified to do so; and the attention was remarkable. On the whole, I felt much gladdened by the opportunity granted me."

"Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days."

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GOSPEL FRUITS ON THE SHORES OF HUDSON'S BAY.

BLEAK and dreary are the shores of this wintry bay, where, even in summer, from the floating ice, navigation is difficult, but in winter absolutely impracticable. Over the land winter rules with equal severity, and snow for eight months covers the earth as with a shroud; and, contrasted with the power of vegetation in southern lands, nature in these regions is as the lifeless dead. Great are the privations which the poor Indians have to endure, and all the energies of man need to be called forth in order to obtain a bare sufficiency of food. Yet they have one great advantage, of which tens of thousands in more favoured circumstances are destitute: they have the gospel amongst them; and many of them know and value it, and are cheered by its light. We have now three principal stations on the shores of Hudson's Bay—York Fort on the west coast, Moose Fort on the south coast, and Fort George on the east coast. At all these points Missionaries have been placed, each working out from his own centre into the adjoining districts. The largest congregation is at Moose Fort. Here the Indians, when at home, are diligent in their attendance on the opportunities of Christian instruction, and, when compelled to absent themselves on their

hunting and fishing expeditions, take with them portions of Scripture in the syllabic characters, which they have learned to read and write, and remember God in the far-off wilderness. Short is the wintry day, and little do they enjoy of the bright sunshine: cold, intensely cold, are the long nights, of which, not unfrequently, an insufficiency of food makes them more keenly sensible: but they enjoy the presence of Him who illuminates and warms the hearts of His people, and enables them to understand that "man does not live by bread alone, but by every word of God." From no part of the world do we receive more cheering accounts than from our Missionary at Moose Fort, the Rev. J. Horden; and where the power of germination in natural seed is paralysed, the seed of the kingdom yields abundantly. We have gleaned a few specimens from Mr. Horden's journals, which we give to our readers.

May 20, 1855: Lord's-day—An interesting Sabbath. Our little church, at the Indian services, was quite crammed. A large number partook of the Lord's supper, although all the communicants are not in.

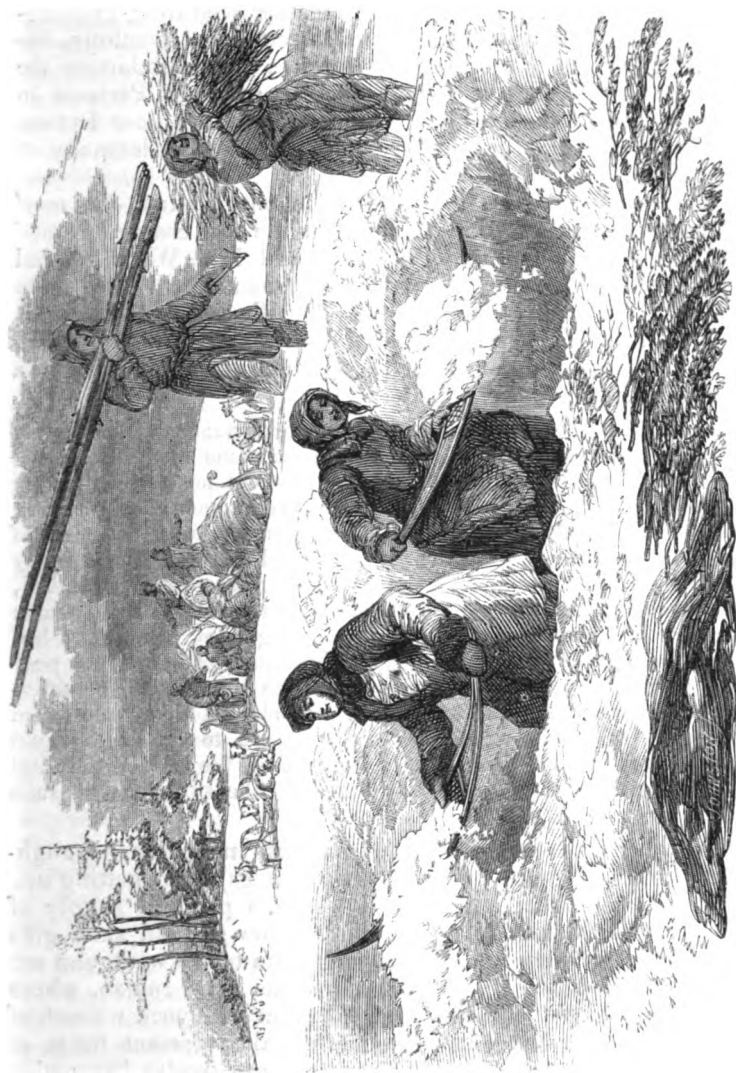
May 23—I met the Indians this evening, for the last time previous to their departure to the portage, when I gave them advice applicable to their circumstances. Several of them prayed; and their prayers were characterised by that humbleness of soul and fervency of spirit which should proceed from those who, knowing their own helplessness and depravity, know, likewise, where to obtain help.

June 3: Lord's-day—Although most of the Indians are off, our little church appeared almost full, and we had a most happy day. In the evening, with Mrs. Horden, I visited those members of my flock who, through sickness, were unable to attend the sanctuary; and was very thankful to observe the calm cheerfulness of those who for some time have been confined to a bed of sickness. It was pleasant too, now that the evening was drawing on, to hear several sweet voices joining in praise to God, which, I trust, proceeded from their hearts. I was detained outside one tent, in which lay Wemistikos' wife, as I was not willing to interrupt those who were within during their singing. When I entered I found five or six persons, who, having been to the church themselves, had come to relate what they had heard to the afflicted one, and to allay her sorrow by singing to her "one of the songs of Zion."

July 5—The day was mostly spent as yesterday. In the afternoon I went to see a sick woman, to whom I yesterday administered some medicine, and on entering was happy to hear the inmates of several tents reading their books. I drew near, heard them read, and corrected any inaccuracies into which they fell. But if that delighted me, how much more was I gratified on looking into a kettle which was hanging over the fire in a tent occupied by an old couple. I asked what was in it; and they said it was a kind of rice, which they cut up and boiled, and on which they subsisted; and that this had been their only food for some time, as they were desirous of remaining as long as possible for the purpose of being instructed. What privation of the body for the benefit of the soul! But our Saviour saith, "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."

WINTER AT FORT GEORGE, RUPERT'S LAND.

WE are in the midst of our wintry season. The power of cold is making itself felt, and they who go forth on their business wrap themselves in warm clothing. Home, with its cheerful fireside, is welcome, and the snow that falls without causes a keener relish of its comforts.



PREPARATIONS FOR PITCHING THE TENT.—See p. 16.

It is at this season of the year, that, in the publications of the Society, we bring before our friends a cold and wintry Mission, that of Rupert's Land, where the winter is far more intense and prolonged than with us, and home comforts far less. Eight months of frost and snow! In six weeks more we shall be looking for the outbreak of spring. It will be between three and four months from the present date before the winter's snow in Rupert's Land begins to clear away, and then a quick summer, expending itself in the brief period of three months, crowds together seed-time, growing-time, and harvest; and, having hurried through its functions, disappears. There is something appropriate in introducing the Rupert's-Land Missions at this particular season. Perhaps in summer we should be less able to realize what the poor Indians and their Missionaries have to endure during the intensity of winter's reign.

In this brief paper we have to notice one Station, the most dreary and remote of all, Fort George, on the east coast of James' Bay. There are placed the Rev. E. A. and Mrs. Watkins; and one extract from the journal of this Missionary will help us to realize what a stern winter reigns around. We select it because it not only tells us of suffering, but of kind hearts in England, whose welcome contributions of clothing have placed our Missionary in a position to help the needy.

Jan. 1, 1855—This afternoon I had the opportunity of bestowing upon a destitute Indian a New-year's gift from some kind Missionary friend in England, though probably the donors did not think that the garments they made would be given away exactly upon this occasion. Through their liberality I was enabled to add greatly to the comfort of a poor widow and her two children, who arrived at the Fort yesterday in a truly pitiable condition. They were all most miserably clothed, whilst the woman had suffered most sadly from the intense frost, which is now unusually severe, the thermometer having been, during the last few days, as low as 40° below zero. The whole left side of the poor creature's body had been frozen, and her face was in a sad state of suffering from the same cause. It was quite providential that she escaped being frozen to death: a little longer exposure to the cold would doubtless have terminated her earthly existence. We do feel thankful that Christian liberality enables us to relieve the sufferings of such extreme cases.

There is here encouragement to the Dorcas institutions throughout the country, who are, we trust, actively engaged in getting up, amidst the comforts of our English homes, a plentiful supply of clothing for the Rupert's-Land stations. How grateful such gifts to the Missionary, for what more trying than to see want, and not be able to relieve it? How welcome to the poor Indian, whose heart beats with new hope as he feels the unaccustomed warmth of the well-made garment; and, tasting thus the pleasant fruits of Christianity, prepares himself the more readily to receive instruction in its truths. Let each member of a Dorcas institution, as she

toils over some stiff and unyielding piece of work, very different from the delicate touch of Berlin wool, just think that her toil will yield pleasure to some poor wanderer in the far-off ends of the earth, and realize the moment when the warm flannel shall be transferred as a welcome gift to some poor shivering Indian. But we must give another extract, which again tells of human suffering.

On the 17th of January one of the Company's servants, and an Indian, arrived at the Fort from Little Whale River. Amongst other information brought, we received the sad tidings of the sudden death of four members of an Eskimo family last autumn. During my visit in the summer I had the opportunity of instructing them upon several occasions; but little did I think, that, as it was the first, so also it would be the last time of announcing to them the saving truths of the gospel. It appears that the father of the family, a man considerably advanced in years, had been suffering for some time from a wound in his leg, but which was not of such a nature as to cause any apprehension. He had received English provisions from the Company's establishment for some days, and appeared to be recovering his health, when the intelligence was brought from his tent, situated on the rocks at the mouth of the river, that he was dangerously ill. Assistance could not then be sent, as the banks were covered with ice, which rendered it unsafe for a canoe to be placed in the water. On the second day, however, a courageous Eskimo, at the great hazard of his life, most nobly ventured to visit his friend, and accomplished his errand of mercy by paddling his canoe down the river, and going a long distance out to sea, then returning, and running into a small creek near the tent. Upon arriving, he found a far different spectacle from that which he had expected, for the old man was now dead, and near to his body lay that of his sister and of two children. The only surviving human beings were a boy about fifteen years old, and his sister, some years younger, who were thus, in the short space of two days, deprived of their father, their aunt, and two brothers. The cause of the sudden death of these poor creatures is not clearly understood, but it is supposed to have been the eating of some putrid carcasses of the whales killed during the summer.

One cheering thought connected with this melancholy event is, that these immortal souls, now in eternity, had the glad tidings of a Saviour's dying love set before them during my summer's visit. It may be that a gracious God touched their hearts with the message to which they paid so marked an attention; yet it is sad to reflect that they heard *but once* of the mercy of a Saviour, and were then suddenly called to appear before Him as their Judge. Oh, how important the lesson thus taught to myself and my brother Missionaries in this country, where opportunities of usefulness are so few, that we should "work while it is day!" May our God bestow the needful grace!

And that courageous Eskimo, who risked so much to help his brother in distress, is he not an example? Shall we not do more to save souls? Yet he risked his life to save the body from death, and adventured himself, in a frail canoe, into the midst of the wintry sea. Who, then, is prepared to follow his example, and give himself, his health, and life, to the blessed work of helping those who

are perishing in heathenism? There are opportunities of Missionary service. They are, like the canoe, waiting some loving heart and bold hand to embark therein and go forth, though it be on a wintry sea, to help the helpless. Who will go?

One of the most interesting features of the Fort-George station is, that it affords opportunity of communicating with the Eskimo nation. Mr. Watkins has residing with him an Eskimo called Peter, whom he has been the happy instrument of bringing to the knowledge of the truth; and Peter, who speaks English well, is very useful to him, as an instructor in the Eskimo language, and as an interpreter to his countrymen. In March last Mr. Watkins proceeded to visit a post 240 miles northward, where he hoped to meet a considerable number of the Eskimo. He was accompanied by Peter and a party of his people, and two sleds, drawn by seven dogs, carried the Missionary and provisions. This journey occupied sixteen days, amidst extreme cold, piercing winds, and horrid drifts of snow. At the termination of the first day's journey the Eskimo soon housed themselves in igloes, or snow houses. Our Missionary had brought with him an Indian deer-skin tent, but to pitch this was no easy matter. The snow lay four feet deep. First of all, therefore, they had to clear a circular place ten or eleven feet in diameter. To this work our Missionary, assisted by one of the Eskimo women, addressed himself, using his snow-shoe as a shovel;* but, his feet being thus deprived of the broad support it gave him, he sank knee-deep in the snow, and in that awkward position he was obliged to work. Meanwhile Peter was cutting down slender pines for tent-poles, and another brought brushwood, which, when the hole in the snow was completed, was spread on the floor to serve as a bed, and piled up against the circular wall of snow around, to prevent its being melted by the heat of the fire. The tent-poles were then placed round the edge of the excavation, their upper ends coming to a point over the centre. On this framework the tent was spread; then dry wood procured, a fire kindled, the blankets spread, cooking utensils and provisions brought from the sled, and our Missionary's house was complete. It had, however, many inconveniences: the smoke caused many tears, and the body of the inmate was far from enjoying an equable temperature, for the front towards the fire was half roasted, while the back was nearly as cold as the snow-heap around. We cannot be surprised if, the next night, the Missionary dispensed with the tent, and took up his lodging in the snow-house. But we must break off, with the hope of telling our readers more in our next Number.

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FUH-CHAU FUH.

THE Rev. Messrs. Cummings and Baldwin, Missionaries of the American Board, have made excursions to Tuong-loh, some eighteen

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\* See our Frontispiece.

miles south-east from Fuh-chau, and up the river Min, about seventy miles, to Chui-kau, at the "Rapids," the head of tide navigation. Mr. Baldwin's account of these tours exhibits somewhat the feelings of the people in regard to the Missionaries.

At Tuong-loh, as soon as their arrival was noticed, the whole bank of the river was lined with noisy children and men, anxious to see the foreigners. So great was the crowd and noise, that they soon abandoned all hope of preaching, or even of distributing books promiscuously. The expedient was to distribute in regular order at the shops and houses, on both sides of the streets. "The first thought of our friends at home doubtless is," says Mr. Baldwin, "Would an excited crowd allow two defenceless men peaceably to do this? Would they not press around, and snatch away the coveted treasure? Such was the case, to a very limited extent. Only two or three volumes were taken without our consent. They pressed about us like bees; and hundreds of hands were raised at once to solicit the possession of the wonderful books. Our right of possession was secured by a firm front, and strong grasp of our property, by our ability to talk to them and give them the reason for distributing in shops rather than in a crowd, and by their characteristic fear of causing trouble. The Chinese still stand in awe of foreigners, even when the latter are placed in the most unfavourable circumstances; and for that class of foreigners to which we belong, they begin to entertain a feeling bordering on respect."

Taking a walk afterwards over the plain near the city, he says—"We sat down to rest, and were much amused to notice the excessive curiosity and timidity of the country people. They had probably never before seen persons of such strange dress, complexion, and manners. Two aged women at first seemed afraid of us; but when we accosted them in their own language, told them who we were, and our object, their delight seemed greater than their former suspicion and fear. They thought us wonderful and very good people, because we talked with them, and manifested an interest in their welfare. The group soon increased; and we then told them of God, and Christ, and salvation."

At another city, one of their addresses was made in the porch of an official establishment, the people standing in front and in the street. Some official attendants assisted them in keeping the congregation quiet, and treated them throughout with marked respect.

At one of the villages visited on the second tour, the people, "though exceedingly noisy and inquisitive," and wonderfully eager to obtain books, were respectful and attentive to an address delivered in the public market. After leaving the village, and proceeding near half a mile, "we observed, on looking back, an old grey-headed man running after us. On coming up, he besought us to give him a book, with a look and a manner of earnest importunity seldom witnessed among this people. We could not, and we dared not, refuse. We gave him the best that we had, a copy of one of the gospels in the colloquial. On receiving the gift, he spread out his hands in a manner and with an expression of countenance difficult to describe. Converted into words, his conduct seemed to say, 'You have made me a great present. Words cannot express my thanks to you.' This incident made an impression on us, that many years will not efface from our memories."

Again, at a place of about ten thousand inhabitants, "the people received us with the most noisy demonstrations of wonder that we have witnessed since residing here. We were enveloped very speedily by a great crowd of men and boys, of all grades, pushing and jostling each other in order to secure a nearer position to the lions of the day." A few trials convinced the Missionaries that they could neither address the people nor distribute books in such a crowd. "A man apologized for the noise, saying, 'Teacher, they have never seen you before.' But without this information, our long acquaintance with the primitive manners of this people, as well as our eyes and ears on this occasion, taught us that unmixed curiosity was the sole cause of the confusion. There they were on every side of us, pressing, climbing, shouting. The streets, with the doors and windows of shops and houses, were all filled to overflowing with a dense crowd of men, women, and children, in the highest state of wonder and excitement. If you have any ambition to be an object of admiration, come over, and go with us into the back country. We distributed books in shops and houses on the main streets. It is to the credit of the civility of such a poor people, that they did not take them without our consent."

Thus, with but few exceptions, the Missionaries were treated everywhere kindly and respectfully by the people. Though the manner often seemed rude, the intention was kind. "The simple declaration of our peaceful intentions and good wishes, in their own language, was a sure passport to friendliness on their part." [*Boston "Journal of Missions."*]

In an early Number we hope to give some information respecting Fuh-chau from the communications of our own Missionaries.

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IBADAN.

OUR readers, in another paper of this Number, have had their attention directed to the trials of a Missionary in the cold regions of the north. This paper transfers them to very different scenes—to lands which lie close to the equator, where the powerful sun permits not the approach of winter, and claims the regions as his own. There, instead of cold, it is heat in its intensity that prevails; and the Missionary suffers from the superabundance of the very element, the want of which is so severely felt by his brother in the north. There, amidst the heats of Africa, the system becomes enfeebled, and the period of service shortened; and thus, in each Mission field there is room for self-sacrifice; and he who goes, goes with a willing heart to risk his life in service to his Lord.

In our last Number we referred to the severe loss we had sustained in the death of a promising young Missionary at Ibadan. Here, again, is a call for help. Hinderer is now alone, and is there no one willing to volunteer in Kefer's place? It is just the time when help is needed. The work has hitherto been prosecuted without much opposition from the heathen; but now that the gospel is beginning to manifest its power in cases of actual conversion, the enmity of the natural heart begins to show itself.

The few young converts who have placed themselves under Christian instruction have been severely tried by persecutions from their relatives; nor had there been any abatement of the trial at the date of the last despatches. One young woman, who was in great danger, has at last escaped to Abbeokuta. Two others will probably follow, so soon as they can escape the cruel hands of their persecutors. This, at so early a period of the Mission, when the converts are as yet few, constitutes a very severe trial, and is evidently designed by the enemy to destroy in its germ the infant church. Moreover, the arrangements of domestic life at Ibadan are such as to favour persecution. There is the absolute power which a family father can exercise over all that are his own. The women are much more slaves of the men than at Abbeokuta; and this is calculated to deter them from coming forward unless joined by a sufficient number of men, who are held back by the prevalence of polygamy among all free men; while the slaves have much less liberty than at Abbeokuta, and are mostly confined to the farms.

Mr. Hinderer specifies some cases of persecution. Under date of October 6th he says—

About ten months ago, two young women were severely persecuted by their parents; but as they did not yield, and were already betrothed to heathen men, the parents gave it up until such time as they should be married. Nearly two months ago, that unhappy time arrived for one of them; and, ever since, she and her companion—and, lately, two others—had to suffer dreadfully from their parents and relatives, and the bride no less from her husband and his relatives: and even a priest from Abbeokuta, who came into his house, was allowed to flog her. Pages upon pages might be written about the lies, deceit, and cruelties, practised on these poor girls. The bride especially has been dragged about, week after week, with ropes, from one relative to another, and repeatedly flogged and lacerated. Both she and her companions have stood firm to this day, but their persecutors are not yet tired: we however hope and pray that all this will yet turn out for the furtherance of the gospel.

Our position, under these circumstances, is a difficult one; for, in the first place, our number is very small, and therefore more easily overcome by a formidable enemy. In Abbeokuta we had already a large number of both sexes when the persecution began in such earnest. Secondly, in this town the head chiefs have no power over individual families, for each family father has again his master, and that one is perhaps under a greater master; and if I want to bring a case before the chief, this last-mentioned master must be summoned, and he may be so rich in slaves and relatives, as to be more powerful, as regards force, than even the chief, who therefore may be afraid to make any positive demand upon him; for, in fact, in a republic of warriors like this, force is the law.

Meanwhile the word continues to be set forth, and meets with willing hearers. As the Missionaries preach in the streets and market-places they are respectfully listened to, and the superiority of their teaching is frankly acknowledged. Thus Mr. Hinderer writes—

Aug. 10—On an excursion within the Ijebu and Owu road, at one place,

after a simple narrative of the historical part of God's plan of redemption, and an appeal to my hearers to accept of that salvation freely offered, I had to listen to an oration of one of them. "There was a time," said he, "when no Yoruba man knew of such a thing as an European plate, cloth, gun, &c.; but our fathers began to know them: but a white man they never saw in their country. Ten years before this I never dreamed of ever seeing one; but now I both see and hear him speak words of peace. Twenty years hence we shall see white men all over Yoruba, Haussa, and Bornu, and hear their words of peace."

WHERE ARE THE LABOURERS?

THERE are multitudes of men, qualified for the work of the ministry, who are as deeply immersed in the world's business as the apostles were before their call. We must go and look for them, as our Master did, on the quarter-deck and the parade-ground; in the laboratory and the court-house; the carpenters' workshop, the sail-loft, and the senate-chamber. The world's business can go on very well without them, but the world's salvation cannot. Let the dead bury their dead, and the church say to Matthew in the custom-house, and Zenas in the court-house, Joseph in the council-room, and Aquila in the tent factory—"Go thou, and preach the gospel." Amos must leave his orchard, and Elisha his plough-land; Carey must drop the last, and Campbell close the ledger; Nathaniel must leave the fig-tree, and Knox the school-room: Peter must throw the gospel-net, and Milne build the house of God, and Luke prescribe for dying souls, and Williams go around the islands of the ocean with wisdom's merchandise, and Duff train young exotics for the courts of the Lord's house, if the Lord Jesus is ever to possess His inheritance.

[*Synod's Farewell, in the "Macedonian."*]

NOT TO MYSELF ALONE.

"Not to myself alone,"

The little opening flower transported cries,

"Not to myself alone I bud and bloom.

With fragrant breath the breezes I perfume,

And gladden all things with my rainbow dyes;

The bee comes sipping every eventide,

His dainty fill;

The butterfly within my cup doth hide

From threatening ill."

"Not to myself alone,"

The circling star with honest pride doth boast,

"Not to myself alone I rise and set.

I write upon night's coronet of jet

His power and skill who formed our myriad host,

A friendly beacon at heaven's open gate.

I gem the sky,

That man might ne'er forget, in every fate,

His hope on high."

“Not to myself alone,”

The heavy-laden bee doth murmuring hum,
 “Not to myself alone from flower to flower
 I roam the wood, the garden, and the bower,
 And to the hive at evening weary come.
 For man, for man, the luscious food I pile
 With busy care,
 Content if he repay my cheerless toil
 With scanty share.”

“Not to myself alone,”

The soaring bird with lusty pinion sings,
 “Not to myself alone I raise my song.
 I cheer the drooping with my warbling tongue,
 And bear the mourner on my viewless wings;
 I bid the hymnless churl my anthem learn,
 And God adore;
 I call the worldling from his dross to turn,
 And sing and soar.”

“Not to myself alone,”

The streamlet whispers on its pebbly way,
 “Not to myself alone I sparkling glide.
 I scatter life and health on every side,
 And strew the fields with herb and flow’ret gay;
 I sing unto the common, bleak and bare,
 My gladsome tune;
 I sweeten and refresh the languid air
 In drougthy June.”

“Not to myself alone”—

O man, forget not thou—earth’s honoured priest,
 Its tongue, its soul, its life, its pulse, its heart—
 In earth’s great chorus to sustain thy part!
 Chiefest of guests at love’s ungrudging feast,
 Play not the niggard, spurn thy native clod,
 And self disown;
 Live to thy neighbour, live unto thy God—
 Not to thyself alone!

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 BRIGHT SPOTS IN INDIA.

OUR readers would not wish that our notices of Missionary effort should be confined to those carried on in connexion with our own Society. They will be glad to hear occasionally of what is being done in other directions, and by kindred institutions. The Missionary army which is going forward against the strongholds of the god of this world is an allied force, and between the different sections of it there ought to be strong sympathy; so that if “one member suffer, all the members” should “suffer with it; or one member be honoured, all the members” should “rejoice with it.” We lose much, very much, by confining our view to our own particular operations—much that is beautiful and heart-stirring in the proceedings of our Christian brethren in America and elsewhere—much that is calculated to enlarge our own minds. By extending our circle of interest and observation, we shall discover

many a pleasant spot, reclaimed from the wilderness, where "trees of righteousness," of the Lord's planting, are bearing their pleasant fruit. To one of these interesting localities we shall now introduce our readers.

A deputation from the American Board of Missions has been engaged in visiting their different Missionary stations throughout India, and portions of their correspondence, which have appeared from time to time in the "Missionary Herald," are full of interest. The following letter from Mr. Thompson, one of the Deputation, to the Secretaries of the Board, refers to a field of labour contiguous to our own Tinnevely Mission, the collectorate of Madura being to the northward of Tinnevely. It is very delightful to behold the seed of God's word springing up in different directions, and Christian congregations gathered together, where a few years back prevailed the stillness of spiritual death. May the Lord increase and multiply a hundredfold these specks of light that are scattered over the dark face of India's peninsula! They are as morning stars, forerunners of the day.

*Mandahasalie, February 7, 1855.*

DEAR BRETHREN—After a short visit at Madura, we came hither last night. Mandahasalie is forty miles south of Madura, and is the centre of Mr. Taylor's large and fruitful field. At the station itself there is only a very insignificant village; but it has the very significant name of "Antioch;" for "here first were the disciples called Christians." There is little to attract the eye, except the fertility of the plain, which stretches to a great distance on all sides; yet the situation is advantageous for the general operations of a Missionary superintending the whole district.

The native Christians of this part of the Madura collectorate had been previously informed that the deputation might be expected to-day; and accordingly, during all the earlier part of the forenoon, they were coming in from villages near and remote; till by eleven o'clock between three and four hundred had assembled on the verandah of the Mission house and the adjacent ground in front. There were representatives of full thirty different villages, distant from one to ten or fifteen miles; while a few came even from the sea-coast, twenty-five miles off. In the company were thirty or forty church members.

After introductory religious exercises—invocation, reading of the Scriptures, and prayer in Tamil—they were addressed by the deputation severally, and twice each. Many things were said to them; and naturally, among the rest, they were told what interest is felt in them and their Missionary teachers by Christians in the United States; what money is contributed, and prayer offered, in their behalf; that as Christian labourers had come here, sowing the good seed of the kingdom, we had come partly to look at the harvest, which to the joy of our hearts has begun to wave under the eye of the Lord, and of which there was a welcome specimen before our own eyes; that the American Board and American churches were looking through our eyes, and with us would give thanks, as they should see what God hath wrought.

In the course of his remarks, Dr. Anderson exhorted them very much after the manner of Joshua at Shechem—"Now therefore fear the Lord, and serve Him in sincerity and in truth: and put away the gods which your fathers served;" and, very much after the manner of Israel, "the people answered and said, God forbid that we should forsake the Lord, to serve other gods." We "set up a stone of witness there, under an oak that is by the sanctuary of the Lord." After an earnest prayer by Henry Zilva, a native catechist, the boys who were present sang—

"Oh, when shall we see Jesus,  
And reign with Him above,  
And drink the flowing fountain  
Of everlasting love?"

Old Samuel could contain himself no longer. He is a very active, warm-hearted Christian man, a little eccentric, and rather impulsive. "We are rejoiced," he exclaimed; "we are altogether glad. We thank you; we pray for you;" with more of the same out-bursting emotion, as he came and touched our feet and clothes, as if we had not belonged to the same race, and as if our merit had been something more than that of being associated with others in making known to this people the great salvation.

The audience then formed themselves into fifteen groups, according to their villages, headed respectively by their catechists or teachers; in some instances two or more villages, from which only a few individuals were present, being associated. "There was little Benjamin with their ruler, the princes of Judah and their council, the princes of Zebulun, and the princes of Naphtali." These companies presented themselves successively before the deputation, each with a formal and respectful salam; each expecting a speech from us; and each responding through their leader.

First in order, I believe, came the residents of Caresacoolum, among whom was the potter of the village, who joined the Christians a few months since. He was a poor ignorant Pariah. When asked why he gave up idolatry, he replied, "Our religion is false. I am the man who makes gods of clay, and burns them in the fire. They have no life, no power; they cannot move. Can they save me?" It was a no small triumph of truth in Caresacoolum, when the only manufacturer of idols in the place renounced his occupation. After being addressed, and responding themselves, they filed off, and made way for the villagers of Courttatoor. Their catechist, in replying for them, said, among other things—"We were once in heathenish darkness, but the true light has shined upon us. We believe in the religion of the Bible; and, by the grace of God, we will remain true to our new profession." Next came the men and women of Nuttacdoo; and they had many things to say, through their native teacher. "Thanks for your advice and your salutations! Give our regards to Christians in America. We are persecuted; but if we should be persecuted even unto death, we hope for grace to persevere. We have no money to give you in return; but we can, and we will, pray for you." Then followed a detachment from Kundakondamanikam. "We," said they, "were worshippers of devils. Now the way of light has been opened up to us, and

we have left the way of darkness. We thank you for coming here. People in America have done a great deal for us; but you alone have come to see us."

They had hardly finished, when another group of villagers crowded forward; and their catechist said, "We were Roman Catholics; but we gave up our images to the Missionaries. We now believe there is only one Mediator between God and men. It is only a year since the gospel came to us. We have great joy in Jesus Christ."

But I need not give further details. Such is a specimen, in brief, of what was said by the several parties, in reply to our salutations and exhortations. It appeared that one was expected to act as spokesman for each company; but so great was their eagerness to speak to us, that two and three would sometimes break out at once; and it was no easy matter for brother Taylor to interpret all to us. In one instance a small band came forward who had no one to speak for them; whereupon one of their women broke out, in a half chiding manner upon the men, but in a strain of hearty response to us. We were struck with the ease, fluency, and self-possession, with which the catechists fulfilled their parts.

Before the turn for the fifteenth company had come, it was well on in the afternoon. Our strength was gone; and neither Dr. Anderson nor myself was able to stand, except as one relieved the other by rising alternately to receive and address these grateful and delighted members of small congregations, which have but just thrown their idols "to the moles and to the bats." Such exhaustion will not seem strange, when I tell you that the average maximum temperature here at five o'clock in the afternoon, for all months in the year, is 94° Fahrenheit.

But our work and enjoyment for the day were not yet done. Late in the afternoon, as we were reclining for a little rest, we heard singing, which seemed to be in the open air, and to be approaching the house. On looking out, we saw a procession composed of catechists and teachers, and the pupils of the boys' boarding school, with a few others, having hymn-books in their hands, and moving slowly toward the Mission house. Mr. Taylor threw open the doors, and made all ready. They came in, chanting and bowing; while the leaders brought forward their presents of bread, sugar, eggs, rice, plantains, limes, betel nuts; and one also led up a well-fatted sheep. You will not understand that the scene at Lystra was re-enacted. It was a band of Christians; and this is a common, but not idolatrous, manner of expressing a peculiar welcome, and of showing the most marked regards.

In the cool of the day, when the mercury falls to 85° or even to 80°, we visited the church. It is a mud-built house, with a thatched roof, but without seats, or other furniture, save matting, one table, and one or two chairs.

You will readily believe me, when I say that this has been a day of the intensest interest to us, surpassed in that respect by no one since we came to India, unless, perhaps, by the ordination day of the two native pastors at Ahmednuggur; and that this interest has arisen mainly from the ocular evidence afforded us that the good work of Christian Missions is progressing in the land.

## SAU QUALA.

IN the mountainous regions of Burmah are to be found a people distinct from the Burmese, from whom they differ in features, language, and religion. They have Caucasian features, while the Burmese resemble the Malays in the prominent cheek-bones and



BIRTHPLACE OF SAU QUALA.

squareness of jaw, the nose without prominence, and the lips generally thick. In religion the Burmese are Buddhists, a system which gratifies the unbelief and superstition of the human heart, for it teaches there is no eternal God, and yet sets up the worship of the creature, and multiplies idols. The Burmese temples are full of these, and several hundreds of them may be found in a single building. The Karens, on the contrary, were under the yoke of demonolatri, or the fear of spirits, to whom they made offerings; but in the midst of their ignorance and darkness they preserved an acknowledgment of one supreme God, whose people they considered themselves once to have been, until, because of their sins, they had been cast off; but they cherished the hope that they would at length be revisited, and connected their deliverance with the arrival of white men from the West. Poor people! it was not wonderful if they longed for some change in their condition, for the Burmese miserably oppressed them. They seized their paddy, and robbed them of the cotton cloth which the women ingeniously wove, often with beautiful figures. They forced them to public labour without giving them payment, and made slaves of them. We cannot wonder, therefore, if they hid themselves in the most inaccessible part of the mountains, in secluded glens, and in the heart of deep forests. Having chosen some retired spot, out of the reach of cruel man, they cleared a spot, and burned over it, and the new soil, stimulated by the ashes, yielded largely. So soon as they had gathered in their harvest they pulled down their simple hut, and sought out some fresh spot. Thus they wandered about, until at length the white men came, and began to gather in these despised and ill-treated people. It was not until after the termination of the first war between Burmah and England, now some thirty years ago, that the Karens attracted the attention of Dr. Judson, the American Missionary. The first convert from amongst them was Ko Thah-byu. He had been, from an early age, a robber and a murderer, and had stained his hands with the blood of no fewer than thirty of his fellow-men. When Dr. Judson first met him he was a slave, and of such fierce temper that his owners wished to rid themselves of him. As he showed some willingness to listen, Dr. Judson redeemed him, and he became a servant in one of the Mission families. The conflict in his mind was a long one; but at length the stubborn heart was bowed, and he was baptized. This man afterwards became a most devoted evangelist, seeking out his scattered countrymen, to make Christ known to them. The swollen stream, the difficult mountain, the tangled thicket, daunted him not. He was a man of great labour, and a man of great prayer, and the Lord used him as the instrument of bringing many of his countrymen to the faith of Christ.

The second Karen convert, who is still living, is named Sau Quala. The place of his nativity, represented in our Frontispiece, was a Karen glen. A gurgling stream, which, by a cascade, had



just escaped from the mountain range where it had its birth, forced its way through it towards a small lake, a mile or two distant. His history, which is an interesting one, is thus related\* by one of the American Missionaries, the Rev. Dr. Mason—

About forty years ago a tottering bambu house might have been seen standing on the brink of the gorge, through which this brook leaps, threatening with every gust of wind to fall into the gulf below. Its inmates were a tall, long-bearded Karen man, a very fair, round-faced Karen woman, his wife, and one child, about two years old. They were groaning, with the rest of their nation, under Burmese oppression; but they had heard some indistinct reports that the ships of the white men often appeared in the Burmese seaports, and, believing that these white men were their destined deliverers, they began to look up in hope that the epoch of their salvation drew nigh. So when a second son was born unto them, about this time, they called his name Hope—"Quala"—because, they said, "We hope happiness will come to us in his days." This is the Rev. Sau Quala, now in charge of the Karen Mission in the province of Toungoo, where he has baptized more than fifteen hundred converts.

His father was an austere man. He brooded to the confines of madness over the wrongs of his nation. "The bambu leaf"—to use his own metaphor—"it falls on thorns: the thorns pierce it. Thorns fall on it: the thorns spear it. Our habitation is a thorn-bush. We come upon the Siamese: the Siamese make us slaves. We happen upon the Burmese: the Burmese make us slaves." He felt as if his heart would not overflow, but burst with suppressed rage against his Buddhist oppressors. He hated them with an unquenchable hatred; and he hated their religion, and their pagodas, and their images, and their priests, and every thing that was their's. He hated the taskmaster, who ordered him to-day to drag boats or pull logs; and he hated the officer, who commanded him to-morrow to cut bambus or ratans, or collect dammer or beeswax, or gather cardamoms or capsicum. "The iron had entered into his soul." The habit of looking on so many objects with unmitigated detestation absorbed every better feeling of his nature, and left him not even the shadow of a smile for his quiet, uncomplaining wife, who planted the cotton, weeded it, watched it, gathered it, carded it, spun it, dyed it, wove it into cloth, and then made it into tunics and shawls for himself and his children.

I have seen many agreeable Karen women, but never one that made so deep and lasting an impression on my mind, and awoke such pleasing emotions, as Quala's mother. If ever human being received the gospel as glad tidings, she did. Were I an artist, called upon to depict Mary sitting at the feet of Jesus, I should immediately transfer her to the canvass from the picture on the tablet of my memory, as I have seen her seated at the feet of the teacher or teacheress.

Whenever she could leave her home, she was with the Missionary, wherever he might be, whether in the city or in the jungle; and

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\* American Baptist Missionary Union's "Missionary Magazine," Jan. 1856, pp. 1—5.

whenever she was with the Missionary, from early dawn to late at night, she was literally seated at his feet, or at the feet of his wife, listening through her large almond eyes, beaming with intelligence and happiness, that seemed to fascinate the beholder: or, when there was a pause, her harmonious voice would tell, in her musical Trans-Gangetic Italian, the change which God had wrought in her heart, and her glorious prospects for the future. She lived a few years only after I led her into the baptismal water, but they were years of spiritual growth—the bud opening into the blossom, and the full-blown flower; like a babe in heaven expanding into an angel.

Her son Quala, while a boy, had some of his mother's finest traits, and all his father's intelligence and decision of character, without any of his moroseness. His name, like Noah's, was prophetic of the man. He was ever full of hope. He treasured up in his memory every tradition which prophesied the emancipation of his nation from their galling servitude and cruel taskmasters. There seems to have been a wide tradition over eastern Asia, that a great deliverer would arise in the West—probably a primitive tradition of the Messiah. We find it in Media or Persia at the birth of Christ, and hence the Magi went in search of Him, and to make their offerings in testimony of their obedience to His laws. We meet it again in China; for, according to Chinese history, the Emperor sent West, some time during the first century of our era, in search of a great God of whom he had heard indistinct reports, and the embassy met with the priests of Buddha and Buddhism, instead of Missionaries and Christians, as they would probably have done had the church had her representatives in Thibet or India. In modern times the same tradition was found in Siam by Gutzlaff, who wrote, "It was well known, by the predictions of the Pali books, that a certain religion of the West would vanquish Buddhism." And when the English governor first came to Amherst, the Talaing priests told him they had "found written in their sacred books, that a colony of white men would one day settle in the neighbouring country."

This tradition the Karens appear to have seized upon and expanded beyond any other nation. It was often the theme of their wild improvisatores; and no stanza that young Quala heard was ever forgotten. Often, while watching his father's rice-fields, to keep out the peacocks and parrots, monkeys and wild hogs, he would sing—

"The children of God are those who took,  
From the hand of God, the holy book:  
The white foreigners are the sons of the Lord,  
They obtained of old His holy Word."

When the English took Tavoy he was fourteen or fifteen years old; and they had not been in the place many days, before, accompanied by his father and mother, he went into the city. No sooner were they within the walls, than, to their great consternation, they were taken into the presence of the governor and several military officers; but were soon re-assured, when the governor would not allow them to prostrate themselves before him, according to oriental custom, but bade them stand erect, and talked kindly with them, dismissing them with presents of

money, and a turban for each. "Then," said Quala, "I remembered the prophetic stanzas, which say,

' See ! see ! the whites ! so fair, so neat,  
With grace they go, they sit, they eat.  
Most gracefully they stand and walk,  
Most graciously they look and talk.' "

It was two or three years after this period that Ko Thah-byu, immediately after his baptism, went forth to preach the gospel to his countrymen in the jungle, and the first Karen house that he reached was Quala's father's. There, or next door, he stopped to spend the night, and there the neighbours assembled around him in the evening, under the impression that Ko Thah-byu, being a stranger, would, according to custom, trace his genealogy, to show that he was not an enemy but a relation; for with the Karens, as with the Latins, a stranger is also an enemy. They were surprised to learn the subject of his mission; and Quala says, "I believed when I first heard; and said to myself, 'Is not this the very thing we have been waiting for?'" So, though not the first baptized, Sau Quala was the first Karen convert after Ko Thah-byu.

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WINTRY JOURNEY FROM FORT GEORGE TO
LITTLE WHALE RIVER.

WE have set out with Mr. Watkins on his wintry journey to Little Whale River, and have accompanied him so far as his first night's encampment. Our readers will not be contented that we should leave him there, without knowing how he was prospered on his way. We shall therefore go on with his journal, as we shall thus be enabled to understand, in some degree, the difficulties of voyaging in these cold regions.

March 23—Though we rose at an early hour this morning, we were not ready to resume our journey till half-past seven o'clock. Besides the necessary time consumed in cooking and eating our breakfast, about half-an-hour was devoted to religious instruction and prayer with my poor heathen companions; after which came the tedious occupation of arranging our provisions and goods upon the sleds, and lashing them on tightly to ensure their safety in case of an upset. When this was done, the women had to find the dogs, and harness them, which caused some detention, as two or three of the poor creatures, not being very willing to commence their day's toil, had secreted themselves behind some of the trees, and would not come from their hiding-places when required, although their names were unceasingly vociferated by their mistresses.

After having travelled for about three hours, the woman who was walking in advance of the dogs espied a few deer in the distance, and at once communicated the intelligence to the others of the party, who seemed highly delighted at the news. The dogs were immediately hushed, whilst the three men prepared their guns, and then went to a place where they would be hidden by the trees; the women, meanwhile, going in an opposite direction, with the intention of driving the deer

towards their liers-in-wait. In a little time the women commenced shouting most vigorously, and soon afterwards the report of two guns proved that something had at least been aimed at, and successfully too, as it afterwards appeared; for, after waiting awhile, I found the men were advancing towards me, drawing something behind them, which, to my pleasure, I saw was a deer that had fallen a victim to the gun of my attendant, Peter. The poor creature was soon subjected to the butchering treatment it was destined to receive from the Eskimo knives. I stood by when the operations commenced, but was soon glad to turn aside from a sight so revolting to one's feelings. I could not but entertain some measure of disgust towards the Eskimos, when I saw them lick the still warm blood from their fingers with such evident relish, and put pieces of the raw and dirty entrails into their mouths. No wonder, however, that the adults should enjoy such a savage feast, for even a little boy of about two years old, who was standing by, had a piece given to him to chew. The whole party, with the exception of Peter and myself, afterwards made a hearty dinner of the uncooked offal of the animal, which, an hour before, had been in the peaceful possession and enjoyment of life. Surely if these people are called *Eskimos*, as it is said, from the Mohican *Eshimantik*, "raw fish or flesh eaters," they well deserve the appellation. After having satisfied our appetites, we secured the carcase of the deer upon one of the sleds, and resumed our journey.

This evening I have resolved upon trying an igloo for my night's accommodation, instead of an Indian tent. The advantages which I hope to experience are, a freedom from the incessant smoke, from which I suffered so constantly last night, and probably, also, a greater degree of warmth; for when in the tent we are so close to the fire that our face and the front part of our body is almost half roasted, whilst our back is nearly as cold as the snow by which we are surrounded. The disadvantage of an igloo is that we can have no fire, even though the degree of cold should be so great that quicksilver would become solid.

Whilst Peter was engaged in his occupation of bye-gone winters, in building our snow-house, I devoted myself to the no-less-important work of felling, carrying, and chopping-up two or three dry trees for fire-wood for cooking purposes. Besides the circular room, properly called the igloo, and intended for our night's resting-place, we have an outer room, of similar construction, joined to it, which answers the purpose of a kitchen; not, however, completely arched over, a space being allowed for the escape of the smoke. Thus, with our three double igloos, our encampment, if it may be called by that name, presents the appearance of a little settlement.

As usual, I have closed the day by reading a passage of Scripture, and expounding it to the Eskimos, after which we united in prayer.

March 24—The wind having become exceedingly boisterous, we have been unable to continue our journey to-day, but are still detained at the place at which we passed last night, clouds of drifting snow entirely preventing our seeing into the distance, so that travelling would be impracticable. If, however, I have had the disappointment of not being able to advance on our way, the time has not, I trust, been altogether lost, as opportunities of usefulness have been afforded to me

which I should not otherwise have enjoyed. Both in the morning, and again this afternoon, the Eskimos were seated in my igloo, listening to the words of eternal truth—hearing explanations of passages from those “holy scriptures which are able to make them wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus.” I have endeavoured to make them commit a text and a short prayer to memory, and have drilled them in the syllabic character till they were tired.

In our last Number, when we broke off, we left our Missionary in his Indian tent. Now we must leave him in the snow-house. Our readers may inquire of themselves which position they would prefer—the tent with its smoke, or the igloo without a fire. Then, perhaps, they may look round on the comforts of their English home, and be thankful. Let them be so: they have reason to be thankful whose lot has been cast in England. When they compare this with other lands, they may indeed say, “The lines are fallen to me in pleasant places.” But if we be thankful, let us show it. Thankful hearts will yield fervent prayers, willing contributions, and persevering efforts to help on the Missionary work.

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### THE CHRISTIAN'S PORTION.

ACHE on, poor stricken heart, ache on :

Thy Saviour's heart hath ached before.

It is thy precious benison,

To bear. He bore.

Thy little cross of pain, how light

Compared with that, my soul, He knew !

Thy little ills and cares, how slight,

How nameless, few !

Oh, had this life, like summer day,

Shone brightly, soul, upon thy path,

From God thou long hadst stayed away,

A child of wrath.

But now a drooping, trembling thing,

Oft sorely smitten by His rod,

Thou comest, in thy grief, to cling

Closer to God.

Yet aching, suffering heart, be still—

Soon, soon shall life's short pang be o'er

With its last pain it soon shall thrill,

Then—feel no more.

Then feel no more? Ah, no! ah, no!

Then feel but peace and bliss alone;

Then feel what angels feel—then know

Their joys its own.

O that it now might rise and win

That conquest still to conflict given,

And garner up its hopes within

Its God—its heaven.

Oh, thus with Jesus by thy side,  
 What are this earth's low griefs to thee?  
 Up, then! in God's high strength abide—  
 In Him be free!

Free in the soul's unfettered flight!  
 Free in the love that wings its way  
 Where all is pure—where all is bright—  
 Heaven's cloudless day!

[*Episcopal Recorder.*

### MISSIONARY WORK—WHO IS TO DO IT?\*

SOME twenty years ago there was a very humble lad in a shop in this city [Dublin]: but he had learned the value of his own soul, and, in doing so, learned the value of the souls of others. Every Sunday morning he was to be seen running from one door to another in Mountjoy-square, to get out some servants whom he had induced to attend an adult class in Rutland-lane. Johnny Morgan went by the name of Perpetual Motion, and he deserved it: he never stopped till, like a shepherd's dog, he had collected all the stray sheep, and brought them to the shepherd's feet. But the Missionary spirit once astir, it went on with perpetual motion too; and at length Johnny Morgan went out to New Zealand as a catechist; after some time was ordained to be a Missionary; and has been signally owned and blessed of God in that once-benighted land. Missionary work: who is to do it? This question, in some form or other, reached the shop-boy. "I am to do it," was his prompt reply; and he did it, where he was, and how he could; and then the question came in another form, and with reference to a wider and more distant sphere, and again the Spirit of God prompted him to say, "I am to do it;" and he did it in the place whither he was sent, and with all the energy of a devoted heart.

All we ask of you is to imitate John Morgan, by giving back to the same question the same reply—"I am to do it;" to do it now, where I am, and as my God enables me; to do it wheresoever and whensoever His grace and providence may call me; to do it heartily, earnestly, humbly, in love, in faith, in prayer. Only have the will, the readiness to do it: the place, the time, the way, will be chosen for you by God.

### A MISSIONARY'S FIRST ARRIVAL IN CHINA.

THE Rev. W. Welton, who has been long labouring alone at the important city of Fuh-chau, on the Chinese coast, was cheered, in June last, by the arrival of two Missionaries, the Rev. F. M'Caw, accompanied by Mrs. M'Caw, and the Rev. M. Fearnley. There is much that is interesting and instructive in marking the first sensations of a Missionary on reaching the heathen land which is henceforward to be his field of labour, and the manner in which his mind is affected by the novel sights which present themselves. It is not

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\* A Lecture by the Rev. W. Pakenham Walsh.

always that we have the opportunity of observing these. The first communications of Missionaries are generally brief and hurried; and by the time that we receive more lengthened communications, they have become, to a certain extent, accustomed to the change, and write as if we were as familiar with what is passing around them as themselves. We lose much in this way of what is graphic. Would that we could describe Mission fields as if we were actually in the midst of them. Mr. Fearnley's journal is full and descriptive, and will help us to realize to our perception Fuh-chau and its teeming population.

*June 17, 1855*—Arrived this day at the city of Fuh-chau, the scene of our future labours. Our passage up the river was pleasant, Mr. Welton having kindly come down almost to its mouth to meet us, and filling up the moments that could be spared from the contemplation of the scenery by notices of the country and its people, and his own labours among them. Of course all appears wild and fantastic to us—must necessarily, from its intense novelty. Landed suddenly among immense crowds of a strange people, with every article of dress, every instrument of use, every word of speech, new to us, or known only from the hasty glance of a few days at Hong Kong, we can do little more than wonder, and wonder most of all how we shall ever be fitted for residence and usefulness among a people, and in a country, so different from our own. This is our feeling when brought right up to the city, and having the human swarms that people it presented to our view; but up the river, and when lying within its mouth, we scarcely had room in our hearts for other feelings than joy, admiration, and ecstasy, at the glorious beauty that lay on every side around us. One spoke of tedium, and wished the breeze, then light and baffling, might gather and grow fair; but, for my part, I could, if higher objects had not urged me onwards, have gazed for days on those dark frowning mountains, their stately forms, and varied hues—hues varied, but all rich, deep, massy; now green, from full, thick-woven foliage, now blood-red, from baring of the granite, and now gleaming silver in slender lines, from the rain-born rivulets. And we came, perhaps, in a time to see the brightest of the beauty. Three days of incessant rain had preceded our entrance of the river, and the heaven was dark with a magnificent storm of thunder the very afternoon we anchored. The abundant rain that had moistened these hills, and the dark clouds that still hung over them, I imagine added to their effect at that time. The only drawback was the intense heat, almost beyond the power of our northern frames. We passed up the river, through what still could only be characterized by me as a wilderness of beauty—albeit less majestic than what we had left behind—and crept up gradually, among boats, and junks, and crowded human beings, to the houses, the great bridge, and a brother Missionary's house, who received us so cordially, and spoke words so much like the kind ones we had left at home, and put before us so much of furniture and food like England, that I could scarcely understand how I could be in Fuh-chau. He was an American; but all disciples are of one commonwealth and kingdom.

*June 19*—This day our luggage is up, through the kindness and by the help of one of the mercantile houses here, and we begin to look about for nooks and corners to bestow our goods and settle ourselves

most expeditiously in our new abode; but it will take some time before I, at least, can feel myself in a routine of work, and pursue my day's course of labour without haste and somewhat of distraction. In the first place, the climate—the overpowering heat, which, though not incapacitating for work, especially for stirring work, such as the arrangement of rooms and disposition of luggage, but rather rendering us drowsy over books and the study-table, yet levies an after-tax upon us for any extra exertion, in the shape of increased languor and weariness, and, I may add, in a most incredible disposition to sleep. Whatever I might have done at home, here a deprivation of sleep for a few nights, I believe, would quite upset me. Secondly, I may mention the language: that, I may say, at least doubles our labour in every thing we have to do. We cannot ask for any thing to be brought to us. If we desire the attendant's help at all, and do not entirely procure the article ourselves, we must at least walk right up to it and touch it, and say, "Bring this." If we wish, any one of us, to speak to our English companion, and that companion is not in the room with us, we have no means but to proceed to the room or place where he is. A message of any length is utterly impossible, and our commonest communications with our native attendants—for of course we *endeavour* to exchange speech with them—take such an excessive time, that all business is magnified, mole-hills become mountains, and the day is gone before we have well done what we hoped would be the beginning of its achievements.

*June 25*—We found, by Mr. Welton's care and the consul's kindness, divine service in English established in one of the consulate buildings, and yesterday, being Sunday, we were there. Little like Sunday was the scene that met our eyes on our journey down from the city to the river-side, some three miles; and we ourselves, perhaps, with our three large, lumbering chairs, and six clamorous coolies, added to the streets an un-Sunday-like appearance. But chairs, on Sunday or on other days during the hot season, are indispensable. The street was all bustle: every one about his own particular business, as on the former days that we had passed through them. Carriers of all kinds, male and female, from the country, with fruit, and wood, and charcoal; tailors at their silent board, or sounding only with the noise of words; blacksmiths at the ringing anvil; and gold-beaters scarcely less loud; and huge charcoal fires for their multifarious viands—all busy, all in full life and energy. Truly the Lord desires His sabbath to be kept. One argument, at any rate, is immediately apparent from the very street for bringing the gospel hither. It was pleasant, both physically and morally, after passing through so many lengths of this turmoil and excitement, to turn into the cool and quiet of the consular establishment. The escape from the heat of the streets was refreshing to the body, and no less to the mind: the calm, quiet, sacred air that reigned around over the clean, graceful flags that formed the desk-drapery, and the exactly-arranged seats, and all this set off and heightened by the din and clamour immediately without. Truly, Christians ought to be more Christians in a heathen land, when they contrast what seemed but cheap privileges at home with the destitution of all holy service that characterizes so many lands not their home.

*Sept. 20*—I went this day, in company with Mr. Welton's colporteur and my house-boy, to the Kong-Jeng, the examination-hall for the Siu-Tsai, graduates of the first degree, seeking the degree of Kü-Jin. As



we neared the neighbourhood of the Kong-Jeng we met chair after chair of the Siu-Tsai, each with his bambu book-basket between his knees, or rather "food and fuel basket," for such I believe had been its contents when its owner entered with it into the hall. Three days, I am told, these students stop, taking rice and charcoal, and receiving, day by day, water. There, in their cells, of which, my teacher tells me, there are 10,000 in the whole building, they sit, write, eat, and sleep, nor come out till the third day, when their arduous toil for that time is ended, and they have given in the produce of their brain. For that time, I say, for thrice they go in, and thrice they come out, renewing their food, and fuel, and dress, and possibly, in some measure, by a brief converse with the outer world, their jaded intellects. On the last day, eighty-five out of the entire number, perhaps 6000, are unconscious Kū-Jin. It is evident, therefore, how severe must be the struggle. For three years the Siu-Tsai accumulate, for to none but them is it open. At the time of examination, some 6000 or 7000, from two provinces with a population of perhaps 20,000,000, come up to the city of Fuh-chau, and of them are made eighty-five Kū-Jin. In some of our vocabularies B.A. is given as equivalent to Siu-Tsai, and M.A. to Kū-Jin, but this is not correct: not one M.A. in fifty, as it seems to me, could fairly rank with a Kū-Jin. Now if these poor people thus highly prize their small deficient literature, and seek its honours through such a narrow path, ought we not, even with additional anxiety, seek to give them the book of books, that they may become truly learned, and read of the honour that cometh from God only?

Thus they appeared, each in his chair, and each with his basket; and many, I noticed, held volumes of books in their hands, given them, probably, on their exit from the hall; for no book, I am told, is allowed to enter those walls. And, if I understood my teacher aright the other day, Christians are not the only persons who seek these opportunities of influencing the mind of the future instructors and rulers of the country. Buddhist books are given on this occasion, I think, and those of other idolatrous sects. This seems again to urge us on. Poor fellows! I pitied them as they passed: they have toiled hard, I thought, and attained but little. How differently privileged are they who have the Bible, that fountain of all highest literature, and great corrector thereof! I could not help feeling a fellow joy and sorrow with them in their studies, albeit heathen. I also have been a student; I also have turned the leaf, and grasped the pen, and gathered to the public hall for test and trial; and as our glances met for a moment, when the two chairs passed, I almost fancied that there was in their eyes a look of recognition, and that they knew that the stranger also was a book-man.

On the ground where I alighted from my chair, *i. e.* at the entrance of the long and spacious avenue leading to the Jeng, were crowds of countless men and boys, but not many Siu Tsai; and by the time that the colporteur had brought the books, and had taken up a station to his mind, which was not very expeditiously, the outcoming Siu Tsai had well nigh ceased. However, there seemed to be still one or two trickling out at long intervals, like drops among the huge crowd. So, snatching four or five copies of the New Testament from the hands of the colporteur, who was not quick enough for my impatience, I walked into the middle of the roadway, and presented two or three copies, not,

I am afraid, to Siu Tsai; for when the books were seen by the crowd they were so eagerly requested, and even, by some, so rudely attempted to be torn from under my arm, that, not seeing a bambu basket quickly approach, I gave away those copies to such of the crowd as seemed to have most of a literary appearance. Returning still with two volumes to the colporteur, I obtained a further supply of some ten, and these, in the course of the next ten minutes, with great difficulty resisting the violence of those who would have snatched them from me, I distributed, as before, among those to appearance acquainted with letters.

Thus our newly-arrived Missionaries have commenced their work. Already is it mingled with trial. Our first despatches from them communicate the removal of one from the little group. Mrs. M'Caw has gone to sleep in Jesus. Her end was peace.

#### ROMANISM AT MACAO.

IN Macao, that "holy city," as it is called, the religion of the Church of Rome is found in nearly the same condition as that of Christendom before the time of Luther, a mere travesty of Christianity. In one sense, however, the Macaense are extremely religious: like Chinese Buddhists, they impart to rites and ceremonies a scenic and dramatic effect, so as to blend amusement and devotion, by the same means ministering to two of the great wants of our nature. What with festivals, masses, and processions, with accompanying meretricious arts, the priesthood manage to afford constant diversion for all classes; yet, notwithstanding all this, secular entertainments are much in vogue.

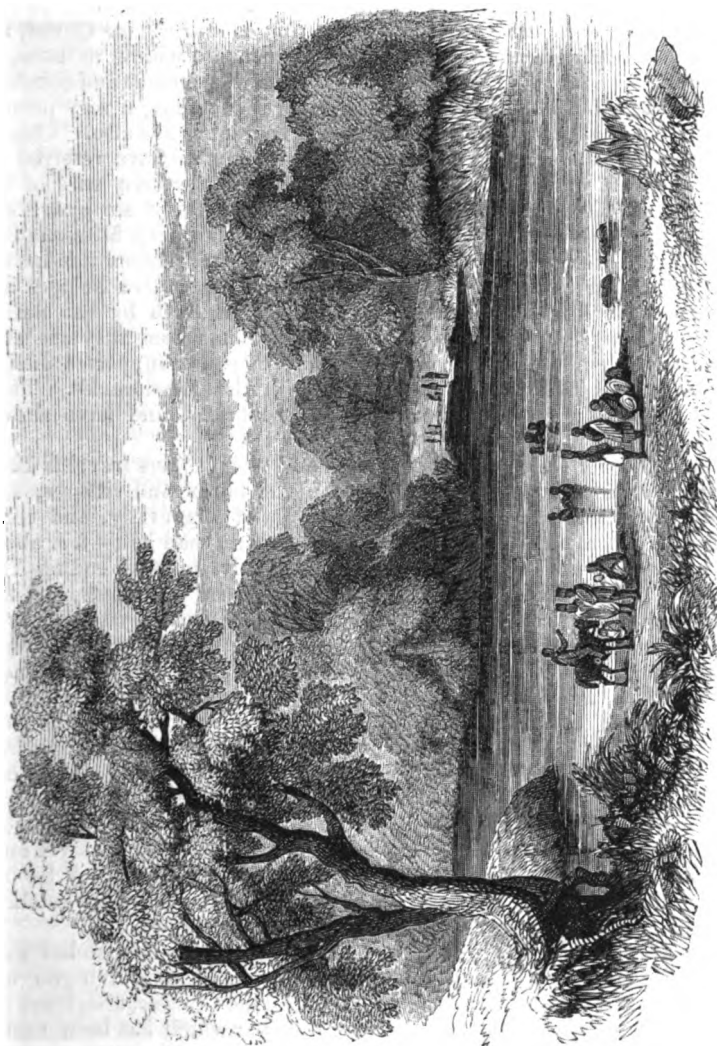
To mention one of these, which has the merit of combining the pleasurable excitement of a game of chance with such religious suggestions as priests are wont to give to the credulous. The game is called "glory," or "going to glory."

It is played on a board about two feet square, on which is drawn a narrow convoluted road, terminating in the centre of the square, where is a representation of paradise, Mary being the chief figure. Figures, from one to eighty, are placed in different parts of the road, commencing externally. Throws of dice place the players or pilgrims at greater or less distances towards the highest number—at glory. There are also various stages pictured on the route—a pit, into which an unlucky cast of the die may pitch you: a crab, on which if you stumble, you must go back and start afresh on the journey: a steamer (this is an innovation), which puts one far on his way, despite various snags which clog the path, the chief of which is purgatory, into which, if, in accordance with the game, you happen to fall, you must remain, or pay a forfeit. The only inextricable place on the route is the place of torment, which, like purgatory, is embellished with pictures appropriate to the game. There, if plunged by the dice, one must remain, while others, with various vicissitudes, pass him on the way to "gloria," where Mary sits to welcome those first in. It often happens, that, when at the very margin of this cynosure, your next throw is too rich in dots, by which you are thrown beyond the mark, enabling some laggard to come in before the next throw.\*

\* Dr. Macgowan, in the "Missionary Magazine" (see *ante*), Nov. 1855, pp. 450, 451.

## ITINERATING.

AT the last monthly Committee of the Church Missionary Society despatches were reported from three distinct Mission fields, all bearing on one point, to which the attention of the Missionaries appears to be specially directed—that of itinerating. It is remarkable how the mind of the Missionaries is drawn out to this point: and why more now than



CROSSING A RIVER IN THE YORUBA COUNTRY.—See p. 40.

at previous periods? We believe, because there exists among the heathen a stronger disposition to hear, and the Holy Ghost—under whose direction and superintendence all Missions, which have for their object the preaching of the gospel and the salvation of souls, are being carried on—is moving the evangelists to take a wider circle, and carry the gospel to those who have had no opportunity of hearing it. We think that the sense of need is becoming more powerful in the minds of the heathen. The old superstitions are worn out, and they are conscious that they want something, they know not what. Moreover, in countries where Missionaries have been for some time labouring for Christ, attention has been drawn to the gospel, and men are willing to listen, if perchance they may find in it something which will content and comfort.

However it be, we do find that itinerating is becoming a very prominent part of Missionary work, and a very encouraging one also. One of the fields of labour, from whence the despatches we have referred to were received, was that of South India. In the northern part of the province of Tinnevely we have a Missionary party set apart exclusively for this work. They consist of three European Missionaries, two native catechists, and ten native helpers. What renders this movement particularly interesting is, that, so far as the native helpers are concerned, it is a direct Missionary effort put forth by the native Christian congregations more to the south, from whom they are sent forth for a month at a time, and by whom they are supported during the period in which they are itinerating with the Missionaries. They have laboured very faithfully during the past year, and have shown a great interest in the work.

The field over which the Missionaries and their helpers travel is 1230 square miles in extent, containing about 1200 towns and villages, and comprising a fourth or fifth part of the area of Tinnevely, and most probably of the population also. A little more than half—*i. e.* about 700 villages—have been visited, during the twelve months ending December 31, 1855, three times, *i. e.* on three different occasions, and the remaining parts once. The labourers are generally scattered from each other, although each has usually a native brother with him. The tents are invariably pitched for a week at a time, in a place from which, as a centre, visits are paid every morning and evening to surrounding villages. Besides these village preachings they have also had, in most cases, visitors at their tents during the day. With these they have had conversations of a longer and more interesting kind than they can usually have in the villages. There is a considerable variety in the degree of intelligence and attention with which people listen in different places, and even in the same place at different times. It is as yet only the sowing time in this district, and we must wait, and not be impatient for results. There are hopeful appearances, sufficient to show that the seed is not lost; but this is all we can say as yet.

The other parts of the great Mission field from whence despatches were received were two different parts of China—the cities of Ningpo and Shanghae, and their neighbourhood. Amongst the Chinese, also, there is a large opportunity of doing good. The civil war which has been raging in that country, and the suffering which it has more or less brought upon them, appears to have deepened the sense of need which we have been

speaking of, and increased their willingness to hear. One of our Missionaries at Ningpo, the Rev. W. A. Russell, writes—

“The only feature in which we have deviated materially from our previous mode of operation has been in the employment of a large amount of itinerating labours in the surrounding cities and villages. These have been prosecuted during the past year, not only by the members of our own Mission, but also by our Missionary brethren of other Protestant Missions at this place, to a much greater extent than heretofore; and I think I may add, in all cases, with a much stronger persuasion of their importance, and also a more lively hope as to their probable results. With reference to myself, I can truly say, that, so great has been the encouragement which I have experienced in this department of labour from time to time, I long to be released from other obligations, so as to be able to devote more of my unfettered energies and time to it.”

The accounts from Shanghae are of a similar kind. Our Missionary, the Rev. J. S. Burdon, having gone into the interior on one or two occasions, and experiencing the same encouragement of which the other Missionaries speak, resolved to give himself entirely to the work, and visit the towns and villages in the interior, where Christ had not been named. The only question was the best way of setting about it. He and a brother Missionary of another Society, who has joined with him in the effort, endeavoured, in the first place, to secure a settlement in some city, or town, or village, say about twenty or thirty miles from Shanghae. This attempt failed. Suspicion of a foreigner exists in the breast of every Chinaman; and though they tried to disarm it by offering to take places which Englishmen generally would not think fit for their cattle, yet the people could not be persuaded. There remained, therefore, no alternative but to go from place to place, from village to village, from town to town, from city to city, *in a boat*. Mr. Burdon has therefore given up his house, school, and preaching-room in the city of Shanghae. His home is now a Chinese boat, by no means proof against the wind during the cold days of winter. The sphere of work is the district round about Shanghae to the distance of about thirty miles on all sides abounding with towns and villages. This part has been well visited for the purpose of distributing books, but never before systematically visited, as is now being done. Further from Shanghae the dialect would change, and the Missionary, of course, would have to learn it before he could have intercourse with the people. The plan of operations pursued is this—On reaching any place, the Missionaries anchor in some convenient locality, and there remain until they depart to another town. The mornings and evenings are devoted to the study of Chinese, and the afternoons are given up to Missionary work. After commending themselves and their work to the God of Missions, they go off together to some central and public part of the town, generally the court-yard of the principal temple. There they are soon surrounded by a large crowd, and, standing on some stone steps in front of a large vase, they preach Jesus Christ and Him crucified, as the only Saviour from sin and ruin. They say—“We have almost always attentive congregations; and sometimes, after the preaching is over, very sensible questions are put to us, which we take great pleasure in answering. Any one who wishes to inquire more particularly is in-

vited to come to the boat. Sometimes we have a good number of visitors at the boat, after returning from preaching, with many of whom we have very interesting conversations."

The work has its difficulties, and yet they are of such a nature as to prove its need. In preaching Jesus to these poor people, the Missionaries' appeals often meet with no response beyond an idle remark on some article of their dress. Idolatry and degradation and sin surround them on every side; and it seems at times almost impossible that any of these poor victims of Satan could be translated into the kingdom of God's dear Son. At the same time the work has its joys. Our Missionary says—"In preaching Christ to the crowds which congregate from day to day, I have experienced the deepest feelings of happiness of which, I think, my heart is capable."

In the Yoruba country, also, our Missionaries are endeavouring to reach forth to the places beyond; but the work is of a different character from that in India and China, the population, on account of the wars, being drawn together into large towns, and the country parts which lie between these towns being without inhabitants. The plan pursued is this—A new town being selected, the Missionaries proceed to visit it, in order to prepare the way. The journey is often rough enough. It is no unusual thing to be encountered by a tornado. It comes with powerful gusts of wind and pelting rain, which brings them to a halt, for it is impossible to get on, and so they remain stationary, and bear patiently the storm. The traveller is soon drenched by the torrents of rain; and then perhaps, at the end of the day, they must take up their quarters on the wet and cold ground under the "ille asho," in the bush. Sometimes a river has to be crossed in some way or other, perhaps in the manner represented in our engraving. There we have our Missionary, the Rev. H. Townsend, and Mrs. Townsend, on a journey to a large town called Shaki, crossing a river on calabashes. The person to be conveyed sits on the calabash, while a native from behind, paddling in the water with his feet, moves it across.

After a first or second visit, ground for a Mission-house having been obtained from the chiefs, a native visitor is first sent, and after a time, as the labourers arrive from home, an European Missionary, who finds himself amidst the thousands of a most interesting people, amongst whom he goes day by day and sows his seed, the only limit to his labours being his own amount of strength. "Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters, that send forth thither the feet of the ox and the ass."

#### A GREAT CHANGE.

A GOOD Missionary was murdered, a few years ago, on the island of Erromanga. How many were made sad, when they heard of it! Now we can rejoice, not because he was killed, but because the inhabitants of that island are very different from what they were then. Not long since, a Missionary ship—called the "John Williams," after the name of the man who was slain—anchored in Dillon's Bay, the very spot where he fell. "We were delighted," write the Missionaries, "with the improved appearance of things." Many of the people whom they saw walking on the shore were dressed in English clothes. These were once naked,

noisy, fierce savages; but they had become quiet and kind. They had just built a chapel; and they were beginning two houses for their teachers.

The Missionaries saw Kaniani, the murderer of John Williams. He is now a friend of the teachers, one of whom is living at his station. Mr. Hardy showed him the club which he had given up, and asked him very particularly whether it was really the club which struck down that servant of God. He did not like very well to answer the question, and seemed ashamed to acknowledge what he had done; but at last he confessed it was the same. That club is now in the museum of the London Missionary Society.

From all that the Missionaries saw and heard while they were at Erromanga, they became convinced that the people of that island, instead of being, what we believed, very cunning, deceitful, and cruel, were harmless, honest, teachable, truthful, and affectionate. So the teachers had found them. And as the visitors were sure that they would be treated kindly, and be very useful, they left four more Christian natives to teach these poor islanders the word of God. And "when we landed," they write, "the people, quite delighted, crowded the boat. Those who had been in Samoa welcomed us with tears of joy." Such are the changes which the gospel makes in the darkest nations of the earth!

[*Youth's Dayspring.*]

#### INSTANCE OF CONVERSION AT JAY NARAIN'S COLLEGE, BENARES.

THE Rev. Clement F. Cobb, the principal of Jay Narain's College at Benares, has been much encouraged in his labours by a recent instance of conversion to Christianity from amongst his pupils. Many of the students in this and similar institutions in India, where Hindu and Mahommedan youth come systematically under Christian teaching, are fully convinced of the truth of Christianity, but have not courage to avow their convictions. In such the work needs to gather strength, until the sense of obligation to Christ becomes stronger than the fear of man, and they become willing to take up their cross and follow Him. But in this case the youth has confessed Jesus with all boldness. Mr. Cobb's account of him, which we now introduce, was addressed to the congregation of All Souls', Brighton, by whom this young convert will be supported while in training for future usefulness.

Benaie Bhutt is a high-caste Brahmin, aged twenty-two years. He is what is called a pundit, *i. e.* a student, or learned man, in the religion of the Hindus. He comes from a place to the south of Punah, Bombay.

He had often heard the gospel preached at Punah, but it made no impression on him, as he was then wholly ignorant of any sort of religion. He travelled to holy Kashi—Benares—in order to study there the Hindu shasters to full advantage. For this purpose he took a journey of 600 miles as the crow flies, further than from Brighton to John-o'-Groat's house. But God meant him to study other than Hindu shasters. He arrived at Benares about five years ago, and commenced his studies under a pundit of much note. About the same time this pundit

became engaged to teach Sanscrit in Jay Narain's college. Many of his pupils came with him, and, among others, Benaie Bhutt. For the first three years his attendance was irregular; but for the last two years he has been a constant attendant. He told me that it was by increasing contemporaneous acquaintance with his own shasters, and with the Christian Scriptures and other Christian books, that doubts first arose in his mind. As he pursued his studies, these increased to a moral conviction that Hinduism is false and Christianity true. He mentioned that special conviction had been brought to his mind in the study of Genesis and Exodus; and that a book by Mr. John Muir, the great Christian Sanscrit scholar, called "The Test of Religions"—Mutpariksha—had shown him how all the usual Hindu arguments are to be refuted. Besides the above, he had been fully instructed at college in the Gospel of St. Luke and in part of the Book of Acts. He had once read the whole Bible through. For the last two years he had studied the Bible in the evenings at home, and had left off idol-worship. He had not an idol in his house. He had, some time ago, communicated to his instructor, Mr. Broadway, what was passing in his mind, and had made up his mind two or three months ago, but had not come forward for fear. A short time ago he was reading the account of Felix in his class with Mr. Broadway, and the latter took the opportunity to urge upon him the danger of delay. Mr. John Muir instituted some exhibitions in Jay Narain's college for the years 1853 and 1854. Benaie Bhutt succeeded in obtaining one of them; and, since its expiration, has won a regular foundation scholarship. Lest his old associates should influence him to draw back, we have thought it best to withdraw him from the college for the present; and he is located among the Christians at Sigra, where he gives pleasure and satisfaction to all. Our senior experienced brethren there, Messrs. Smith, Leupolt, and Fuchs, are greatly pleased alike with his intelligence, and regular attendance on all the means of grace, and spiritual knowledge. It is most encouraging to us that this has produced so little effect on the school. Time was, when half, at least, would have left us. Now I have only heard of one, and our attendance is as usual. We may thankfully set down a great deal of this to a change in the native mind, but not quite all of it, as he has no relatives here to come and make a howling and wailing, and frighten all the boys, as is usually the case. Mr. Hubbard's pundit, who is a teacher in the college, told him that the boys all quite approved of the step he had taken, as his mind was made up about it, and especially because they thought him a most fit person to become a Christian, as he was very weak—an encouraging sign of their estimate of the Christian character! He said, no doubt some of the parents, and the government-college pundits, would be very angry; adding, that when parents sought advice from the government-college pundits as to where they should send their sons, they said, "Oh, wherever you please, only not to Jay Narain's college!"

My coadjutor, Mr. Wilkinson, asked one of the pundits in our employ what was his opinion of Benaie Bhutt, and whether he thought he had any secondary motive in what he had done. The pundit said, "No, I believe it was wholly the result of conviction." He added, that Benaie Bhutt had been inviting all his schoolfellows to go and see him, and had told them all the



reasons of his change of mind, and that they found him wonderfully happy, and all his thoughts taken up with what our Lord Jesus Christ had done for him, and with love towards Him. He greatly wished that his old master, the pundit, would come and visit him, that he might tell all his mind to him. Mr. Wilkinson says that the pundit gave this account with the most perfect simplicity, and he, Mr. Wilkinson, quite believed him.

I have only to add to this account a very earnest appeal for the prayers on his behalf of his future supporters. He will have many temptations to endure.

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EXOD. XXXV. 21, 22.

A TINNEVELLY Missionary, the Rev. E. Sargent, in a recent letter writes—"I have just been interrupted by a native walking into my study, where I sat writing, with all my doors open, and saying, 'Sir, you said, in your address at the Missionary meeting last week, how greatly the men might help this work by giving up the fashion of wearing rings in their ears. What you said is true. I have brought you the pair I have now worn for a long while. They are small, and not worth much, but they will at least help a little.'"

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ROMISH PROCESSION AT MACAO.

ONE of the processions we witnessed was on the first Sunday in Lent. On that occasion a full-sized figure of the Saviour, bleeding from a crown of thorns, clad in scarlet, and bending under the weight of a cross, was borne through the streets in an imposing manner. The military with a noisy band; priests in double file, scattering incense, and chanting; office-holders of every grade, from the governor down; all the citizens of note, bearing banners or holding bauble-like sticks; a string of little girls doing duty as angels, having gauze wings and airy-like gear to correspond. These chocolate-coloured sylphs constituted the finest, if not the most unobjectionable, part of the show. In company with these were lads, bearing implements and symbols of the crucifixion, a single article being allotted to each one—they were a hammer, nails, cup of vinegar, sponge, dice, dice-board, an image of a cock, &c. &c.

Former processions of this kind included a person who personated Judas, walking with a halter about his neck, and attended by a couple of unearthly figures with cloven feet, horns, and tails. An improved taste has discarded this and other grosser portions of the exhibition.

[*Dr. Macgowan, of Ningpo.*]

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COLD, DARK HEATHENISM.

"You are now going to die," said a young Chinese woman recently in Shanghae to her mother, who was on her death-bed. "You have often heard the Missionaries preach of heaven and hell. Which do you think you are going to?" "I know not, but I go to see," the poor mother replied, and immediately expired. Such is cold, dark heathenism.

[*Rev. J. S. Burdon, Shanghae.*]

ONE BY ONE.

ONE by one the sands are flowing,
 One by one the moments fall;
 Some are coming, some are going—
 Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee,
 Let thy whole strength go to each;
 Let no future dreams elate thee;
 Learn thou first what those can teach.

One by one (bright gifts from heaven)
 Joys are sent thee here below;
 Take them readily when given,
 Ready, too, to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee—
 Do not fear an armed band;
 One will fade as others greet thee,
 Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow:
 See how small each moment's pain
 God will help thee for to-morrow—
 Every day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly
 Has its task to do or bear;
 Luminous the crown, and holy,
 If thou set each gem with care.

Do not linger with regretting,
 Or for passion's hour despond;
 Nor, the daily toil forgetting,
 Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's token,
 Reaching heaven; but, one by one,
 Take them, lest the chain be broken,
 Ere the pilgrimage be done.

[*Anonymous, in Christian Treasury.*]



A MEMOIR OF PITA WHAKANGAUA,

HEAD TEACHER OF RANGITUKIA, NEW ZEALAND.

(*By the Rev. Charles Baker.*)

THIS worthy native had been brought to a knowledge of the truth many years ago, and for the space of ten years had acted in the capacity of teacher. By diligence and perseverance he had acquired a very considerable knowledge of the Scriptures, and his views of the divine plan of salvation were very clear. He had been ardent in the pursuit of knowledge, that he might impart it to his countrymen. He had availed himself of all the means in his reach, while any Missionary remained here, and, on the station being vacated, he went to Uawa twice to school, spending some time on each occasion, during my occupancy of that station. I saw much of him then. His quickness of perception, and

earnestness in application to his studies, increased my interest in him : withal, there was a deep-wrought piety, and singleness of purpose, not often found so conspicuously as in him.

The Waiapu Station has been subject to trials in the removal of its Missionaries. Mr. Stack had left under a painful affliction. It was many months before the Rev. C. L. Reay succeeded him ; and before the latter had been a year at his post he was removed by death. Another interval of many more months now occurred, when the Rev. R. Barker took the charge. He left more than two years since, and again the station was vacant for nearly a year. The religious instruction of the people of Rangitukia and adjoining villages devolved on Pita during the intervals when no Missionary was residing at Waiapu.

Having many times visited this station since the deceased entered upon his duties as a teacher, I had a good opportunity of knowing the nature of the difficulties with which he had to contend, and the spirit and temper by which he was actuated under trials of no ordinary kind. I saw much that I admired, and felt a deep interest for him.

In February 1854 I came to take charge of the Waiapu Missionary district. That portion in more immediate connection with the station, and which was the scene of the labours of the deceased, I found to be in a far better state than any other portion of the district. The regular public services had been held, the adult schools and Bible classes had been continued, and the teacher was devoting all his energies to promote the advancement of his people.

Soon after my arrival he began gradually to decline. The measles had a debilitating effect upon his constitution. He continued, however, to attend, wholly or in part, to his duties, until a few months before his death ; and when not able to teach he would continue to attend on the public services. He took great delight in hearing the gospel preached ; and when he could no longer attend the means of grace, he made diligent inquiries upon the sermon or lecture delivered. During the many months of his declining health I had much intercourse with him, and saw a gradual improvement with regard to his spiritual state : he looked forward to a glorious immortality.

All was done for him that could be devised, both with a view to his restoration and the alleviation of his sufferings. Two days before his death it was evident to me that no means could be of avail : he, too, was fully aware of this, and said, " I see that all is over : I must now look to the end." I reminded him of what St. Paul said when in the prospect of his speedy departure (2 Tim. iv. 7, 8.) ; to which he replied, " Yes, that was St. Paul's experience, but he possessed a large measure of the Holy Spirit. All that I, a poor sinner, can do, is to cast myself on the mercy of Christ." I remarked, that Christ is the only foundation upon which a sinner can fix his hopes of salvation. He spoke with emphasis, " Christ is an immoveable foundation." We joined in prayer, and at a late hour I left him. The following morning I called to see him. He was then dozing, and I did not converse with him. In the evening I again called to see him. He seemed to be fast sinking into the arms of death. I observed to him, that the same Omnipotent arm that conducted Israel through the Red Sea was visible when they passed over Jordan.

He raised his head, and assented to what I said, remarking further, "I cannot say much, I am so weak: this is all I have to say, Christ alone! Christ alone! Christ alone!" This thrilled through my soul. What more could he say? And what stronger evidence could I have that Christ, whom he had served, was sustaining His servant in the hour of his extremity? I left him with indescribable feelings, and breathed a prayer that my last end might be like his. On the next morning I called on him again. He recognised me, and seemed in joyful hope, saying, "I am now near my departure." I commended him to Christ, who had purchased him with His own blood, and said, "Now you are going to see the Saviour as He is. Yes, and to join the church above, containing some of every age of the world, from Abel to the present time—some from among all nations, and also from New Zealand." This was the last time I saw him. I had occasion to go some few miles to see a sick man who was reported to be near his end. On my return I was met by a messenger, who said that "Pita had slept." He died May 30th, 1855, aged about forty years. On the 2d of June his remains were interred, followed by about 200 of the people, all of whom evinced a sincere regard. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord: even so saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labours."

On the 3d I preached two sermons, with a view to improve the event. In the morning, Christ the only foundation (1 Cor. iii. 11); in the evening, The life and death of the Christian (Phil. i. 21). The congregations were large, and deeply attentive.

In conclusion, I may state some things as the chief features of his character—the cleanliness of his person, and comparative neatness of his dress; the order with which he proceeded with his public duties; the superior style of his house and premises; and the consequent commanding respect which he secured from others. He had adopted the novel plan of having the morning prayer bell, rung before sunrise, called the "washing bell." This was to give timely notice to prepare for prayers and school, and to appear with clean face and hands. The second bell rung at sunrise. This practice is too good to discontinue.

Another trait was his eagerness for a large and substantial church; and he had done much by way of preparing material. During his illness he witnessed with great delight the progress of its erection, and contributed largely towards the support of the native workmen.

He had a great abhorrence of native superstition, and loudly proclaimed against it; and when he witnessed any conduct he deemed inconsistent with the Christian profession, in any of the people, he reproved the individual, while he watched with jealousy the conduct of all.

In his last illness, he on several occasions warned the careless, and reproved the unruly. For the old of both sexes he felt a strong solicitude, and urged them to reside in the village, assuring them that the only way to promote their spiritual interest was to be diligent on the appointed means of grace. He rejoiced in seeing provision made for the instruction of the young, saying that "the perpetuity of the church of Waiapu rested with them."

His attachment to those who had been instrumental in the progress of the Mission was strong: he frequently expressed himself in terms of the

highest admiration of their labour of love. He also evinced sincere regard for the little attention shown him in his affliction. When he perceived that his end was near, he sent a very affectionate message to all the several members of my family residing with me.

"The memory of the just is blessed."



CANOE TRAVELLING.

IN our last Number our readers had presented to them some of the difficulties of sledge travelling. There is another popular mode of transit in Rupert's Land, when the rivers and lakes are open—by canoe, which also has its dangers.

The canoes are made entirely of birch bark, and are gaudily painted on the bow and stern. They are of various dimensions: sometimes they are thirty-six feet long by five or six broad, and are capable of containing eight men and three passengers: others are not more than from fifteen to eighteen feet long by two feet and a half broad in the middle, and tapering from thence to nothing at each end. It makes a great difference whether you are ascending or descending a stream. If the former, you have the portages—places where the river flows downward in a succession of cascades. Here the luggage has to be taken out, and carried to the head of the rapid, where the water again becomes level, the canoe itself being similarly dealt with, or else pulled up with great care by the men, some tracking with a line, others pushing it from behind. Sometimes, when the rapid is such as to permit it, the rapid is ascended without a portage. The voyageur in the bow points out the direction to be taken, the canoe is shot into the boiling flood, the water rises to within an inch of the gunwale. There is a large rock rising above the impetuous torrent, behind which the waters are calm. The canoe gains this haven, and makes this a step from whence to gain the shelter of another rock, lying some few yards higher up. Thus, after much effort, the top of the fall is reached, and the river, for a time, is tranquil. But how is it when the course lies down the stream, and the canoe shoots the falls? We are inclined to think that this would try the nerves of our readers more than when clambering upwards. But they must judge for themselves; and, that they may be enabled to do so, we place before them the following description of running a fall, which our Missionary, the Rev. R. Hunt, has forwarded to us—

With regard to what is called a rapid, those least worthy of the name, and by far the pleasantest to run, according to my opinion, are successions of such deep streams as pass through the most dangerous arch of London Bridge when the tide is fast flowing or ebbing. The more exciting ones are those that dash and foam, and rise and fall, and cross and whirl, over and among large masses of rocks and stones. They are generally commenced by a gradual gliding together, and sinking, of the

waters. If you have not yet determined to attempt the run, you must not glide down this smooth descent very far, or you will soon lose the power of choice. At these parts, if an Indian is not very well acquainted with the place, or if any variation in the height of the stream has altered the features of the passage, he stands upright at the head of the canoe, taking care to tread exactly in the middle, and to balance himself perfectly: any attempt to change places in these canoes is to exchange the canoe for the water. In this position he sends a hasty glance as far down the rapid as circumstances admit of, and then, with voice and hand, he gives general directions as to the course to be taken; and then down he sits in the bottom of the canoe, not crouching for fear, but in a really noble attitude, daring, cool, and self-possessed: no longer like a stuffed boa, but with energy leaping out at every muscle. Every moment, even life may depend upon a glance of his eye, or a turn of his paddle. He weighs opposite dangers, and decides with prompt and unerring judgment. Down, down we go. His eye appears to be everywhere, and the canoe itself seems to possess the spirits of the Indians at the head and stern; for where they perceive she ought to be, there she is immediately, her own impetus wanting only their guiding will. They see invisible things shadowed in the motions of the water, and thus they avoid many a sunken stone, or venture where they know they will only rub upon it, in order to avoid a greater evil; and thus you hurry on, hugging the current here, and repelling it there, according as this or that direction is to be taken. Sometimes not a voice can be heard for the dash of the water, and directions are given by the Indian forward, by a quick motion of the head and hand: at others, Abraham, in the stern, is plying his steering paddle, and chanting one of his English phrases, "Very nice, very nice, very nice." I, meanwhile, sit motionless midway between them, unless I am quite sure, from what I hear and see, that an extra effort will not be amiss to quicken or retard our progress for a moment, either to pass before or follow after a rolling wave; and then, sometimes my hand, as well as my paddle, will be immersed in the conical billow; at others, I strike, and hardly reach the bottom of the concave surface; but I never venture a stroke to make our little dancing vessel diverge a hair's-breadth from the course. Each movement is determined for her by my partners in this position; for sometimes, when I should have decided we must not approach this commotion, the Indians have dashed right through it; and in this way we ran many a rapid of half a mile or more, in fewer minutes than it took us hours to ascend it: and when we arrived at comparatively smooth water, William Roberts, who had never passed this way before, would turn his head, make a rapid serpentine motion towards the rapid with his elevated hand, as if marking in his memory the very best course we could have taken; and if, in two or three years' time, he should be asked if he is acquainted with this rapid, he might truthfully answer, "Perfectly." Whoever thought these people irreclaimable savages, surely never saw them run a first-rate rapid—a sight that would draw all London to it, if it could be transported to the Thames.

FIDELITY.

THE Rev. Robert Moffat, of the London Missionary Society, whose station, Kuruman, is amongst the Bechuanas of South Africa, about 630 miles north-east of Cape Town, in the summer of last year proceeded on a journey into the countries northward, with the intention of communicating with Dr. Livingston, then engaged



MOSELEKATSE AND THE OLD CHIEF.—See p. 51.

on an exploratory tour in the interior and unknown regions. He reached the country of the Matabele, next to the Zulus the most powerful nation in South Africa, and who, by their cruel wars, have been the terror of the surrounding tribes. Moselekatse is their king, the only lord in existence whom they know of; so much so, that they believe he has intercourse with the dead, and can give them rain and other good things. When asked if they considered that the God of the white men was the same god who gave their chief his supposed wisdom, they replied, "No: you whites have your God, but we have Moselekatse, our god." It must have been a deeply-interesting occasion when Mr. Moffat, for the first time, preached the gospel to this dreaded chief and his savage followers. "I knew," says Mr. Moffat,

I was to have a congregation composed of persons who, with very few exceptions, had never heard a word of Christian instruction in their lives, and who had no other impression on their minds than that Moselekatse was the only lord in existence—a man with his 400 wives and as many concubines, and a number of these sisters; his head men, or entonas, having also a number of wives each; and all the soldiers, without exception, living the most impure lives; a people taught from childhood to fear no man, to love no one, and to offer thanks and praise to no one but to Moselekatse; a nation of murderers, whose hand is against every one. I felt I needed, and sought, Divine help. Having intimated that it was time to call the people together, it was no sooner said than done. A man was despatched with the royal mandate, when all the men of the town, as well as a number from other towns who happened to be there, assembled, Moselekatse sitting at my left hand, while William, the interpreter, stood at my right. Knowing that I should have other opportunities of selecting particular subjects, I talked to them of creation, providence, and redemption, and concluded with death and immortality. Profound silence, and the most marked attention, were maintained during the whole time. They all looked as if listening to the most extraordinary statements. I felt no squeamishness on account of the would-be god who sat at my elbow. I delivered the truths as they were recorded in the pages of the book of God. Never before were their ears saluted with news so different to any thing they had heard or conceived of. There was something startling to my own senses to look on a congregation of men, with fine intelligent countenances, listening for the first time to the word of the living and true God, their Creator and Preserver, who sent His Son to save them from the wrath to come. When the service was over, they arose, and, with hundreds of voices, saluted their king, and retired, while I felt a happiness I could hardly describe, having at last gained the object I had so long desired. I felt I had sown the seeds of the gospel, which the Lord, in His infinite mercy, would sooner or later bless. Moselekatse instantly shook hands with me, and said that the word was good, very good. After the afternoon's service with my own people, he came and spent some time with me, apparently much pleased, and intimated that, now I had got my heart's desire, I must prolong my stay, as he wished his people to be instructed; for they liked what they heard so well that

they were talking about it throughout the town. To some of his men, who were sitting near, he said he wished them to keep in mind what they had heard, and that they must all die. He did not give any reason for repeating the above admonition, or state what would follow after death; but seemed anxious that they should remember that they must die like all others. Probably, as he is not without his fears that some of his people wish him dead and gone, he was glad at the idea of their being told that they also must die.

And here a touching scene occurred. While Mr. Moffat was crossing the country, in company with the king and some of his people, they approached a town, built, after the custom of the nation, in a circular form, and enclosing a large cattle-fold, and were welcomed by the women with dance and song. The chief man of the town being ill, Mr. Moffat proceeded to visit him. On his return he was joined by Moselekatse, who sat with him on the fore chest of Mr. Moffat's waggon. The Missionary, in course of conversation, mentioned where he had been, and the pleasure which he always took in visiting sick people. "While we were yet talking," writes Mr. Moffat,

The old chief, who was almost entirely lame in his left side, approached, with apparently great pain, assisted by a long stick, and with a man behind him. He was tall, and had once been a strong man. On sitting down before the wagon, which required a painful effort, he raised his eye to Moselekatse, and shed a flood of tears. He sobbed and wept like one who had the tenderest of hearts. It was some time before he could repress his feelings, so as to give expression to the pleasure he felt on seeing his sovereign, in whose service, he had fought many a battle. Pointing to his paralysed limbs, and looking up with adoration, and cheeks wet with tears, and placing his hands on his heart, he said, "Though my body can no more fight the battles of the king of kings, lion son of Machobane, this heart is still the same." Moselekatse looked at him attentively, and addressed him with considerable feeling. I observed that I liked to see such a manifestation of affection, and added, "That man evidently loves you with his whole heart. Just in the same way we ought to love God."

O for similar devotedness to Him who is indeed the King of kings, the Lion of the tribe of Judah, our Lord and our God, who has redeemed His people by His own blood; that there might be the same willingness to spend and be spent in His service; and, when worn out by sickness and old age, and unable any longer to render active service to our sovereign, that we may be enabled to say, "My heart is still the same."

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#### LEANDRO YOPAR, THE CUBAN EMANCIPADO.

IN August last there reached England from Cuba a group of Yoruba people, men, women, and children, forty-eight in number. They had been slaves in that island, but with astonishing perseverance had worked out the price of their redemption, and were

returning to their fatherland. They excited much interest in Plymouth, and were visited by the Rev. H. Townsend, one of our Missionaries from Abbeokuta, who is at present in England. They sailed in the September steamer for the West Coast of Africa, and tidings have since reached us of their safe arrival.

One, however, Leandro Yopar, was left behind. He had lost himself in the streets of London. He was subsequently found at Southampton, and was transferred to the care of a Christian lady in the neighbourhood of Plymouth, under whose superintendence he received instruction in the holy Scriptures and in the English language. He has since returned to Africa on board the steamer which took out Bishop Weeks.

While in England he wrote a little narrative of himself in Negro-Spanish, of which his kind benefactress has sent to us the following summary.

I, Leandro Bardomero Yopar, on the 27th of February 1830, was born the slave of Doña Tomasa Junco, a very amiable lady. This lady taught me all the religion which is practised in Cuba: she sent me to school at the age of six, where I read the Catechism and the "Children's Friend," and learnt to reckon.

I continued going to school till I was twelve, when my mistress had me learn the business of a mason, which I was doing till I was nineteen, in order to get my daily bread. Then I worked for her till I was twenty-three, when the said lady became ill, and she gave Leandro his liberty: soon after which she died—in 1853. But before her death she impressed on him the duty of ever following her instructions to love God above all things, and that he should always do good, and give as much alms as he possibly could, that God might be with him: and Leandro complied with this, and took it to heart, because he knew that it was all intended for his good. In a little while he placed himself with his parents, in order to go to England, to pass over to Africa; and he said to them, "We have never been on the sea, and we know nothing about it." However, they went: therefore he went also.

All our party embarked, and at length reached London, which place they left in a steamer; but Leandro went to buy bread and other things for the voyage, and lost himself in the streets in the direction of the steamer. He was two days and a night in London, and met with no one who could understand him. An English gentleman took me to the house of a consul, but he did not comprehend what I said, but directed me to the Southampton railroad; so I took the telegraph wires for my guide, and walked towards Southampton.

From the time I left London I was calling on God every hour, and each time that I cried to Him I saw more clearly the way in which I had to walk; and never did there fail me some person or other to provide me with bread and food, and a place to sleep; and all this I thought arose from the grace and favour which God had shown me in answer to what I had asked Him, and I was always believing that my mother was also praying much to God that He would teach me His grace, as it has come to pass.

The day I left London—the 20th or 22d of July—I reached a good

town at the right of the train near London, where a policeman put me into a house to sleep: on the road people gave me pence, and all this without understanding more than the words that I was going to Africa. The other nights I slept in the town which I reached in the evening, when supper was given me, and the privilege of sleeping till the morning, and then I followed the road. It was five days before I arrived at Winchester, which I reached at six in the evening, and the soldiers whom I met there gave me pence. As I could not speak the English language, I spoke to all by signs. A principal officer, a major, and another, who stammered, and various gentlemen and ladies, gave me something to eat; and at seven that evening a gentleman and a policeman took me to a coffee-house and gave me food; and the policeman, in this same Winchester, paid something at a house that I might have a bed to sleep in, and besides this he gave me pence that I should have something in my pocket.

The next day I went to the train, and a gentleman there, seeing that I was weary, handed me a little card, and put me into the train to go to Southampton, where I went to the house of Señor Ferran, who provided me with food, as a father would his son. Whilst I was praying there, it pleased God that a traveller should arrive, who told me that there were many black people in Plymouth who were going to Africa: therefore I wrote to my father at Plymouth; but when my letter arrived they were all setting off for Africa, so Señora Tregelles wrote to Mr. Clark and to colonel Hughes, and from that time they came both morning and evening to see if I was well or ill.

When Mr. Clark was in search of me I was at the head of the street, and that gentleman came asking for Leandro, and very pleasant it was to me. He said that he came for a lady of Plymouth, to know if Leandro Yopar was there. He made me understand that my mother had embarked, which afflicted me much; but I was comforted when he told me that he had come in search of me, and that I should go to the shelter of my mother, and know all about her.

Mr. Clark provided me with a change of clothing, and sent me to Señora Tregelles at Plymouth, who, with Mr. Brown and others, is teaching me the Christian religion, and to speak the English language.

Jesus Christ our Saviour looked upon me and put me in the road to heaven, having led me to the land where Christianity is more established than in any other. I was daily repeating a short prayer which Jesus Christ heard, and put me into His school, in order that I should learn the word of God, for He knew that I was always desiring, and I do desire, to stand in the grace of God.

In the island of Cuba, from which we coloured people come, the law of God, in a general way, is neither taught nor learnt, labour being the only thing thought of from the age of six years. The masters there expect that the payment for the day's work shall be brought to them, whether there has been the power to gain it or not. The people do not like to be sent to the mountains to work, and therefore make various excuses, because in the mountains they have no feast days, no holy week, no nights,\* and there they act towards the slaves as if they were

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\* They are expected to work by night as well as day.

beating out a piece of iron. In this same island, in the town, there are many who wish to leave, but the sons of the masters tell them, that if they go on the sea they will be cast into it, and therefore they are afraid, and do not come; but we came because we had a little more intelligence, and knew that the English, when they meet with vessels filled with negroes, seize them, and carry the negroes back to the land of their birth. As to the voyage from Cuba to Southampton, the English government would do a very great favour if it could reduce the price of six "onzas" for all those who desire to come, and if it would solicit their coming, now that the sufferings of that land are known.

I wish that the English government would send me to Cuba, to bring thirty or forty who are prepared to come; for, seeing me, they would know where to go; and whoever could not come on that voyage, might come on a second: and the religion which has been taught me I would teach them; and when they reach their country they will instruct others; and the children of some of those who can read will follow in the steps of their parents, and thus the Christian religion will be carried more and more into the centre of Africa.

Leandro has now gone back to Africa himself. May he prove an instrument of much good to his countrymen, and be privileged to behold the gospel, according to his prayer, penetrating into the dark interior!

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#### LIGHT INCREASING.

WE have often mentioned Hudson's Bay, and the Missionary stations along its coasts. York Fort, on the west coast, where the ships arrive from England, and from whence lies the route to Lake Winnipeg and the Red River, is one of the most important of them, as one of the principal posts of the Hudson's-Bay Company, whither the Indians resort in considerable numbers. It is a dreary spot; the soil low, marshy, and unproductive, and the trees knotty and dwarfish. In the winter the cold is intense; and although, during the hot summer, the heat is very great, yet the land does not thaw more than ten or twelve inches. A few garden vegetables are with difficulty reared: yet here we hope to rear "the tree of life, whose leaves are for the healing of the nations."

Our Missionary at this place, the Rev. W. Mason, besides the duties connected with York Fort, has various out-stations under his care, which he visits as circumstances permit. There is Churchill Fort to the north, Severn Fort to the south-east, both on the shores of the Bay, and Trout Lake in the interior, to the south-west of the latter station.

Last July, the Company's sloop starting for Churchill, Mr. Mason felt strongly disposed to visit that northern post, but was induced to give up his intention on being informed that he should see neither Eskimos nor Indians at that particular season of the year. It was providentially ordered that he so decided, as a few days subsequently

there reached the Station, from Severn and Trout Lake, a most interesting group of Indians, who had visited him three years previously, and had been very urgent with him to baptize them, but he had thought it right to defer doing so until they had received more instruction. They now came greeting Mr. Mason with a hearty shake of the hand, with sparkling eyes, and smiling countenances, and expressing the happiness they felt in their hearts at seeing him once more; and great was their joy when he invited them, during their stay, to attend school twice a day in order to receive Christian instruction. Some extracts from his journals will show how this opportunity was improved by them.

*July 25*—I had the Severn and Trout-Lake Indians with me for instruction twice, morning and evening. Eighteen expressed their earnest desire for baptism. Mrs. Mason assisted me, and we taught them, after reading and endeavouring to explain the gospel to them, to repeat from memory the Lord's Prayer, the Belief, &c. They paid the most profound attention, and some were affected even to tears.

*July 26*—The Severn and Trout-Lake Indians were in attendance for five hours. They read St. John's gospel exceedingly well, have committed to memory the Lord's Prayer, the Belief, and are now learning the Ten Commandments. I went over the history of our blessed Lord, and explained His errand of mercy to this our world. I learn with sorrow that some of the Severn Indians are Romanists, wear crosses, count their beads, and on the voyage home have prayers apart from the Protestants. The priests have books in the syllabic characters, printed in Canada, highly ornamented, interspersed with paintings of gorgeous colours, which are evidently intended to attract the untutored mind of the poor Indian. The paintings are principally those of the Virgin and canonized saints of the Romish church. Although a few make a journey to Albany, to receive absolution from the hands of a man, together with these fine-looking books, with beads and crosses, yet the majority are Protestants, and prefer the pure word of God. I hope the progress of Popery will now be effectually stayed, and that soon they will have a teacher to guide their feet into the paths of righteousness and truth. Ten out of the two boats' crews from Trout Lake are candidates for baptism. None in that quarter have gone to the priest; and I hope a good beginning is now commenced, and a foundation laid that souls from thence may be brought to the knowledge of salvation through faith in Christ. The position is central, and hundreds of poor benighted Indians would hear the gospel, and gladly receive it, should a Protestant teacher be sent to Trout Lake.

This evening I had full service with all the Indians, and preached to them on the value of their souls. All present paid great attention, audibly assenting to the truths advanced, while tears suffused their eyes. They evidently listened as for eternity, and I trust impressions were made on their minds which will never be effaced. They are well acquainted with the first principles of Christianity, and they are so earnest, so attentive, so very desirous of obtaining all the information necessary, and anxious for the happy day to arrive, when, by the solemn rite of baptism, they will be admitted into the fellowship and communion

of Christ's militant church on earth. Surely the prayers of God's people at home are heard and answered, for there are evident marks that the good Spirit of God has commenced His work of grace in their souls. They all love to hear God's word, and ten read "the great book."

A pleasing instance of their abhorrence of sin, and their zeal for the glory of God, was manifested by two of the Severn Indians while they were with us. Some of the Indians from Oxford House were inebriated. They were seen by the Severn Indians, to their great surprise. A gentleman at the time saw two in earnest conversation, and afterwards they fell on their knees, and began to pray for their poor fellow creatures, whom they beheld overtaken by their most easily besetting sin. The gentleman, who communicated this incident to me soon after it occurred, assured me that he had no doubt of the purity of their motives. They have long ago thrown away their idols and old superstitious notions, and for years past have been worshippers of the only true God, and they diligently read the books printed in their own characters.

One of the Indians baptized by the Romish priest paid me a visit this evening. He said the priest told him to come and tell me that he had baptized him, if he found me at York. Poor man! he can neither read nor write, yet he has the cross and his beads. "The priest at Albany," he said, "has sent for me to come and tell all the sins I have done since he last saw me, that he may wipe them away for me." But his faith in man's power to forgive sins committed against God was soon shaken when I opened the word of God, and read to him those passages which clearly show that none but God can forgive sins. When he could make no reply, I told him not to seek salvation from man, but from the Lord Jesus Christ, and to trust in Him alone for the pardon of his sins. May this conversation be blest to the salvation of his soul! It has not been in vain. One of the four who had not been baptized came forward as a candidate, and, under the circumstances, I promised that I would baptize him with the rest of his brethren.

On Sunday, July 29, the baptisms took place. The candidates, twenty-nine in number, distinctly responded to all the questions, and I baptized them in the name of the Holy Trinity, as they meekly kneeled upon their knees.

May they be as lights shining in a dark place, and spread the knowledge of the Saviour's love amongst their poor countrymen, until "the people that walk in darkness" shall "have seen a great light," and that light shine on them, "that dwell in the land of the shadow of death!" Soon, it is to be hoped, we shall hear at least of native catechists placed in charge of the little Christian congregations at Severn Fort and Trout Lake.

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#### MISSIONARIES FROM THE SANDWICH ISLANDS.

THE fruits of Missionary labours are now presenting themselves in the interesting aspect of stirring up the Missionary spirit among the natives themselves. Converted Sandwich Islanders have already gone forth to spread the gospel in other islands of the North and South

Pacific. At a recent Missionary meeting at Hilo, a native, about to go forth to this work, used the following language in a stirring speech to his countrymen—"I do declare to you that the cause of my going out on this Mission is my exceeding great debt to the kingdom of God. I have land, and cattle, and horses, and parents, and brethren; and I have looked on all these, but they will not cancel my debt. Therefore I give my whole body and soul, without reserve, for this salvation. Because this treasure was freely given to us, therefore we freely give, without murmuring." Many of the native converts are fired with a similar love and zeal, and will go forth proclaiming—

"Wake, isles of the south, your redemption is near!"

#### A VOICE FOR THE CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

THIS liberty I trust you will excuse,  
And not in anger my request refuse.  
To ask your alms, dear reader, now I write:  
Received with thanks will be the smallest mite.  
I ask your aid, to send to distant lands,  
To heathen souls fast held in Satan's bands,  
A knowledge of the Saviour; that the Lord  
May bring them out of darkness by His word.  
We, who can sit beneath the "joyful sound"—  
We, who have found the "balm" for every wound—  
Ought surely with no niggard hand to give,  
That they, too, such glad tidings may receive.  
If in our hours of sadness we can prove  
The God we worship is a God of love;  
If He has dried our tears in sorrow shed;  
If in our sickness He has made our bed;  
If in bereavement Christ has been our stay,  
And in our deep distress we've heard Him say,  
"Not lost, but gone before, the friend you mourn:  
You'll go to him, though he may not return;"  
Oh, then I ask, if *such* a Friend we know,  
Are we not anxious others know Him too?  
Can we hold back, when called on to proclaim  
To all the world His great, His glorious name?  
Have we our Bible? do we love its truths?  
Oh, let us help its precepts to diffuse.  
Have we our Sabbath, and our Sabbath chimes?  
Let's try to make them ring in other climes.  
Love we to hear our pastor's voice in prayer?  
Do something that such men be everywhere.  
All may assistance give—some more, some less:  
It is the cheerful giver God will bless.  
He knows the means of each; He reads the heart;  
By it He judges who has done his part.  
The rich gave much, remember, of their store;  
The widow, with her mite, had given more.  
*One* talent, well improved, God smiles upon:  
The cup of water He will bless and own.  
Give, oh, I pray you! 'tis not thrown away:  
Christ is a faithful Master, He'll repay.  
Think of His words so gracious, "Inasmuch as ye  
Have kindness shown to these, ye did it unto me." E. A. S.

## MISSIONARY MEETING AT IGBEIN, ABBEOKUTA.

It is always encouraging to hear of the growth of Missionary interest amongst our native converts in various regions. It is of first importance that Missionary meetings should be held, and that subject, of which they are themselves the living fruits, be vividly brought before them: not so much for the purpose of calling forth pecuniary contributions—for many of them may well say, "Silver and gold have I none"—but to call forth their sympathies, and enlist them as fellow-workers with us in communicating the gospel to their heathen countrymen around. So soon as converts are made, and congregations formed, they should be quickened into Missionary action, and, in however simple and humble a manner, led to do something for the heathen; and this for their own good, and growth in grace, and healthful continuance in the faith. If their knowledge be not thus exercised, it must decay, and lose its influence and power; and, permitting themselves, in the first instance, to be careless about their kinsfolk and acquaintance, they soon learn to be careless about themselves.

Igbein is one of our stations in Abbeokuta, where there is a church and native congregation, and here we rejoice to perceive the stirrings of Missionary interest, as communicated to us by our native Missionary, the Rev. Thomas King—

*July 30, 1855*—I held a Missionary meeting to-day at Igbein. Having brought the subject before them on the 21st instant, the necessity of coming forward with their subscriptions in aid to the good cause, the next day I preached from Luke xvi. 8, 9; and yesterday from Luke xix. 8. To-day being the day for the meeting, I commenced at half-past four P.M. After singing and prayer, I gave a short address from Matt. ix. 36—38. I dwelt on the compassion of Christ on the multitude for want of light and knowledge; that it was this that yearned in the minds of the people in England, so that the darkness and ignorant state of the people here were taken into account. I referred them to fifteen years ago, to reflect on what they were then and what they are now. After this, eight of our church members rose up, one after another, and spoke with life and animation, to the joy and encouragement of all present. My heart was too full for what I heard and felt. Were the friends of the Africans to be here, I am confident they would feel more in witnessing and hearing what mighty deeds and wonders their charity and prayers, in God's hand, have wrought. How much would their hearts be overflowed with gratitude to the great Head of the Church in hearing these trophies of almighty grace, these monuments of divine mercy, bearing testimony to the goodness of God, and the happiness that Christ's gospel imparts. The first that rose up exhorted his friends to liberality as follows—"My friends, hear what is now brought before us. Remember, whatever we possess now—money, clothes, &c.—will all be auctioned and scattered when we die. Let us consider, that what we give now to Jesus shall be ours for ever, but what we leave behind us shall be for others. Therefore, let us show our love to Jesus according to the means each one possesses. Remember the words, 'He who soweth



sparingly shall also reap sparingly, but he who soweth bountifully shall also reap bountifully.' Consider what great sum of money was laid out in bringing the gospel to us : how much of the money perished in the sea, and at the landing-place. Now, if they had not sown bountifully, could the news reach us amidst all these ?" Another spoke to this effect, as he stood up in the middle of the people—"Before I say any thing, allow me to come and stand before you, that all may see me. Do not you all, who are here present, know, don't you remember, what I was, what I have been ? Was there any so bad and wicked as I was ? But see what Christ, by His gospel, has effected in me. Let us show our thankfulness to God for His mercy. Just as if a man going to the forest, who, after clearing the thickets, felling the trees, he puts his seeds in the ground. But he must clear the weeds from the plants, else it will come to nothing, for this is as necessary as the clearing the ground of its forest. So faith without charity is dead, for charity is one of the proofs of its growth.\* We cannot be saved by it, but we evidence the sincerity of our faith by it. We readily put ourselves in pawn to bury our dead relatives, which I will never do ; but I am quite willing to put myself in pawn to serve the Lord Jesus Christ, if it is needful, for what He has done for me : " with more such touching saying. Another rose up and said—"Let us be active in doing what we are called upon to do. If the people in white-men country had not taken it up actively it could not have reached to us ; therefore let us hold it actively, that our children may meet the same." Another said, if he were able he would support a teacher to be sent into the interior to tell the people of Christ. I cannot commit all to writing. A dozen more might have stood up and borne their testimony, had we not been compelled, by the approaching night, to close the interesting meeting. I trust their contributions will correspond with their expressions.

The results of this meeting, so far as pecuniary collections are concerned, are mentioned in the subjoined paragraph.

*Aug. 11*—Had a meeting this evening for the collections in aid of our Society, which was postponed last time. We commenced at one P.M. After singing and prayers, I gave a short address from Eccles. xi. 1. After this a few of them rose and spoke to the meeting of the Lord's merciful dealings with them, to the great interest of all. This being over, the collection began. The eagerness of the people to give their help was very encouraging to witness. They thronged each other almost in coming forward to the help of the Lord, notwithstanding my repeatedly telling them to come one after another. Their request, in saying, "Fi oruko mi sille, fi oruko mi sille"—"Put my name down, put my name down"—was so much, that, had I got six hands, I could not go fast enough with them. To make it speedier, I called the schoolmaster to my assistance in taking their names down, and what they would contribute. Many of them, in giving for themselves, subscribed for their children

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\* The speaker evidently means that they themselves were as the cleared forest, amongst whom the seed of truth had been sown and sprung up. But now they must be careful to clear the growth of all weeds, which might prevent it yielding the blessed fruit of charity, without which faith is dead.

also. Some of the boarding-school children were not behind in giving what they could to the Lord. I was not a little astonished to hear one of them come and say, "Put my name down for thirty strings." As I had no knowledge of the source from whence she could pay this sum, I told her that it is not only giving name for any sum, but what we are able to pay. But she still persisted, by saying, "I know it: I will pay the same." All of them were told to bring their subscriptions into the yard at any time they pleased. Afterwards the meeting was closed with singing and prayer. The sum named and promised was ten bags, but I did not believe they would pay as they promised; but, to my great surprise, in a few days, all were paid. Those who were not present that day even brought their's afterwards. Though there were some who gave out of their abundance, yet many out of their penury gave to the Lord with cheerfulness, in imitation of the widow in the gospel, nearly all what they possess. The whole of the collection now amounts nearly to twelve bags, equal to 120 dollars, the currency in this country. This is what our new converts have done. I hope it will move the friends in Sierra Leone to greater exertion in promoting the good cause.

Yes, and we trust in England also, now that we find that our Church Missionary income for the year ending March 31, 1856, instead of diminishing the balance that was against us from the previous year, has not been enough to cover our expenses, and that our debt has been increased by 1800%.

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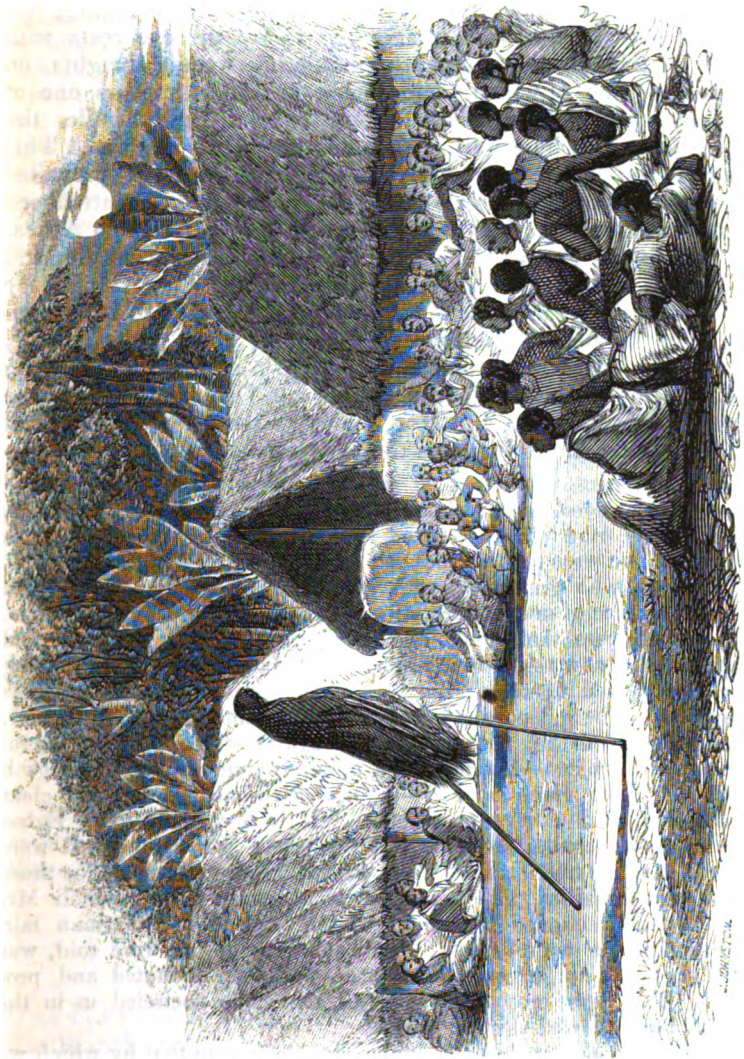
"LIKE AS A SHOCK OF CORN COMETH IN IN HIS SEASON."

THAT devoted old woman Pithavadoomei entered into her rest on Nov. 7th. She was a shining light, and a monument of the love of our blessed Saviour to lost sinners. Many Christians and heathen were fully assured that she was a real Christian, and the child of God, and they doubt not, in the least, of her present happy state in heaven. We trust her exemplary life will be blessed to others, and bring them, like herself, to taste and see how good the Lord is, and how precious Jesus is to those who seek Him. Her conversation was so much blessed by the Lord that two heathen families of five souls have renounced heathenism, and are now under Christian instruction. One of them, I hope, will be soon baptized. A few days before her death, when a reader visited and conversed with her, she repeated a number of texts and hymns. Amongst them the following were her favourite text and verse—"Come unto me, all ye that travail, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest:" and then she added—"Grant, O Lord, that heaven may be so sweet as honey, and that earth may be bitter as gall. If my heart is allured or tempted, graciously appear, and draw my heart above. Let me then die, O Lord, in the asylum of Christ." As she was my regular communicant, I administered the blessed Sacrament to her four days before her death, in her own house. Although she was scarcely able to speak, she understood my voice, and answered that she is desirous to go to the house of her heavenly Father. Much to our surprise she followed, repeating the Lord's Prayer. Many heathen were spectators.

[Rev. John Devasagayam.]

THE IJEBU COUNTRY.

THE Ijebu country is a large province of the Yoruba kingdom, lying to the north-east of Lagos, to which our Missionaries have recently obtained access, and where they have made a commencement of Missionary effort by locating at one of its chief towns a



IJEBU SPORTS—DANCING ON STILTS.

native-Christian visitor. From the description which they have given us, it must be a pleasant land. Now the traveller finds himself in a shady lane, arched overhead with the branches of noble trees, amidst which palms and cotton-trees of gigantic size stand conspicuous: then the path, emerging from the forest, leads through an open country, over which are spread the cultivations of the natives—corn-fields, patches of *iran*, a plant growing several feet high, the leaves of which are used for thatching, &c. Glancing over an extensive intervening valley, the eye rests with delight on a long series of gently-undulating wooded heights, on the crest of one of which, embosomed in woods, appears one of the Ijebu towns. The houses are in general neatly built, the whole surrounded by a wall, with rudely fortified gateways. This intimates the general insecurity which has hitherto prevailed throughout these fine countries; but the gospel has been introduced into the land, and in time it will not fail to give peace to Africa. The inhabitants appear to be a light-hearted, cheerful people, and industrious, if not distracted by slave-trading wars. Like the Africans generally, they are fond of meeting together in the moonlight, after the heat of the day, and enjoying some village game, such as our engraving represents—the town children dancing on stilts. In the interesting journals of the late Dr. Irving we find the following account of his and Mr. Hinderer's reception at Iperu and Ofin—the latter the town where the native visitor has been placed—

“Stretching across the end of an avenue was a wall and thatched gate, with neat door, and on either hand a high square tower of defence, similar to the others, and in good repair. Entering the town by a second gate, we were soon surrounded by a dense crowd of men, women, and children, who greeted us with most hearty salutations, and with every appearance of satisfaction and pleasure—a confused hum of voices, above which rose the shouts and shrill cries of men, women, and children. We now rested in a large market space, under the spreading branches of a wild fig-tree. We were much pleased with the neatness of the town. The walls of the houses were high, smooth, and buttressed: there appeared to be, in some cases, regular streets. The general cleanness of the place—but for those unhappy time-dishonoured pigs it would have been much more so—the neat, well-built houses, and clear open spaces, had a very good effect. It is here where the Egbas come from Abbeokuta to trade. Near where we were seated were upwards of a hundred or more neat, wicker frame-work sheds for those who attended market, like the place of an encampment, which Mr. Hinderer said reminded him much of the ‘bodes’ in a German fair. After sending our compliments to the balogun, who, we were told, was at the farm—a not uncommon excuse—we again mounted and proceeded. The dense crowd who had all this while encircled us in the market-place followed us out of town.

“Taking our departure by a similar double gate to that by which we entered, with two flanking towers of defence, and crossing the ditch by two wooden planks, we entered one of those fine avenues, wide and

broad—as already several times described—along which we cantered until we came to a turnstile, right in front of us, an evidence of the scarcity of horses in the country. We were obliged to make a little *detour*, clamber a fence, cross a field of corn, and regain the road by another act of trespass. Fine and dense banana groves bordered the way for a long distance: the petals of the ariri, one of the most common timber-trees of the country, strewed the path. Riding along an open path, deeply worn, with high grass banks, and fields of corn on either hand, we at length turned into a shady lane, arched overhead, the road winding, and leading S., S. W., W. by S. To the right a road led to Ishadda, a village of which the roofs of the houses were seen. Passing open sheds with cultivated grounds, old waste farms, and corn-fields, we reached a shady lane, and here we were desired to stop, as we were near Ofin, and the messengers believed Oro was out, and the women might not be enabled to enter. These poor women! and yet truth compels me to add, that in Abbeokuta, when Oro takes possession of the town during the day, the place never looks so quiet and so respectable. Not a woman to be seen; no street cries of the vendors of agiddi, akara, or yams, and other good things; only a few men walking about with an air of conscious power, and satisfaction at having checkmated their women, and spoiled their gossip. We soon again moved on along what might be made a fine avenue, but sadly wanted clearing, and entered the gate of Ofin, which is a ruinous, broken-down tower, flanked on the left, loop-holed, &c., and traversing the bode, which a tailor kept, whose caps and cloths were exposed for sale, and traversing another inner gate, we found ourselves skirting a fine orisha grove, with some lofty trees, one giant of which called forth a simultaneous admiration from both, and at the entrance to which two skulls nailed to a tree greeted us. We passed the end of a small market, were saluted by a blacksmith tinkling his hammer on the anvil, received sundry ‘*acabos*’ of the few people we saw, and were shortly seated under a fig-tree opposite an open gateway leading into a ruinous compound—the royal residence at Ofin—and, in a few minutes, our lodging was pointed out to us in a narrow piazza, in an unfortunate lane of ruinous houses. Rain had begun to fall as we entered Ofin, and now came down in torrents: as soon as it cleared away we erected our small tent in an open space, and, with our beds placed at either side, and a plank to keep our feet out of the wet, we were soon moderately snug.”

May we be enabled to occupy with a sufficient number of Missionaries this interesting country, that these poor people may hear those “glad tidings of great joy, which are to all people.”



THE FAITHFUL LABOURER AT REST.

ONE has recently gone to sleep in Jesus, who is well described in words such as the above: a faithful Christian labourer in the Lord's work in India, poor Luke, the native catechist at Bollobpur, in the Krishnagurh district, whose life and death are thus related by

the affectionate hand of Mr. Lincké, the Missionary under whom he laboured—

The subject of this narrative was first brought to the knowledge of the truth by the instrumentality of the late Mr. Alexander, when stationed at Culna as a catechist of the Church Missionary Society; and Culna being then connected with Burdwan, where I was located at that time, I happened to baptize him, and, on one of my official visits to Culna, which I think must have been in 1834, I also married him to a girl brought up by the late Mrs. Alexander, who, to the very last, acted the part of a mother to her, the now sorrowing widow; but I never contemplated that I should also have the mournful duty of burying him.

Lockon, that was his former name, when a candidate for baptism, already endeavoured, I believe, to learn to read and to write Bengali; and Mr. Alexander, perceiving such a laudable desire in him, afforded him both the means and opportunity of acquiring a very fair portion of either, and, as soon as he found him advanced enough, employed him as a teacher in one of his schools. By unremitting exertions, diligence, and good conduct, he rose higher and higher in the estimation of his employer, who advanced him also in his employment; so that when Mr. Alexander was transferred to Solo, Krishnagurh district, in 1838 or 1839, Luke accompanied him in the capacity of Scripture reader and superintendent of schools, and there he soon rose to be the first of Mr. Alexander's assistants, and was styled catechist. In this capacity he continued to labour to the end of his life, and a more faithful and diligent labourer the Church Missionary Society could hardly find amongst all their different agents.

Luke possessed a great deal of good common sense, which he brought eminently to bear upon every thing he put his mind or hand to; and, ever willing and anxious to learn, and to profit from every occurrence, person, &c., he had improved his mind wonderfully, and, carefully and faithfully applying and employing every gift and acquirement, he eminently became, in every way, a practical and most useful man, possessing naturally a great deal of energy and zeal, qualities not very frequently met with amongst our native Christians—nay, not even amongst the natives in general.

Being for the most part a self-educated man, he possessed some originality, and the similes which he would bring forward to illustrate some subject or other were often remarkable and striking. A heathen sircar, who knew him well, said to me, only the other day, "Luke was a pundit without his having studied."

He also was endued with much discrimination of character, and his good sense taught him how to treat each individual accordingly, by which he easily made his way amongst his countrymen; and this also greatly contributed to render his endeavours with them successful.

Though he was a child of simplicity, yet he had so much wisdom, and his ideas and feelings were so European-like, that he never committed himself so as to give occasion for taunt or ridicule.

I need not say that he was honest, truthful, and upright, and, though so much elevated in his condition and circumstances, yet he never

showed pride, but was and remained humble to the last; for he did not forget that "by the grace of God he was what he was," and 1 Tim. iv. 8, was most remarkably exemplified in his case. Yes, it was grace that had made him what he was, and it was the exhibition of it in his consistent Christian life and conversation which gave him such a weight in society; for he was a leading, if not the leading man amongst all our native assistants in this district. It was likewise that which procured him honour and respect from all with whom he came into contact, a favour which he so extensively and remarkably, but also deservedly, enjoyed: yea, he had "a good report of them which are without," and was frequently quoted both by Hindus and Mussulmans as "a Christian indeed." A Hindu babu, hearing of his death, remarked, "If Luke had been a Mussulman he would now be made a *peri* (saint) and be honoured and worshipped as such."

People could not but perceive that he lived not for himself, but for the good of others; not grasping after money, or desirous of accumulating riches, a prevailing passion amongst many: no, he laid out himself and all he had for the benefit of his fellow-men, proving himself a good and faithful steward of the things entrusted to him.

Another pleasing feature in him was his cheerful and strict obedience to his superiors. You could depend on his executing your wishes to the very best of his power, and felt only sorry he could not do more. He was always at his post—not waiting for orders, as many do—and ever ready for every good work: in short, he was in every respect "far above his fellows." All the Missionaries esteemed him highly, and those who knew him more, loved him. He has sometimes been called "a burning and a shining light," and been pointed out as one "whose praise is in all the churches;" and truly so it was.

What I have lost in him I cannot express, neither can the loss our congregation has sustained in his removal be sufficiently estimated: in fact, his death is a general loss, not only directly to the Bollobpur congregation, but also indirectly to every one else in this district, and, I may add, to the heathen too, in more than one way. A poor woman said, "This man will be raised high in heavenly glory, because numbers of people of all classes weep and lament for him." Indeed, the sympathy evinced by the natives all around is very great.

Drawing towards the close, I must mention, that, during the latter part of last month, there was much sickness amongst the children in our village, and many of them have died since. Luke was going from house to house, both by day and night, administering medicine and comfort to the sick and distressed. In the midst of this, cholera broke out, and new anxiety, pain, death, and lamentations, came along with it. Luke again was found near the sick and the dying. Also two persons of his own household fell ill, to whom he attended most assiduously, till he was fairly worn out with anxiety, labour, watchings, &c.; when one morning, the 1st instant, he was himself seized with that dreadful epidemic; but it was only after noon that the symptoms became serious and alarming.

Every one now, men, women, and children, pressed round him, anxious to see or to serve and assist him. A Hindu neighbour, who had come to see him, said afterwards to me, that he—Luke—had been attended like a king; referring to the number of persons about him, all wishing to do

him some kind service or other. Between two and three P.M. he seems to have given up hope, and desired to take leave of Mrs. Lincké and myself, asking us to give him our hands, and said, with a cheerful countenance, "My labours on earth are now finished, and the promised rest is at hand." He also spake of the crown which Jesus Himself would place upon his head, and repeated a verse from a Bengali hymn bearing on the same subject. In the intervals between the paroxysms he would pray, and repeat appropriate passages from the word of God. Whilst he was yet able to kneel—before two P.M.—he had asked those around him to pray with him and for him, which was done twice. He expired about eleven P.M. of the same day, and doubtless his spirit has entered into that rest which he looked forward to with so much desire and joy. One reason why the idea of rest was so sweet to him—for he spoke several times of it—may be, his having been of late so very much harassed, fatigued, and worn out, both in body and mind.

His age was about forty, I believe. He had only one child of his own, who died of cholera in 1849, at the age of ten. He has left a widow and four adopted children unprovided for. Three of them are the children of a pious reader or catechist, who, at the time of his death, committed them to his care; and the fourth is the child of a near relative of his, who died as a Mussulman about two years ago.

His coffin was made of planks which he had reserved for this purpose for some time past. His papers, both public and private, I found in the most excellent order, down to the very day of his death.

In conclusion, permit me to express my earnest desire and prayer that the seed this faithful servant of God has sown so bountifully may spring up and bear fruit, and that many of our native assistants may follow his example, especially his zeal in and for the work of the Lord. It is contemplated to raise a small tablet to the memory of so worthy a man in the Bollobpur Church.

CALL TO UNITED PRAYER.

THE members of the late Paris Conference have invited Christians of all lands to unite in presenting their prayers on Monday mornings for the following objects—

1. For the prosperity of the church of Christ; especially imploring the blessing of God on Missionary labours, whether home or foreign.
2. For the union of Christians in each country, and for the union of Christians of different countries, as all constituting the different members of the same body, which is the church of Christ.
3. That it may please God speedily to remove the obstacles which prevent the universal extension of His kingdom, and to put an end to every system of error, idolatry, and unbelief, which opposes itself to the doctrine of the gospel.
4. That He would be pleased to hasten the general accomplishment of prophecy, and of those promises in particular which are made to Israel, and to the world at large through them.
5. That all who unite in these prayers may, through the grace of the Holy Spirit, make progress in faith, in sanctification, and in spiritual peace.

PSALM CXLVIII. 14.

NEARER, my God, to Thee—
 Nearer to Thee!
 E'en though it be a cross
 That raiseth me,
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to Thee—
 Nearer to Thee!

Though like a wanderer,
 The sun gone down,
 Darkness comes over me,
 My rest a stone,
 Yet in my dreams I'd be
 Nearer, my God, to Thee—
 Nearer to Thee!

There let my way appear
 Steps unto heaven;
 All that Thou sendest me
 In mercy given;
 Angels to beckon me
 Nearer, my God, to Thee—
 Nearer to Thee!

Then, with my waking thoughts
 Bright with Thy praise,
 Out of my stony griefs
 Bethel I'll raise;
 So by my woes to be
 Nearer, my God, to Thee—
 Nearer to Thee!

And when, on joyful wing
 Cleaving the sky;
 Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
 Upward I fly;
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to Thee—
 Nearer to Thee!

[*Madras Christian Herald.*]



INCREASING FACILITIES FOR MISSIONARY WORK IN CHINA.

It is difficult to surmise what may be the issue of the civil war which is now raging in China. At one time many were sanguine, as well with respect to the Christianity of Taeping Wang's followers, as to their ultimate success: others were doubtful respecting both. At present it would appear that the attempt of the insurgents to possess themselves of the provinces north of the Yang-tze-kiang, and capture Peking itself, has been unsuccessful; and that not only have they been driven back, but hemmed in by the imperialists at Nanking and Chinkeang; while within the walls they have to contend with still more formidable enemies—famine and pestilence. It is to be feared, also, that the hopes entertained that there existed

among the insurgents a Christian element of considerable force and vigour, which would eventually develope itself into something more decided and generally influential, are also doomed to be disappointed. Whether this fierce conflagration shall be extinguished, or, recovering strength, kindle up again, and rush forth anew to overthrow and prevail, we know not. But this we know—and we desire to record it with unfeigned thankfulness—that there never was a period when the Chinese were so willing to hear, or when the Missionaries had such opportunities of intercourse with them. We mentioned in our last Number that our Missionary Burdon, at Shanghae, lives in a native boat, and uses the net-work of canals and rivers as the high road by which to visit numerous towns and cities to teach and preach Jesus Christ. The following communication from our Missionary Cobbold, at Ningpo, will show that there also there exists the greatest possible encouragement—

A large tract of country has been visited, and supplied with tracts and Scriptures; the gospel preached in hundreds of villages, and in twenty-six cities, all but three or four of which were before untouched by the Missionary. It is interesting, in connexion with this, to know that our dialect was generally understood through the whole of the districts visited. The people invariably seemed delighted to see us, and paid a ready attention to the truths of revelation: the field, in fact, was sown with the seed of the word; and we may say in confidence that it will meet with the result predicted—not understood by some, and quickly snatched away and perishing; received by others, but choked or scorched; and bringing forth fruit to perfection, according to the purpose of God's grace, and the measure of His appointment. While it would be desirable, on some accounts, that the country should be open by treaty, as ensuring the permanence of our work, yet if matters remained as they are, nothing could well be better. The authorities offered no opposition; the people were always ready to receive us; monasteries, temples, inns, and sometimes private dwellings, were thrown open to our reception; and our only ground of concern was, lest we should bring into trouble those who had given us harbour or provided us with the means of conveyance. This has sometimes been the case, but we have no reason to think that it was so in our journeys, and some precautions were taken at important places to prevent its being done. Besides this visitation of places more distant from our station, much more work, during the year, has been done in the neighbourhood by ourselves and our fellow-Missionaries of other churches. The district of Sze Che has been once and again visited, and a body of religionists met with to the north of that district who gave us great hope that they, both men and women, may come over to the truth. It is seriously contemplated to send our catechist to reside in one of the large towns in the above-mentioned district, where we could frequently visit him, and strengthen his hands in the work. The chief value of such Missionary excursions as those referred to above may perhaps be reduced to three heads: first, a knowledge is communicated to the people that there are men and women in China seeking the welfare of the people, and endeavouring, at some sacrifice, to do them good in body and mind; secondly, positive good is effected by the communication of the great

principles of revealed religion : worship of one God, salvation by one Mediator, are truths readily inculcated, and which, I feel sure, have been widely understood ; and, thirdly, the presence of Chinese-speaking foreigners, scholars from a distant land, bringing with them a large amount of books, may serve to stimulate the reading portion of the community to an examination of the works freely supplied to them. To these three benefits a fourth may be added, that a way is thus being prepared for the permanent establishment of Christian Missionary work.

I would also mention the extension of our work in the employment of native agents. Besides the catechist, who used to be our only native help, we have now several, more or less directly engaged in the work of preaching the gospel. Two scholars are gone up to the large city of Shaou hing, to be present at the time of the examination for literary degrees : they will reside there a few weeks, and take with them some 200 New Testaments, and 300 or more copies of a solid work on the Evidences of Christianity, besides some thousands of handbills and smaller tracts. They will, we trust, be able to meet with many in their own hired lodging, with whom they may converse of the things of the kingdom of God. Two others of our native Christians, in an humbler sphere of life, are gone south to an equally large city, Wan-chau, with about 400 copies of the New Testament. These are employed by the Bible Society, and in the fulfilment of their work of Bible distribution they have many opportunities of making known the truth orally. Far away from Ningpo, in halting-places by the side of the road, I have seen a handbill on the wall, which contained a general statement of the being and goodness of the Creator. The colporteur has always, at my suggestion, taken a supply of these, which, thus placarded, may be silent witnesses of the truth for many a month. Our catechist is always busy, always earnest. We take also into our employment, next year, an elderly man who appears to have a very firm and decided hold of truth. He will probably visit dwelling-houses, in which his years will give him an advantage, or accompany us in some of our nearer itinerancies.

May these encouraging appearances continue, and none be permitted to interfere between God's message of mercy and the perishing millions in the interior ! There is no time to be lost, for

The heathen perish ! day by day,
Thousands on thousands pass away.

May the great Head of the Church, to whom is given all power in heaven and on earth, be pleased to say to our Missionaries, " Behold, I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it ! " May none be permitted to shut this door, either native or European official, for China is full of evils—" the whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint ! " To the other evils, inseparable from a long-protracted state of heathenism, is added the baneful influence of opium, which consigns annually to an untimely grave some hundred thousands of victims.

GRIEF AT PARTING WITH A MISSIONARY.

IN June last our Missionary, the Rev. E. A. Watkins, proceeded from Fort George to Moose Fort, with a view to meet the bishop, who was

on his way from the Red River. As he and his companions approached Rupert's House they were placed in circumstances of extreme danger. On leaving an island, where they had dined, they found their frail bark in the midst of a rough sea, to escape which they entered what appeared to be a passage through the ice, but there proved to be no outlet, and they were constrained to return. The wind blew with great force, so that the ice, although in immense pieces, moved along with considerable rapidity. Suddenly two huge fields appeared to be closing in upon them. The utmost of their efforts only just enabled them to escape. Half a minute later, and their canoe had been crushed to pieces.

Rupert's House is one of those out-stations which are occasionally visited by the Missionaries. Our mode of proceeding in the direction of Hudson's Bay is as follows—There is some central station, where the Missionary resides: around this, at various distances, sometimes 100 miles or more, are posts belonging to the Hudson's-Bay Company, where, at certain seasons, the Indians collect for the purposes of trade. At such times the Missionary meets them. It is, in all probability, the only opportunity he will have of giving them instruction during a whole year. They remain at the post a week or ten days, on the expiration of which they break up, and are again dispersed over the face of the wilderness, seeking, by hunting and fishing, a precarious subsistence. It is therefore a very precious season, and both Missionary and people feel its value. It is indeed astonishing, the earnestness of desire with which these poor wanderers apply themselves to its improvement, that, while it lasts, they may learn all they can. They have had a few crumbs of the bread of life, and they hunger for more. Especially are they anxious to learn the syllabic characters, that they may take portions of the Scriptures with them into the wilderness, and read for themselves the good words of Jesus Christ, which they find to be sweet to their taste, yea, sweeter than honey to their mouth. At home it often happens that individuals do not value opportunities of religious instruction, because they are abundant; and some of the most indifferent may at times be found to dwell under the shadow of a church, where, Sunday after Sunday, the gospel is faithfully preached. How these poor wanderers of the wilderness put such to shame! But so it shall be. "Many shall come from the east, and west, and shall sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven; but the children of the kingdom shall be cast out into outer darkness; there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth."

Mr. Watkins' intercourse with the Indians at Rupert's House was of the most pleasing character. On the first occasion of meeting them there were fifty present, and it was pleasing to notice the quietness with which they sat to listen to the words of eternal salvation. Many were found able to read the syllabic characters. There were a few candidates for baptism, and our Missionary proceeded to converse privately with each of them, with a view to discover their real motives for desiring to be baptized. The first who presented herself—an unmarried woman—gave him much satisfaction, appearing to have been spiritually taught, and baptized already with the Holy Ghost. "Her views of the doctrines of the gospel," writes Mr. Watkins, "were delightfully clear, and evidenced most plainly the assistance of a Divine Teacher, who has

indeed opened her understanding, that she might understand the Scriptures: for having lived on various parts of this coast, she has been almost entirely excluded from the means of grace, and had never seen a minister of the gospel, and then only for a few days. While listening to her simple statements I could not but admire the grace of God which was in her, and praise that gracious Saviour who, in love, has drawn her to Himself, even without the aid of human instrumentality. "Who can forbid water that she should not be baptized?"

After a week's sojourn with them, the time arrived when it became necessary that Mr. Watkins should part from these poor Indians, in order to pursue his voyage to Moose Fort. "While the canoes were being loaded," writes Mr. Watkins, "I went to the various tents of the Indians to speak a few parting words of advice, and to express my farewell wishes by shaking hands, and by making use of the customary words which are employed alike both at meeting and parting—'What cheer?' A large number were assembled outside the stockades near to the bank of the river, with each of whom I went through the like ceremony. Many of them appeared sorry that I was going to leave, but I endeavoured to encourage them to put their trust in God, who would be their ever-present friend if they would turn to Him with their whole heart. The last two with whom we parted were a man and his wife, who had accompanied us from Fort George. They stood close to the edge of the water: with eyes filled with tears, and hearts too full for utterance, they grasped my hand, whilst I reminded them of the love of that Saviour of whom I have often spoken to them, and directed their thoughts to a time when those who love the Lord will meet again never more to part. The man is my first and only adult convert from amongst the Fort-George Indians, and his wife, though at present unbaptized, is, I think, deeply convinced of the importance of seeking the salvation of her soul. May the Holy Spirit Himself be their teacher now that they will no longer have the voice of a living minister!"

THE TRIBES OF THE GREAT DESERT SEEKING COMMERCE WITH EUROPEANS.

THE "Akhbar," an Algerian newspaper, presents this interesting fact in the following paragraph, under date of January last—

A considerable sensation was created on the 6th at Algiers, by the arrival there of a deputation of four Arabs belonging to a tribe inhabiting the Great Desert, and known under the name of Tooaregs.* Since the conquest of the country bordering on the Great Sahara has been effected by the French troops, it has become a matter of interest to the French government to establish a friendly intercourse with the tribes inhabiting the desert itself—a space measuring upwards of 400 leagues from north to south, that is, from Onargia, the last oasis occupied by the French, to Timbuctoo. The tribe above mentioned is divided into eight different branches—the Azguer, bordering on the regency of Tunis; the Hoggar,

* Frequently spelt "Tuarics."

inhabiting the mountainous range of that name; the Ahir, living south of R'at; the Ennebigh, or Lemden, in the vicinity of Timbuctoo; and the Kelooel, the Boodal, the Kelgures, and the Itissa tribes, occupying the country between the black population of the Soodan and the far whiter race inhabiting the north of Africa. The Tooaregs are very nearly white. They inhabit tents made of tanned hides, and live chiefly on the produce of the chase, their camels, and a kind of fleecelless sheep called *deman*, of which they possess immense flocks. In the south they cultivate rice and maize: those of the north have but lately turned their attention to agriculture. The men wear two large gowns, a white and a blue, of Soodan manufacture, a kind of woollen or silk caftan reaching to the ground, and wide trousers, closing at the ankles, with a gaudy trimming all round. They wear no stockings, but red leather sandals of good workmanship. On their heads they wear a red skullcap, covered by a kind of turban, from which a blue veil descends as far as their mouths: a kind of cravat, beginning from the occiput, covers the lower part of their faces, thus quite hidden from view, while their women, on the contrary, wear no kind of veil, and enjoy the greatest liberty. Their weapons consist of a long poniard, called *deraia*, and a double-edged sabre, a lance, a musket, and a shield made out of an elephant's ear. The deputation above mentioned was received in a most friendly manner by the Governor-General of Algiers, their own behaviour being respectful and dignified in the extreme. "You possess," said they, "cloth, silk, cotton-stuffs, and pipes: bring us those manufactures of yours, and others too, and we will exchange for them ivory, skins, perfumes, wax, gum, and gold dust. We shall on both sides derive considerable profit from this traffic, which will also cement our friendship." The Governor-General intends, it is said, shortly to test their friendly feeling by sending a caravan into their country; an expedition which, if crowned with success, may re-open the commerce which was anciently carried on with the centre of Africa.

PESHAWUR.

A MISSIONARY from this advanced post, beyond which no Missionary has as yet penetrated, writes—"We have good news to send by this mail. The Hadji* on Sunday last was baptized by Mr. Pfander, and made his public profession of Christianity: he is the first-fruits of this Mission, from amongst the Mahommedans, into the Christian flock. He is a man of consideration amongst his own people, and is also a learned man, and a man of very pleasing and winning manners. He is now full of zeal to try to convert his own countrymen. I trust his influence will be of much use. We have now two Persian helpers, and two from India, but of Pushtu assistants we have as yet none. The collections for our Mission on the Sunday before Christmas amounted to nearly 70*l*."

* A Hadji is a Mahommedan who has performed the pilgrimage to Mecca, a religious duty enjoined by the Korán on every man whose means enable him, and even women are not exempt from it. A Hadji is looked up to with great respect.



INTERIOR OF THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH, AT NINGPO.

A LETTER FROM NINGPO, CHINA.

THE accompanying engraving represents the interior of the episcopal church at Ningpo at the time of the communion-service, when every month about twenty native converts meet with us to celebrate the Saviour's dying love, and testify our common hope of His coming again in His kingdom. In all things that are indifferent we follow, if we can, the customs of the country. Thus you see in the drawing there are none but the figures of men: the women both sit in a separate part of the church, and also come to the Lord's table in a company by themselves, which probably was the way in the churches at first planted among the nations of Asia. It would be likely to bring great reproach upon our holy religion if we allowed men and women to mix indiscriminately in the public services of the church: indeed, in inviting our native Christian friends to tea or supper, we have thought it better to adopt the same plan, and the men sit on one side of the room, and the women on the other. We must not let our good be evil spoken of; and, as this is merely a matter of national custom, we must learn to yield our own views to the opinions and wishes of others.

Over the chancel arch there is a large board varnished black, with four large words in gold, which signify that there is but one Creator and Original of all things. There are two other boards which hang on either side of the arch, which have a Chinese parallelism on them, of which they, like the Hebrews, are very fond. We can hardly appreciate these in a translation; the words sound so differently to us from what they do to a Chinese. The sentence on the right of the arch says, "Great, great"—*i. e.* very great "is the favour of heaven. All mankind receive it and adore." The one on the left says, "Excellent, excellent"—*i. e.* most excellent—"is the holy faith. Every land obediently receive it." Chinese turned into English sounds generally poor stuff to us, and so does English turned into Chinese sound very poor to them. Our beautiful communion service seems to lose so much of its beauty when we read it in the strange tongue of this people. But after all it is not the words nor the form, but the *heart* that is required; and while we follow in our English Prayer-book, and the Chinese hear the service in their own mother tongue, it can only be the individual faith that can make the service acceptable.

It was a matter of doubt to us for some time whether we should introduce the surplice, as some have thought that things like these should be left to the choice of the Chinese converts. As, however, this dress had ancient custom for its use, and there seemed nothing objectionable to the Chinese mind, we adopted it as soon as our church was opened for service; and we always wear it when our converts and inquirers are present in the regular church service, but not in those cases where only heathen come to hear us preach, as it would then only invite attention and provoke remarks, which would be a continual interruption to the delivery of our message.

Some to whom the gospel has been preached, and by whom it has been received, are very poor, and for these provision in part is made by alms collected on communion-days. Thus Christianity begins to exert her wholesome influence, and the abundance of some is a means of supply-

ing the want of others. The readers of this paper will be glad to see that there are some already in Ningpo who are partakers of the like precious faith with themselves, and also to hear that several more have lately requested us to receive them, and enrol them among the flock of Christ.

R. H. COBBOLD.

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DEATH IN CHRIST.

AFTER a service of many years, our Missionaries in New Zealand are experiencing amongst them the approach of age, and death has commenced to transfer some of them to a better home. The wives of two of them have just been taken away. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints." And why more especially their death? Because it is the moment in which the Lord takes them to be with Himself. The harvest season is a joyous season. The husbandman then beholds that which he had sown, and which had increased by a very gradual growth, in its maturity, ready to be gathered in; and he goes forth joyously, with his sickle in his hand, to appropriate it to himself. So the Lord's people are His husbandry, whom, by varied discipline, He is leading on to their maturity. He knows the moment when they are fully ripe, and He transfers them. He reaps that which He had sown and diligently cared for. "There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth." No doubt. Glad tidings are continually being brought to the courts above of another victory won, another soul redeemed, another sinner rescued from the power of the enemy. There is also another event which gives special joy above—when another heir of glory, a happy spirit liberated from the burden of the flesh, and the tribulations of humanity, is introduced into the many mansions of our Father's house. "With gladness and rejoicing shall they be brought: they shall enter into the King's palace."

Of one of these sisters in Christ, Mrs. Brown, wife of Archdeacon Brown, of Tauranga, some interesting notices have been forwarded to us by our Missionary, the Rev. G. A. Kissling—

Mrs. Brown has for months been suffering from a complaint in her chest, in consequence of which her husband has brought her up to Auckland for medical advice. She was brought to our house last Thursday, from on board the vessel, in a state of collapse. In defiance of every effort which professional skill can devise, she is now gradually sinking, to the great grief of her affectionate husband, her only daughter, and her numerous friends. We do not know at what hour her spirit will take its flight to her Father's house in heaven. It is wonderful to observe, that, notwithstanding the rapid decay of her frame, her mind is as clear and bright as ever. With a calmness, as if she were merely undertaking a short journey, she sets her house in order, giving one direction after another; now advice to her weeping husband, then affectionate counsel to her beloved daughter; ordering now a token of remembrance to a friend, then suggesting something else for the promotion of the spiritual welfare of another. And in the midst of all this, she requests one portion of

Scripture after another to be repeated to her, that her soul may have food and sustenance; or asks one of us to offer up a short prayer, that she may unintermittingly enjoy her Saviour's presence, lest death should take her away while her eye of faith does not see Him near by her side. Her sufferings are now and then great, but these she bears most patiently, for His sake who suffered infinitely more to redeem her soul from sin and death and everlasting destruction. The only thing which possibly might lead to a wish to retain her earthly tenement a little longer is the great work in which she has now for twenty-six years laboured, viz. the promotion of Christ's kingdom in New Zealand. Like a shock of corn in the harvest, she is already in the hands of the heavenly reapers, and she will most likely be taken into the granary of God before I have finished writing this letter.

*Nov. 9*—Mrs. Brown is gradually sinking: there is no earthly hope for her recovery. She is now only waiting till her blessed Saviour gives the word that her spirit shall be taken to Himself. She cannot last much longer: her warfare is finished, her work is done. She lies on the border of Jordan, to be conveyed to the land of promise, to the Canaan above.

A subsequent letter, from the Archdeacon himself, dated Nov. 30, 1855, communicates the fact of her removal.

Brother Kissling informed you by the last steamer of the dangerous illness of my beloved wife. Our worst fears have since been realized; and yet I feel that our song ought to be of mercy, as well as of judgment, for never did I witness a scene in which death appeared so completely deprived of its sting, and the grave of its victory. After having for so many years adorned, by a consistent walk and conversation, the glorious gospel of the ever-blessed God, my certainty that she was with that Saviour, whose she was, and whom she loved and served, would not have been shaken, even had her sun set in a cloud. But I do feel grateful that she was enabled to hold fast the beginning of her confidence firm unto the end; and that, even while passing through the dark valley—which to her seemed neither death, nor even the shadow of death—she was tasting of those pleasures which are at God's right hand for evermore.

I will copy a few sentences from some memoranda made by myself and daughter, during the last few days of my dear wife's illness. "God is love in all His dispensations." After a severe spasm in her lungs, she observed, "I thought I was suffering severely before this came on, but I trust God is only giving me another proof of His love, in helping me to bear it." On the day before her death she remarked, "I can humbly say that Jesus, and Jesus only, is all my hope of salvation. I have no triumphant joy, but, blessed be God! a firm hold on Jesus—a settled peace." And at noon on the day of her departure she observed, "God is dealing gently by me. I have not so much pain as I had, and I have no fear, and no anxiety. I know in whom I have believed." She was suffering much from pressure on the muscles, which we tried in various ways to relieve. This produced the following remark—"How your arm sustains my poor back! Yes; and the everlasting arms are beneath me, sustaining and comforting my soul."

Her tender solicitude for others was often strikingly manifested. On the day before her death she said, "This cannot last much longer. I am

increasingly weak: my feet, too, are swelling, and my pains increasing. Pray for me, that my faith and patience may hold out." And then she added, "God has been very gracious hitherto, but we cannot tell whether I may at the last have to suffer for a little season the temptations of Satan. If so, do not let our dear Celia be present: I wish all her recollections of her mother's death-bed to be of a peaceful kind." I may add, with thanksgiving, that Satan was not permitted to distract or tempt her for a moment. She retained to the end the full possession of her calm, clear intellect, and breathed her last fully persuaded that nothing could separate her from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

I could dwell on her Christian character till my letter swelled into a pamphlet; but I will not forget one of her last remarks—"Be very careful what you say of me to my friends: it will be enough for them to know that I felt myself a miserable sinner, saved by sovereign grace." She fell asleep in Jesus about midnight of the 12th of November, and on the evening of the 14th we committed her body to the grave, in sure and certain hope of her resurrection to eternal life. Nearly 100 persons assembled at the funeral to pay their tribute of respect to her Christian character; and a delicate mark of attention was shown by Arch-deacon Abraham and the clergy of Auckland in bearing her remains to the churchyard. The whole scene spoke of victory over death, and faith in Christ, and resurrection hope; and never did I feel so much the full force and beauty of our admirable Burial Service, when read over those who depart this life in God's faith and fear. The letters that I continue to receive, not only from my Missionary brethren, but from Christian friends unconnected with the Mission, prove that my dear wife was enshrined in many hearts, and that she lives in many memories. It is not enough, however, to admire her Christian character: the higher duty remains of imitating her bright example, and following her as she followed Christ. Pray for us.

So dear friends are removed, just when we should most have wished to retain them, because they have become so Christ-like. But that is the ripening process of which we have been speaking, and we ought to be aware that it is for their Lord they were ripening.

#### DEATH WITHOUT CHRIST.

DEATH in Christ—death without Christ—how wide the difference! "He that hath the Son hath life; he that hath not the Son of God hath not life." With Christ death is but a shadow, into which we enter, and soon emerge into unclouded light. Without Christ death is an awful reality, a sinking down into endless night. A friend from India has placed the accompanying paper in our hands. It presents the contrast—death without Christ; a respectable Hindu, a subadar in one of the sepoy regiments, who, during a long life, had been much in intercourse with Christians, yet tenaciously clinging to the vain rites of Hinduism, and dying without one glance of his soul to Him who alone can save. Oh, what more piteous scene can be imagined? What need of prayer that the

message of gospel mercy may be clothed with power; that the Spirit of the Lord may, through its instrumentality, work mightily on human hearts, and make that word "as a fire, and as a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces!"

Our readers will also discern here the heartlessness and utter selfishness which characterize the priests of false religions—prophets that "speak a vision of their own heart, and not out of the mouth of the Lord;" of whom it may with truth be said, "Ye eat the fat, and ye clothe you with the wool, ye kill them that are fed: but ye feed not the flock." When, O when, shall the nations be rescued from the oppressor's yoke, and, as with the sound of ten thousand trumpets, the glad tidings be proclaimed, "The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of His Christ?"

My poor old subadar, Oomaid Sing, was suddenly taken ill the other day, and sent to the regimental hospital—a place to which our native soldiery have much aversion, unless the duties in the corps are at the time very heavy. Poor fellow! he had got a return of his old complaint, a pain in the side, from which he had suffered a good deal a few years before; and to this was added fever. His nephew, Joynarain Sing, a sepoy in the fifth company, was allowed to attend upon his uncle; but the old man did not anticipate that his death was so near at hand. He did every thing for himself for the first three days, but at length was compelled to accept assistance, much against his will, for he was rather proud of his strength. On the fourth day alarming symptoms showed themselves, and he told his old companion in arms, Deenabrain Owustir, that he felt very weak, and was afraid he would scarcely get over this attack. The fever had, in fact, reduced him very much, and he at length directed that five cows should be purchased, and offered to the Brahmins, as a bribe for their prayers. They were accordingly bought, at a cost of ten shillings each, and duly made over to five Brahmins, together with one rupee to each in cash. I believe he expected that as many cows as he thus made over he should receive on his arrival in heaven. He did not long survive this meritorious act, as the heathen consider it, but died very peaceably, surrounded by many of his friends in the regiment. His body was soon after taken to a nullah, not far from the cantonment boundary, and placed on the banks, on the funeral pile, with the head to the north, and the whole covered with several folds of white linen, thickly overlaid with clarified butter. A piece of gold was put in the mouth, and the toolsee, a small flower; and then the nephew, Joynarain, lighted a torch, and, having made the circuit of the body five times, applied it to the mouth, and under the head, and the old man soon became a heap of ashes.

Joynarain of course became unclean after this for eleven days; and the barber of the company shaved his head and his beard quite close. On his return to the lines, he had to do what we should have thought an act of penance; for the poor young man used to sit in his hut, with an open knife in his hand, for the purpose of keeping evil spirits at a distance; and every day, in the evening, he had to place a light in an earthen pot, and some water in another, and hang them up in a peepul-

tree near his hut. He never partook of more than one meal a day, and that was cooked by himself: and no one could eat with him.

The friends of the deceased subadar had been searching for a Mahahput, a Brahmin of high caste, who—like vultures, which they much resemble—are generally to be found, that he might come and perform the Keeria Kurum. I rather imagine they select one who will do the thing cheap. On the eleventh morning the Mahahput made his appearance at Joynarain Sing's hut; and the usual ceremony began by his placing eleven small earthen pots on the fire, in which rice and milk are cooked, and the chief mourner, Joynarain, rolls this food up into balls, eleven in number. At this time the relatives made their appearance, none of whom had shaved since the subadar's death. Upon them the barber operated at once, and then the whole adjourned to the nearest running stream, women and all, and the wife of the deceased broke off her ornaments, and threw them into the water, and all began to bathe; after which the women took their departure, and the males remained.

The barber now took some grass, and planted it beside the nullah, the relatives taking up three handfuls of water each, and pouring it out, with some til, or rape seed. The Mahahput here began to read out of the holy Veds, or one of their religious books, whilst the nephew put the eleven balls of rice on the ground, one by one, and he then became clean. Mahahput now began to prepare his own dinner, and look after "number one;" and Joynarain fed the cows with the rice-balls.

Perhaps the most interesting part of the day's proceedings took place when the Brahmin had cooked his victuals; for the chief mourner now produced his gifts, consisting, in the present instance, of a bed and bedding complete, a sword, a horse fully caparisoned, the subadar's old charger, a cow, five cooking utensils, and ten rupees in cash; and then, standing before him, with his hands folded in the attitude of supplication, he begged the Mahahput would graciously commence his meal. "Oh," he said, "this won't do: the deceased was a subadar, and died very rich: this present is by no means sufficient at the obsequies of so great a man." Here all the relatives put up their hands, begging his honour would be satisfied, as the subadar died poor; and Joynarain, who thought he had done the thing handsomely, assured the covetous Brahmin that he could not give more: the estate would be unable to afford it; for, though he was chief mourner, yet he was not the heir, the poor subadar's son being absent. After a good deal of quarrelling and huckstering on both sides, the bargain was closed, the Brahmin declaring he would at all events have some sweetmeats, which were purchased; and then he declared he could not finish comfortably without a pipe. So a hookah was also brought, which belonged to the subadar, and this became the Mahahput's property.

As soon as the great man's meal was over, Joynarain went up to him and begged he would take a siesta on the bed; to which, according to custom, he consented, and Joynarain lulled him to sleep by shampooing his legs. As soon as he rose, the Brahmin put his hand on Joynarain's back, patted him, and told him he was quite satisfied; and he then mounted his new horse, and, with all his presents, took his departure, and the ceremony was concluded.

## THE ONWARD MOVEMENT IN TINNEVELLY.

THERE is a new branch of labour going forward in the North Tinnevelly district, which we regard with deep interest. Some of our Missionaries—Messrs. Ragland, Fenn, and Meadows, assisted by several native helpers—are occupied in itinerating, and sowing the seed of the gospel over a large district of country. In one year they have visited 1200 villages, 700 of them three times. The work, an interesting one in itself, is rendered still more so by the zealous co-operation of the native churches and congregations to the south. A catechist is sent forth from one or other of these congregations, to be associated with the Missionaries in their labours. He remains with them a month or more, and during this period all his expenses are provided for by the congregation which has sent him forth. During the last six months of which detailed accounts have reached us, they have had associated with them six catechists, “scribes well instructed unto the kingdom of God,” and desirous that their heathen fellow-countrymen should know and embrace the gospel. Besides this, individual members of the various congregations, at their own expense, and simply from a desire as they have freely received freely to give, have expressed their willingness to join the work. One has done so—the headman of Pragasapuram—to be followed, we trust, by many others.

On this interesting branch of labour a blessing has already begun to descend. At a place called Kalbothy a most interesting service was held in February last, when the first-fruits of this itinerating Mission, sixteen converts, were baptized by the Rev. J. Thomas. An extract from a private letter of the Rev. D. Fenn supplies some interesting information respecting them—

Yesterday, April 17, I spent at Kalbothy, in the verandah of Masillamani's house. Through God's great mercy, the poor people seem going on very well. They have just had a trial, against which they have all stood firm. The great yearly heathen feast in their neighbourhood was held two or three days ago, and Masillamani feared that some of the inquirers—not the baptized—would in some way or other join in it, either to please their relatives or their masters. The only approach to such a thing was in the case of a young man, well meaning, I think, but weak, a member of a large family, all heathen. He himself has only joined the Christians since the baptisms in February. His brother asked him, when all was ready, to come in and eat with them. He was afraid to refuse. Masillamani heard of it, and sent Samuel, the best of the young men, to call him. He rose up and left at once. He had not eaten any thing.

Last week I received a Tamil letter, with a Missionary Box, or rather earthen pot, sent by the inventor, Vathanayagum Simeon, Mr. Sargent's catechist at Palamcottah. At the Missionary Meeting in January Mr. Sargent had told a story of a little girl who had been refused a Missionary Box, because she was too young, but had, with the help of her brother, constructed one, and brought it to a meeting at which Mr. Sargent was present last year in England. It contained, I think,

threepence, for Mr. Sargent had brought away the box with him, and showed it at the meeting in Palamcottah. Vathanayagum Simeon had his ingenuity stirred, and soon after invented the Missionary earthen pot, which costs one pie (half a farthing). Forty of these have already been given out, and more, he tells me, are being applied for: and although, at present, none have been opened, yet, from inquiring amongst his own people, who are mostly very poor, he found that they are putting one, two, or three pice a week into it. "Before," he says, "they used to pray for the North-Tinnevely heathen: now they are glad to give something for their spiritual good."

This letter, and the Missionary pot, I showed last Saturday to Masillamani, who had come over to my tent. He asked for them to show to his people; and yesterday he told me that seven of them begged that they might each have a similar one. And I have now with me a Tamil letter from him to a friend in the south, asking for ten to be sent, as the potters in this neighbourhood do not understand them.

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PRAYER.

Go where the morning shineth,
 Go where the moon is bright,
 Go where the eve declineth,
 Go in the hush of night;
 Go with pure mind and feeling,
 Fling earthly thoughts away,
 And, in thy chamber kneeling,
 Do thou in secret pray.

Remember all who love thee,
 All who are loved by thee,
 Pray too for those who hate thee,
 If any such there be;
 Then for thyself, in meekness,
 A blessing humbly claim;
 And link with each petition
 Thy great Redeemer's name.

Or, if 'tis e'er denied thee
 In solitude to pray,
 Should holy thoughts come o'er thee
 When friends are round thy way,
 E'en then the silent breathing
 Of thy spirit raised above,
 Will reach His Throne of glory
 Who is mercy, truth, and love.

Oh! not a joy or blessing
 With this can we compare—
 The power that He hath giv'n us
 To pour our souls in prayer.
 Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,
 Before His footstool fall;
 Rememb'ring, in thy gladness,
 His grace who gave thee all.

[*Madras Christian Herald.*]

SEED YIELDING FRUIT.

A DEVOTED friend of the Missionary cause, who has often and earnestly helped our Society by attending as its representative at many and important anniversaries, has been compelled, from failure of health, to leave his incumbency for a season, and sojourn on the Continent; but there he is not forgetful of his Master's work, and, as he has opportunity, seeks to advance it.

Two donations from a gentleman and his wife have just been received, one of 100*l.*, the other of 50*l.* In forwarding them, the donors requested them to be entered in the receipts of the Society as follows—

Thankoffering—Geneva.....Phil. ii. 15, 16.

GenoaIsaiah lii. 7.

These individuals have recently returned from a tour on the Continent. At the places above mentioned they heard Missionary sermons on the texts which they have specified. Need we say that the preacher on both occasions was the friend to whom we have referred? By nearly the same post we had received from him a cheque for 12*l.* 10*s.*, a contribution to the funds of the Society. No doubt he thought that sum was the "all" that he was sending, and heartily wished it more. That wish has been answered. The Lord has made it much more. The only difference has been, that, instead of giving the increase himself, he has been made the happy instrument of suggesting to others to give it.

How little the Lord's servants know of all that they are permitted to accomplish on His behalf! Sometimes, for their encouragement, especially when they are under trial, He permits His people to see that their poor efforts are available for much more than ever they had contemplated. And so shall it be at the great day of award—"Lord, when saw we Thee an hungered and fed Thee?" and therefore, "in the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."

 WHAT IS DOING IN JAVA.

In the year 1814, the well-known Missionary, Kam, previous to his final settlement in the island of Amboyna, fixed his abode for some time at Surabaya, on the northern coast of Java, and the second city in rank after Batavia. During his residence there he set on foot a small Auxiliary Missionary Society, which was joined almost exclusively by persons belonging to the middle and lower classes of society, several of whom used the Malay as the language of their daily intercourse. The members of this Auxiliary Society did not content themselves with subscribing or collecting funds for the furtherance of the good cause, but were abundant in active and direct labours of faith and love. Thus, for instance, they published an edition of the New Testament and the Psalms in Low Malay, to defray the expense of which some even mortgaged their little property. They likewise employed themselves, as their time and circumstances would allow, in the distribution of such Javanese tracts, prepared by Mr. Bruckner, as they could get; and, in order to eke

out their scanty supply, they made it a practice to write in large characters, on pieces of paper, some important passage of Scripture, such as, "God so loved the world," &c.; "It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance," &c.; and these they pasted in markets and other places of public resort. Somewhat later, a few of the copies of the Javanese New Testament, which Mr. Bruckner had been permitted to retain, found their way to Surabaya, and were judiciously circulated.

The seed thus silently sown in faith at last began to take root. Some Javanese, living in the rural districts, were favourably impressed by the books they had received, and came to the town to seek for further instruction, which was cheerfully given by such members of the Auxiliary Society as understood their language. These inquirers, during their stay, were invited to be present at the meetings for edification and prayer which were held by these good Surabaya Christians among themselves, and seem to have been much struck with the devotional feeling and brotherly love they saw prevalent among them. This strengthened the favourable impressions they had already received, and on their return to their "desas," or villages, they communicated what they had heard and witnessed to their neighbours, several of whom joined them in reading the Scriptures and prayer. The work noiselessly, though steadily, went on, till at length one day twenty individuals again made their appearance at Surabaya, professing themselves anxious to embrace the gospel, and to be baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus. The excellent and evangelical minister of the town, the Rev. Mr. Van Hoevell, after due examination, feeling perfectly satisfied of their sincerity, received them into the church by baptism. In 1849, these Javanese Christians had increased to the number of 400, residing in forty-two different villages scattered among the Mahommedan population. Mr. Van Rhyn visited two of the villages where these good people live, and speaks in very favourable terms of their piety and Christian deportment. He put many questions to them, and the answers they elicited gave proof of their being possessed of considerable knowledge of the Scriptures, and of clear views of the plan of salvation.

Mr. Van Rhyn, previous to leaving Java, obtained permission from government for his companion, Mr. Jellesma, to settle at Surabaya, after the completion of his tour of inspection, for the purpose of taking the pastoral charge of the new converts. This was eventually carried into effect; and the last intelligence received from Mr. Jellesma, who has meanwhile been joined by three additional fellow-labourers from Holland, is most cheering. He states that the number of Javanese converts in the districts surrounding Surabaya has increased to 2000, and that their consistent walk and conversation have gained them much respect, even among their Mahommedan countrymen. A seminary for the instruction of the most promising young converts has been established, where they are trained for the work of evangelists. Several of these young men have already gone forth; and their preaching is found to be more effective than that of European Missionaries.

I cannot omit adding here the valuable testimony of that faithful servant of God, the Rev. Mr. Bruckner, to the pleasing nature of the work going on at Java. Some of the converts lately went on foot to Samarang, fourteen days' journey, to see the veteran Missionary,

preaching Christ all the way. And Mr. Bruckner writes on the subject to our esteemed friend, Mr. Lewis, as follows—

“I entered into conversation with the new converts about the realities of Christianity, and discovered, to my great satisfaction, that they were really converted men. They spoke of the experience they had made in faith and holiness, as Christians who had long been walking in them. I found, also, to my satisfaction, that they had first been awakened to Christianity by reading some of my tracts. I rejoice that it has pleased God to open a wider door for the preaching of the gospel to the natives—a door which, I trust, will be still more widened, and no man be able to shut. The Lord hears the prayer of His people. And as He has now brought a goodly number to the knowledge of Himself, who labour and pray with the Missionaries in Java for the enlargement of His kingdom, a Missionary here does not now stand alone, as I stood alone for so many years. I trusted in the Lord that He would, at one time or other, bless His work among these natives. Now He has already done among them more than I ever could have hoped or prayed for. His name be blessed for ever. I have lived just long enough to see the coming of His kingdom in this island, and have been favoured to contribute my small share of labour to it by tracts and preaching to the natives, as I found an opportunity, thus making known to them the way of salvation, which had never been done by any European before.”

[Abridged from Lecture at Calcutta by the Rev. A. F. Lacroix.]

THE FEMALES OF INDIA.

IF the population of British India be 170,000,000, the number of females is probably not less than 80,000,000. A large proportion of them are in a state, not of absolute, but at least of semi-slavery. It is chiefly, however, to one section of female society that we would call the reader's attention, viz. the widows, whose miseries surpass the horrors of West-Indian or American cruelty. The woes of widowhood in this land never have been, never can be, fully told. O that a noble lady might be found, with the heart of a Howard, to visit their prison-homes; and the pen of a Harriet Stowe, not only to move the compassion and rouse the indignation of Europeans, but to awaken to generous efforts India's educated, but apathetic sons!

For widows, something has already been done. Sati has been abolished, and it is well: but if the public pyre be quenched, is not the victim reserved for the slower fires of domestic tyranny? Her bereavement elicits no sympathy. It is an ever-burning reproach—a canker at the springs of life. She is doomed, in most cases, to a life worse than death; in many, to infamy more loathsome than the grave. Read the testimony of Judge Wylie, one of India's most intelligent and truest friends—“It is quite true that the rite of Sati is prohibited by law. But what then? All the penalties of widowhood continue almost to the same extent as ever. The principle of Hinduism which treated the widow, during the prevalence of the rite of Sati, as a doomed and outcast person—as a person devoted to the judgment of God (for the husband's being taken away is understood to be the punishment for some sin committed in a former birth)—that state of feeling continues still; so that

widowhood, which, in point of fact, is a lifetime of misery, a lifetime of servitude, a lifetime of degradation, affects now a very considerable portion of the female population of India."

The widow is the domestic drudge—fed on a single daily meal—stripped of every ornament—clad in the coarsest attire—never allowed to marry—despised by all! Is not this slavery? What though she be not a subject for sale: if she were, could her state be worse? Nay, it would be better; for selfishness would in many cases sustain her for toil, and for keeping up her value for the market.

When we remember that nearly all girls are married—that they are so either in infancy or childhood—that the death of a mere boy may make some poor child, who never saw him, a widow—and that one man's death may make many in a moment—it is a very low calculation, that, of the 80,000,000 of Indian females, two millions are widows.*

What an additional proof, if proof were wanting, how much India needs the gospel! This alone can emancipate its females from calamities such as these, and raise them to their true position in society. Women of England, valued and favoured as you are, pity and help the poor women of India!



THE OPIUM ELSEWHERE THAN IN CHINA.

THERE is no article of commerce sought after with such intense avidity in Assam as opium; and its baneful effects can only be appreciated by those who witness the degeneracy of the people. It is consumed by all classes, high and low, rich and poor, old and young, men, women, and even children; and its consumption is limited only by the purse or means of the opium-eater. It is affirmed that the ecstatic delight of the confirmed opium-eater is so great that he cannot, or would not, for all the world, forego his daily dose of the pernicious drug. Two-thirds of the population are addicted to the use of opium, and the tendency to the increase of crime consequent thereon must be admitted. When persons are brought up before the magistrate, charged with larceny and burglary, nine out of ten invariably state that they committed the crime to procure opium. No extra tax is levied on opium. It is now sold to the people by government; but unless a high tax be imposed on the cultivation of opium in Assam, its consumption will not diminish.

In no district in Assam are the people in more prosperous circumstances than in Nowgong. Rice, their common food, is cheap and abundant; numerous rivers and lakes afford a plentiful supply of fish; their gardens furnish vegetables and fruit; and, the climate rendering but little clothing necessary, with a trifling revenue to pay, they have every reason to be satisfied and contented. With all these advantages, however, they are a licentious, degraded race, and appear degenerating rapidly. Numbers of children die annually, and the period of their existence seems diminishing. Few adults attain old age; and we almost despair of the population increasing, or of their condition being ameliorated by education or the acquirement of more industrial habits.

[Major J. Butler, Principal Assistant to the Commissioner of Assam.

* J. F., in the "Oriental Christian Spectator."

SAU QUALA.

IN a previous Number we introduced a brief sketch of Sau Quala, the second Karen convert. Some few particulars of his subsequent history may be added: they will show how powerfully the grace of God wrought in the heart of this child of the forest, so as to make him an instrument of much good to his countrymen.



BAPTISTRY IN PAGAYE RIVER, NEAR WHERE MR. BOARDMAN DIED.

We may observe that a converted Karen never thinks of keeping to himself the good news which he has learned: he must needs communicate it. The first converts amongst this people, of themselves, went forth to teach. They asked no permission; they looked for no payment; they travelled throughout the country teaching and preaching Jesus Christ. One amongst them could read a tract in Burmese very well, but had no facility in speaking. Another could speak, but could not read. Each with his gift helped the deficiencies of the other. Whenever they could get people together, the one read a tract or portion of Scripture in Burmese, the other expounded and exhorted in Karen. The Missionaries say, "Very few men who have left our theological schools have been so successful preachers as these were. They send to the Missionary multitudes of inquirers. This was done by ignorant Karens, the wholly-untaught sons of the forest."

Quala first learned to read, and, so soon as he found himself able to do so, "began to read and expound the Christian books to all he met. His mother and brother engaged his first attention; and when his father listened and opposed, he replied to all his arguments, not in his own language, but in the words of Scripture. Could this untutored boy have been counselled to pursue a more judicious course with a violent, unbelieving father? All whom he encountered, Karens and Burmans, had to hear him tell, 'what a dear Saviour I have found,' and have it demonstrated that He was a Saviour to all who believed, by an appeal to the books he carried in his wallet."

About three or four weeks after his baptism, Quala, with some other Karens, came into Tavoy in order to accompany two of the Missionaries into the jungle, where a large number of his people were awaiting baptism. One of them, Mr. Mason, had recently arrived. The other, Mr. Boardman, had given himself with great energy to the evangelization of the Karens, and with much blessing from the Lord. But his health had greatly suffered, and from this journey, as will be seen from Mr. Mason's narrative, which we now introduce, he never returned.

They were the first Karens I had seen; and whenever we met, in town, by the way, and at our encampment, I improved the leisure moments by asking the Karen nearest to me the names of objects in his own language, and noted down the answers. I soon found that one young man was always near me to reply to my inquiries, and, on asking his name, was told "Moung Shatoo." This proved in the end to be the Burman name of Sau Quala, and the only name by which he was known in the Mission for several years.

While encamped in the forest, examining the candidates who came crowding for baptism—the last act of Mr. Boardman's Missionary life, the first of mine—we had three meetings daily; and Quala, his mother, and his sister, were ever first to come, and last to go away. Theirs was not a transcendental piety, that exhausts itself in sentimentalism, but one

of that practical type which seeks to assist its fellow beings in the battle of life, in the thousand and one kind offices immortal in the traditions of man's wants, though no place is allotted them in the pages of poetry. They proved most valuable assistants to Mrs. Boardman in waiting upon her dying husband. When the day arrived that Mr. Boardman's failing strength gave warning he was about to be taken from us, and we must pause in our pleasing labours—for he was literally dying in his pulpit—so soon as the sun sank beneath the linden-leaved wood-oil trees, Quala, with the other Karens, lifted up his couch, and laid him down beneath their tall shadows. The mountains, which he was first to cross with the message of salvation, loomed up before him as he reclined amid the fragrant koempferas, whose large stemless purple and white flowers rise in crowds from the bare earth without a leaf, typical of the resurrection; while the stream, whose noisy bubbling sources had been his pathway through the gorges, rested at his feet in a quiet cove, and formed a transparent baptistery,* encircled by an amphitheatre of floating water-lilies, where thirty-four of those for whose salvation he had prayed and laboured were baptized in his presence; the largest number that had ever been baptized at one time in the Mission, perhaps in India, on a profession of faith.

Another sun; and as another rose, his converts stood with him, a few miles lower down in this stream; but when they looked to place him in the canoe that was waiting for him, "he was not, for God had taken him."

"How doth the image of the past
Through all my dreams in brightness roll,
And, like some pious legend, cast
A veil of sadness o'er my soul."

The same hands bore him to his garden sepulchre, and laid him down at the steps of his little oratory, where he had prayed into existence the Karen Mission, and where he rests beneath the sacred tree, whose flowers are so deliciously fragrant that they have obtained a place in the quiver of the Hindu god of love, and whose impervious shade is so favourable to meditation, that the Buddhists say the next Buddha will obtain infinite wisdom, and enter the divine life, while in contemplation at its foot.

During the first year of my residence in Tavoy I devoted a considerable portion of my time to visiting every house in the city and suburbs, leaving at each a tract and a portion of Scripture; thus bringing into actual use my knowledge of Burman, that I was acquiring from day to day. Sau Quala often accompanied me in these excursions, and, my knowledge of the language being quite imperfect, he would frequently repeat and enforce the sentiments I had uttered, in more "acceptable words," though he often met with the savage rebuke, "Who are you? You are just like that dog there. He knows nothing but what he is taught. He goes or comes just as his master orders him." He was ever unmoved by their cutting sarcasm, and more open abuse. He took the Bible as it said, and Christ at His word. When he read, "Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all

* *Vide* Frontispiece.

manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake. Rejoice and be exceeding glad : for great is your reward in heaven"—then he rejoiced on finding himself in circumstances which entitled him to rejoice, and he looked heavenward for the reward of his labours.

His father made repeated attempts to induce him to return to the jungles ; but having found him to be a young man of promise, and desirous to stay with me, I told him to ask his father what he would ask for his son's services, and make no further claim for him. When he told his father, he received no reply, but was never more required to return to his jungle home. "At that time," he says in his reminiscences, "I was very zealous in studying the word of God, and I prayed with brokenness of heart. I thought of nothing else but to be skilled in the books. This occupied my whole mind continually."

THE OPIUM TRAFFIC.

WE rejoice to find that a movement is being made to direct the attention of the British public to this inhuman traffic, and the calamities it is inflicting on the Chinese nation. England awoke to a consciousness of the barbarities connected with the slave-trade. She had herself shared in its unlawful gains. But she felt ashamed of having done so ; she hastened to wash the plague-spot from her ; and, by her noble efforts, that scourge of humanity has been crippled, and almost extinguished. She is now the great grower, and importer into China, of the opium. May her eyes be opened to the inconsistency of conflicting with one evil on the coast of Africa, and encouraging as monstrous an evil on the coast of China ! Our Government in India was long connected, in various ways, with the system of idolatry in that country, but the tide of public opinion compelled that connexion to be dissolved. May a similar influence from home constrain the abandonment of that unhappy connexion that exists at present in full force between the Indian Government and the growth and sale of opium !

Missionaries of all denominations bear the strongest testimony as to the evils which it causes. An American Missionary at Ningpo thus expresses himself on the subject—

The evils of opium-smoking can be appreciated only by those who have witnessed them. It is more destructive, both to the mental and physical faculties, than rum ; while the neglect of business, the squandering of property, the suffering of families, especially of bereaved widows and children, left without even the means of subsistence, occasioned by its use, are not surpassed by the saddest tales of intemperance ; and the number, also, of those who are thus affected far exceeds that of the victims of drunkenness in any other two nations, and perhaps all nations on the globe.

Those in this country who suffer from this terrible scourge, as ascertained by careful calculation, cannot be less than 40,000,000 of persons. And the trade in and use of this drug are increasing, and have been increasing rapidly ever since the war with England. The reasons are,

first, the Chinese officers, who otherwise would respect the laws of this country, and punish those who sell or use the forbidden article, now dare not, for fear of the British and American powers, whom they consider set for the defence of the business. Hence, as intelligent Chinese have informed me, tenfold more is now used than previous to the war with England. Another reason is, the ports having been opened, and larger quantities having been brought for sale, it has become cheaper, so that all classes now can indulge in the fascinating habit.

But the evil which we as Missionaries especially feel is, its hindrance to the spread of the gospel here. The opium-smoker, unless he can be first persuaded to give up his pipe, is a perfectly hopeless case. Besides, which is, if possible, a still greater hindrance, the impression upon the people generally that we are in some way connected with the opium business, or secretly favour it. They also suppose that opium is largely produced in America and England; indeed, that it is the principal business of the worshippers of one God and the disciples of Jesus at home: hence the tendency of the traffic is to disgrace Christianity in the estimation even of heathen, and to lead them to distrust and reject us, its Missionaries.

We are thankful, therefore, to find that a Society has been formed in this country, having for its object the termination of our present governmental connexion with the opium traffic. The following poem, written by a gentleman who feels strongly on the subject, has been addressed to the Honorary Secretary of this Society, Major-General Alexander.

England! ever swift and strong
 To deliver and to bless
 From the tyranny of Wrong
 All the children of distress—
 Mother England! whose great love,
 Yearning o'er the human race,
 Imitateth God above,
 Helping Man in every place—

Yet there be some spots of shame
 Tarnishing thy glory's good,
 And the greatness of thy name
 Dimming as with tears of blood;
 Many evils, many crimes,
 In the face of Earth and Heaven,
 Even to these better times
 Rampant, rank, and—unforgiven!

O my country! who can look
 On thy field of bitter tares
 Branded by the Holy Book,
 Heedless of thy sins and snares?
 Yea, our hearts would fail and faint,
 Did not Hope and Faith depend,
 Linked with Charity, sweet saint,
 God shall help us yet to mend!

Look you : take but one sad scene,
 One of many darkling still,
 Where the good that should have been
 All is blighted into ill—
 Our Religion, Knowledge, Laws,
 Scandalized, and millions slain,
 While the heathen mock, because
 Christened men will sin for gain !

Yonder vast industrious realm
 We, at lucre's bated breath,
 Like a torrent overwhelm
 With the very juice of death ;
 China, poisoned to the core,
 Pleads to God against the spell
 English commerce dares to pour
 O'er her people drugged by hell !

Opium—not the viper's fang,
 Opium—not the upas' sap,
 Nor where nightshade berries hang
 Dropping death on Nature's lap—
 Not all horrid hates combined
 Can be mingled into worse,
 Than *thy* mischief to mankind,
 Soul's and body's utter curse !

Treacherous pleasure-seeming pain—
 Smiling foe that mines by stealth
 All the heart and all the brain,
 All the hope and all the health—
 Murderer !—but inch by inch
 Dreadfully dissecting life
 Out of nerves too dulled to flinch
 From thy keen and cruel knife—

Oh, the sorrow and the shame,
 That for millions slaughtered so
 England, England bears the blame—
 Yea, their everlasting woe !
 England pours her opium in,
 Though sad China pleads to spare,
 And the mis'ry and the sin
 Riot infamously there !

True, from this our letter-laws
 Hypocritically shrink ;
 But, for mighty Mammon's cause,
 At the wicked traffic wink :
 True, they smuggle—and we sell—
 And, if buyers die—what then ?
 Sycee silver pays us well
 For the lives and souls of men !

Fool! if even God were Not,
 And if man lived nevermore,
 If no curse, no deep plague-spot,
 Blasted both thy soul and store
 Fool! the land, the skill, the toil,
 Wasted thus on poison-juice,
 Would in corn, and wine, and oil,
 Mercies unto men produce!

Crowded China slaves and starves,
 Famine-hungry to be fed,
 Heaping high her glutted wharves
 With rich merchandize for bread:
 But—these poison-peddling gains
 Draw the teats of commerce dry—
 Roguery the bullion drains,
 And the stagnant markets die!

Friend of Commerce, friend of Man,
 Lo—the folly of this crime!
 Haste, and, as we ought and can,
 Wipe it from the scroll of Time!
 Happily, those poison-drops
 Fester on ephemeral weeds;
 Happily, for nobler crops
 Yearning Earth asks better Seeds!

MARTIN F. TUPPER.

ALBURY, *May* 1856.

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF ALEXANDER JOHN CHAPMAN,

LATE A CATECHIST OF THE CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY, MADRAS.

ALEXANDER JOHN CHAPMAN was the only son of John Chapman, an artificer in the arsenal of Fort St. George. His father died while he was only three months old; but though he had, while so young, lost the care and protection of his earthly parent, One who had a greater regard for him had taken him up, and brought him up as it were for His own service. His widowed mother, a convert from Romanism, had taken every pains to bring him up in the fear of the Lord. She placed him in the Church Missionary Society's Seminary at Perambore, where he received a Tamil education; and it was from thence he went out to work, while yet young, in the vineyard of the Great Husbandman.

He had been labouring at Madras for some time before he left the Seminary; and in the year 1824, or thereabouts, he was sent to Púnamallí, a village about twelve English miles from Madras. Missionary work had already commenced here, but, through the unwearied exertions of Alexander, there was soon established in this village a more appropriate place for the labours of a Missionary agent.

At Púnamallí he remained till the year 1838, when he was ordered to remove to Madras, in consequence of Púnamallí being made over to the Vepery Mission. His labours at Púnamallí must indeed have

been very tedious and trying; but patiently and perseveringly did he, assisted by the Lord of the vineyard, pluck up every offensive weed by the sword of the Spirit. Many indeed were they who had turned from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God.

Satan had, in various instances, tried him; but a greater than Satan had enabled him to withstand his trials with Christian fortitude. On one occasion, while an European regiment lay at Púnamallí, he went and proclaimed Christ and Him crucified to a number of the soldiers' wives, who were Papists. There would have been the loss of his life, had not the Lord protected him from falling into the hands of a party of Europeans—Papists no doubt—sent by the women to whom he had preached for the purpose of injuring him. Had not the Almighty turned away the point of the bayonet which was darted at him, he would have been struck down. The workings of the Almighty are full of wisdom; for when the alarm had been given, and the men apprehended, and the next day brought before a court of inquiry, Alexander, instead of bringing an accusation against them, went on his knees, and implored forgiveness on behalf of those who would have been his murderers. All present were struck with astonishment at this act; and the very soldiers themselves, who had intended to do him harm, were, after their release, his dearest friends; and, it is supposed, have since given up their false religion for the religion of Christ. On another occasion he met with almost a similar occurrence. The native catechist of the Roman-Catholic church, Anthony by name, from malicious motives had induced a number of natives to waylay Alexander, and do him injury; but they were so overcome by the meek manner in which he spoke to them, that they, instead of doing him harm, sat down and listened to him for nearly half-an-hour, speaking to them the word of salvation through Jesus Christ. Anthony is now a Christian, and had, when visiting Alexander, mentioned the circumstance to him with tears. At another time, on a native fire-feast, he was assaulted, and was nearly cast into the pit of fire, over which a few of the heathen walked, as it is supposed; but the interference of the Collector's peons prevented him being ill-used. Whatever may have been his trials, and although his persecution may have been sore, yet he relied on his Maker, and taught those among whom he laboured, as also his household, to do the same. He tried to imitate his Lord and Master, who, though reviled, reviled not again, but who always pitied and prayed for His enemies.

As afore mentioned, in 1838 he was removed to Madras. On his arrival, he at first resided at Black Town, but shortly afterwards was appointed catechist at Trinity chapel, John Pereira's Gardens, where he laboured till the time of his death. At that place he had to encounter many hardships, for the people of this town were as sheep without a shepherd, scattered about without a sheepfold. Alexander, however, together with his assistant, persevered in collecting a pretty good number of wandering ones, and carried on the work with great joy. While at this place, he always willingly and joyfully laboured for God. Although infirmities did, from the wearisomeness of his situation, in a great measure shatter his constitution, yet he would rather put himself to inconvenience of the flesh by attending the gospel call. When he

had to take service in any of the churches connected with the Church Missionary Society, he always went on foot; and, when questioned as to why he did not take a conveyance, would answer, that his Master never went in one, and that he would walk while he had strength to do so.

What order and regularity was observed in his family, which was a large one! Not a day passed without prayer and thanksgiving to the Giver of every good and perfect gift. His servants, although heathen, were instructed in the ways of the one living and true God. His chief aim was to train up his children in the ways of the Lord, so that, when old, they might not depart therefrom.

His trials, both abroad and at home, were manifold, but he always sought advice, comfort, and strength from above. Most trying indeed was his case in April 1854; for within eighteen days he lost two sons, one aged eighteen years, and the other eight. Both of them, it is believed, are now praising the Almighty in company with their father.

After the decease of his two sons he was always ailing, until it pleased the Almighty to remove him to Himself. With what Christian fortitude did he not bear his trials! His Saviour was his hope, and in His strength he passed the valley of the shadow of death.

He invited all his family around him on Saturday the 12th of August; and in the presence of some of his friends, among whom were the Rev. J. Bilderbeck and D. Gnanamuttoo, he spoke to them, calling on them to take his parting advice, and that was, always to look upwards, and not downwards. He embraced the Rev. D. Gnanamuttoo, and kissed him; and afterwards repeated the verse of a hymn in Tamil—a verse which he was always in the habit of singing in his lonely hours.

On the 15th of August, towards the morning, he breathed hard. Death seemed to have been working; and at about ten o'clock A.M. a dose of medicine had been given him by his son, at the advice of the doctor. He then looked at his son, and at all around. "It is the last," he said to his son, after taking the medicine. He had his eyes fixed towards heaven, and afterwards closed them. All was now over. The soul had left its earthly tabernacle, and was away to another home, eternal in the heavens, whose builder and maker is God.

What a mournful sight, indeed, to see his poor widow and her orphans, together with the greater part of those among whom he laboured, in tears for him who had been a good husband, father, friend, and servant, to those under whom he had been employed!

His body was interred at St. Mary's burial-ground the next morning. It was accompanied to its last home by a very large number of persons. Thus ended the days of catechist Chapman. "Blessed are they who die in the Lord." He was 66 years old when he died.

GLEANINGS.

GLEANINGS from the letters of our Missionaries will not be distasteful to our readers. We have known very good bread made from the flour of gleanings, and which proved very satisfactory to those who partook of it. We hope, therefore, that little fragments occasionally introduced will not be found unworthy of perusal. The present gleanings are from the wide field of Indian Missions.

A Missionary in the Telugu country, under date of March 20, 1856, informs us of the ready reception which he met with while itinerating amongst the heathen.

We have, during the last three months and upwards, been travelling through the villages of our district. We have had very interesting meetings with every class of people, from the Brahmin downwards. Some learned Pundits sat down in our tent for hours together at Motúr, and elicited from us a clear and full account of the way of salvation. When they arose to leave us, they said, "We were under the impression that you had something very foolish to tell us, but we find that what we have just now heard is not to be despised, and that, before we oppose you, it is necessary to read your books." We gave them the books they wanted. One village excepted, where the Brahmins would not allow me to preach, every village received "the truth as it is in Jesus" with marked attention. The people, as soon as they saw us, came out in numbers, and, spreading a mat for us under a tree, invited us to sit down, which we did at once, and unfolded at length the natural depravity of man, the holy justice of God, and the wonderful escape provided for the former in the atoning blood of Jesus. It was quite encouraging to see the attention paid to our message, to hear their rational and sensible inquiries, and to notice their desire to obtain our works. In one village our tent was crowded from morning till evening. In another village the Brahmins carefully impregnated the unsuspecting minds of the Súdras with many groundless and ridiculous fears, which kept them from us for several days together; but it was soon discovered that we did not deal in mysteries—that our books were given to all, and our preaching conducted in public. Then they came to us freely, and took away, we trust, more than the bare hearing of the gospel.

From the Tamil country we read of the emigration that is going forward in the direction of the Mauritius. Our readers are aware that Christianity has made greater progress amongst the Tamils than amongst any other nation of India. There is a disposition amongst this people to emigrate as coolies to other lands, and considerable numbers have proceeded as well to Ceylon as the Mauritius. Care must be taken that they be not left without opportunities of Christian instruction, and thus they may become an important means of transferring the gospel to other lands. The Rev. P. S. Royston, Secretary of the Madras Corresponding Committee, writing on this subject under date of March 28, 1856, says—

This morning, about half-past five, I met some four or five hundred Tamils just on their way to the beach, to embark for the Mauritius. I really knew not at first whether to be glad or sorry; for who will preach to them on their arrival in their new home? And yet they seem, by thus breaking their caste in leaving the shores of India, to be removing one great link of the chain by which they are so fast bound to idolatry. Dr. Ryan, in a letter I received a few weeks ago, asking me to take a passage for the family of one of his new clergy, says that these poor Tamils present a most interesting sphere. They press towards the neighbourhood of a place of Christian worship, and fix their homes as near

it as possible. Some come in eighteen or twenty miles to the services on the Sunday. I hope our Society will be able to do something for them. I feel that I have, as it were, a right to plead for them, as they more or less come from our South-India Mission.

The kingdom of Oude having been recently annexed to the British territories in India, a Christian friend, anxious for the commencement of Missionary efforts in that country, has generously offered 1000*l.* for this purpose. Friends at Calcutta are very anxious that so good a work should be entered upon, and are diligently engaged in collecting additional funds. There is every readiness on the part of the Society to go forward, men and means being provided. Let prayer be offered that it may be so.

There are few evils out of which some good is not extracted. There is a tribe of people called the Santals, who occupy portions of the Rajmahal hills in North India, and of the surrounding districts. These people have been recently in a very disturbed state, and have given much trouble to the Government. We now learn that the authorities are desirous of commencing schools amongst this people, and that overtures have been made to our Missionaries on this subject. There was a time when Missionaries and their efforts were considered as experiments hazardous to the public peace: now it is beginning to be discovered, that to evangelize people is the surest way to make them peaceful and orderly.

THE HORRORS OF HEATHENISM.

THE greater part of Bengal is a deposit of pure mud. The banks of the river rise up occasionally into what seems at a distance rocky precipices; but, on approaching them, one sees what is seldom seen at home—a lofty precipice of mud. If one picks up a stone to throw, he will find, on examining it, that it is only a bit of brick. Still, if there were but a few hills to form a background, the view from the river would often be quite charming. As we slowly struggled up the sacred stream we passed hundreds of native villages, many Hindu temples, with their peculiar style of architecture, and gháts, with noble flights of stairs leading down to the water's edge, and thronged with men and women going to and returning from their pious ablutions, and worship of Ganga. At one of these gháts we landed, and saw some of the dying beds of those who had been brought from the villages around to breathe out their life in the waters of the holy river. All along the banks, also, were vestiges of recent fires, where the dead had been burned before their ashes and bones were thrown into the stream. Paria dogs were constantly roaming along the muddy margin, and vultures hovering overhead, in search of the unconsumed carcasses of those wretches whose relatives were too poor to purchase firewood for the pyre, and contented themselves with launching them with a bit of burning charcoal in their mouth. It made me shudder when I first saw the body of a native woman that had been cast ashore lying in the mud, whilst a man was washing his fishing nets close beside it quite unconcernedly, though a dog was tugging and

tearing away the flesh from her neck. But such sights soon became almost familiar. At Culna we had to step over the dead body of a man before we could get on shore. All night the silence of the surrounding country was broken, not merely by the songs of our boatmen and the splash of their oars, but also by the wild howling of the jackals fighting over these carcases. Sometimes, when sitting alone enjoying the cool evening, with its soft, pale moonlight, and musing on home scenes and associations, a horrid corpse has floated down close past our boat, with its ghastly face looking up to the sky, as if gazing through its eyeless sockets on the silent splendour of the heavens. Can you conceive any thing more startling in such circumstances? And yet such are the experiences of India.

[Rev. — Pourie, in the *"Home & Foreign Record of the Free Church of Scotland."*]

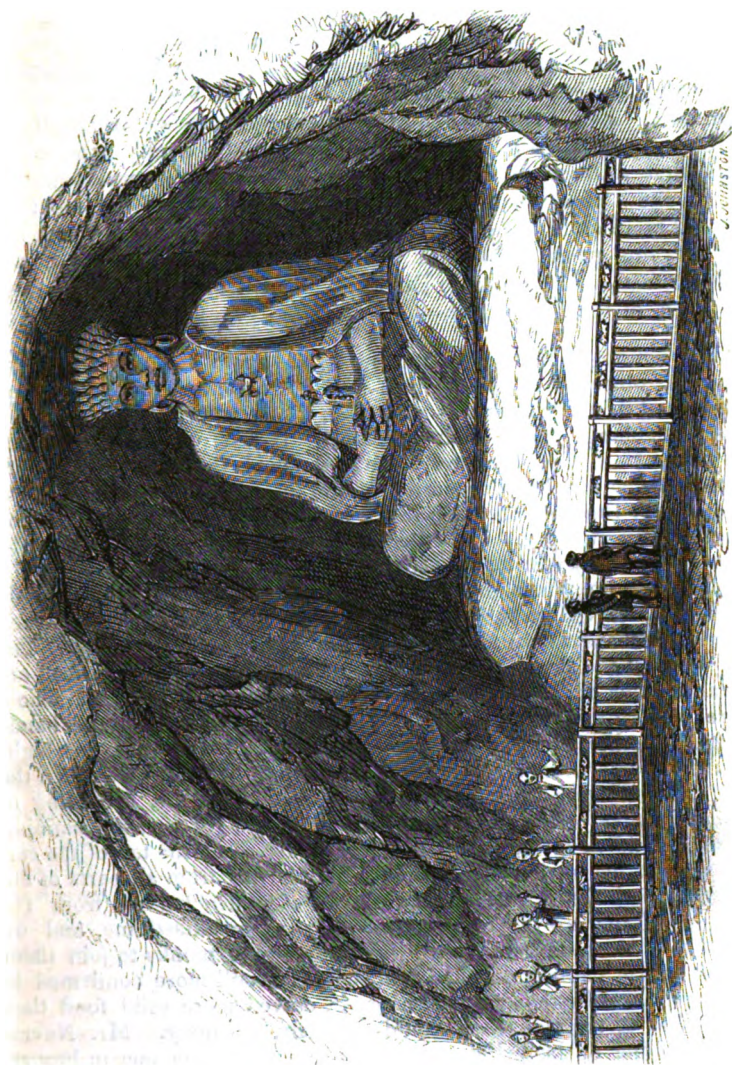
CHRISTIAN SELF-DENIAL.

THE following fact has been communicated to us by a correspondent at Peshawur. It speaks for itself. It touches precisely on a point in which there is at home a defect—a readiness to forego personal gratification of various kinds, things which might be dispensed with, and that without prejudice to ourselves, in order that we might give the more liberally to God's work. There is a natural tendency in us, when we see objects that seem fitted to promote our comfort and convenience, to desire them. Many there are who yield themselves to such an impulse without questioning, and much money is in this way expended, and that on objects which, after a little while, are not cared for. But the thoughtful Christian puts a check on such wishes, and takes from himself to give to his Lord. Let our readers ponder the following fact—

A circumstance occurred yesterday, which I am sure it will please you to hear, and which I think it would be well if the good Christians in England would imitate. A private soldier of one of the European regiments came to me yesterday morning, bringing 136 rupees, which he said he wished me to distribute for charitable purposes, only expressing a wish that part of it should go to the Jews' Society. He said he had bought a watch with the savings of some years; and when he had got it, he said within himself, "What good does it do? I can do, and have done for several years, without it. Besides, I am the Lord's, and therefore this watch is not mine, but the Lord's; and as for the money, I have trusted my soul to God, and I should be very foolish not to trust my body also; for if He can and will save the one, He can and will save the other also." I have given it as nearly as possible in his own words. So, in consequence, he sold the watch, and brought its produce, and the rest of his savings, except the small sum of 10 rupees, which he retained, to me. When you recollect that every European soldier is looking forward to the time of his return home, and then 13*l.* 12*s.* would have been a most acceptable sum to procure little comforts with which to re-settle, and that they only have 8 or 10 rupees a month, the nobleness of the gift will appear. I have apportioned 70 rupees to the Jews' Society, 60 to the Mission school here, and 16 to the Bible Society.

MISSIONARY TOURS IN THE INTERIOR OF CHINA.

OUR Missionaries on the Chinese coast have been enabled to penetrate much further into the interior than they had previously found possible. Long journeys have been undertaken, and cities and towns visited, where no Missionaries ever had been before. Surrounded by great crowds of people, they have been kindly and



GIGANTIC BUDDHA, NEAR SING-TSÖNG.

courteously treated, and have had opportunity of making known the gospel, and distributing Christian books, which have been thankfully received. We have lying before us a narrative of one of these tours, undertaken in December last from Ningpo, into the interior of Chekeang province. The party consisted of our own Missionary, the Rev. R. H. Cobbold, the Rev. Mr. Nevins, of the American Presbyterian Mission, and an elderly Chinese, a fair scholar, and a most pious and faithful Christian. On reaching the city of Sing-tsông they found hospitality in a neat-looking temple outside the east gate, presided over by a priest of the Buddhist faith, who received them kindly, and gave up his own room for their use. The remainder of the afternoon was spent chiefly at the Ching-wang-meau, or principal temple of the city, where was assembled a large and noisy crowd. At night several scholars called, one a young man, who was the head of one of the most influential families in the city. Early the next morning they set out to visit the great "lion" of the place and neighbourhood, the "Monastery of the gigantic Buddha." Mr. Cobbold thus narrates the result of their excursion—

After winding into the hills about a mile from the city walls, we found the object of our search in a most romantic and rocky glen. A path wound in under the rocks and trees, where squirrels in abundance were squabbling about their breakfast. It led us at length into the gateway of the monastery, and we found the enormous figure of the Buddha in a building partly natural and partly artificial. It was a huge cave, the front of which had been built up with blocks of stone to resemble a building. On entering the cave, the appearance of the place was exactly similar to the ordinary Buddhist temples, but the chief figure, from which the monastery receives its name, is of gigantic dimensions, carved in relief on the face of the solid rock, for which there was perhaps a natural aptitude in the form of the cave itself. The finer parts of the dress, the lines of the hand, the finger-nails, &c., are probably done in plaster: the rest is all solid stone, and the whole figure is very thickly gilt. It is in a sitting posture, with the hands brought together, and the knees widely extended. It is fifty feet high, and the extreme width between the knees is also about fifty feet. In the hand there is a gilt figure half the size of life. The ears, according to Chinese ideas of beauty, are enormously long, and yet a person standing on the shoulders of the figure could only just reach the top of the ear. This remarkable work of art is visited by pilgrims from all parts of the province, and the priests no doubt reap a golden harvest from the offerings of the crowds of devotees. It was breakfast-time, and we might have accepted the pressing invitation of the monks to join them in their repast, had not our heretical stomachs, still more confirmed in their prejudices by the keen morning air, craved more solid food than the kitchen of the monastery would be likely to supply. Mr. Nevins begged of one of the priests a small figure, but it was one in bronze, which had come from the far west, the sacred region of Buddha himself, and, like some little idol that has had the papal benediction,

was too precious to be deposited in the hands of an unbeliever. A smaller figure, of native workmanship, was, however, presented, as a memento of the visit. After seeing the other remarkable parts of the establishment, we found our way back to our quarters, and to our breakfast.

On this journey various points of interest presented themselves. One afforded the Missionaries special encouragement—that, in places where they had not been previously, they found copies of the New Testament, distributed at Ningpo, and which had found their way into the interior. On visiting a Chinese gentleman, the owner of a large, well-built, and very handsome house, near Sing-tsông, they found one of them. The outside cover had been torn off, probably to make a book for silks for one of the young ladies of the family, but the book itself was entire. Their host stated that he had received it from Mr. Cobbold at Ningpo.

The road not unfrequently led them through a country abounding in villages, where large crowds were gathered together, to whom the Missionaries spoke of the one true God, and His mercy in Christ to poor sinners. One place, called Dziangloh, may have its parallel elsewhere in China, but certainly in no other part of the world. Its peculiarity consists in this, that all its inhabitants, to the number of 20,000, have the same surname. Mr. Cobbold says—“We laugh at our Walkers, Joneses, Smiths, and Browns; but 20,000 Walkers in one place, and nobody else but the Walkers there, would be a strange thing indeed. If a person on his arrival were to ask for Mr. Walker, he would have of course about five thousand to one whether he hit on the right family or not. Here the name was Dzing.” On entering this place the people at first seemed shy, but after a little time their confidence was gained, and the Missionaries were encompassed by a great mass, about a thousand of whom crowded into an ancestral temple, which the keeper had been persuaded to keep open. They both spoke until darkness compelled them to desist. A tea merchant invited them to be his guests; and when he found that other arrangements prevented their coming, he sent them, for breakfast next morning, chickens and ham, country wine, and Indian-corn cakes. Here they had the opportunity of seeing a marriage procession, a very gay affair. Many of the ornaments used were very handsome, being, no doubt, old heir-looms of richly-wrought embroidery. The sedan chair was tastefully decorated with festoons of coloured calico; the music loud, but not harmonious. The bridegroom was preceded by a long line of scholars, with their red-tasselled hats.

These narratives afford us a glimpse into the interior of that densely-populated country. To our perception we know nothing more affecting. Great cities, and crowded villages, inhabited by a remarkably well-ordered and industrious people, where life

flows on in the old channels which it has used for generations, and men build and plant, and buy and sell, and marry and are given in marriage, and scholars pursue their lore, and tradesmen ply their craft, and the farmer prepares his fields; and amongst all this busy multitude God is unknown! How solemn! how fitted to awaken in the heart of the man who knows God as his Father in Christ the desire to go forth and tell these poor people the glad tidings of great joy!

CUMBERLAND STATION, NORTH-WEST AMERICA.

THE divine blessing continues to rest on this little spot, reclaimed from the wilderness, and now changed into a garden of the Lord. The trees of righteousness planted there flourish and bear fruit, and the tidings we receive from it remind us of the proverb, "As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country." The following letter from the native clergyman, the Rev. H. Budd, dated January 7, 1856, will read pleasantly. It shows how the word of God, having taken root at Cumberland, is sending out its branches in different directions, and how the work of evangelization is advancing at Moose Lake and the Nepowewin.

The Indians continue much with us; and when any of the men are obliged to go off hunting, they soon come back to join in the means of grace provided for their growth in the divine life. Our church is well filled every Lord's-day, and we have an average attendance of between seventy and eighty children in the school. These are learning to read God's holy word, both in English and in their mother tongue. They read any of our translations fluently, carry their books home, and read the same to their parents. In temporal and spiritual things there is an advancement and improvement from year to year. What a change is wrought in our Indians! I have been an eyewitness of the most deplorable state in which they were sunk when I was first sent to them in 1840. And now I can gaze with wonder and gratitude, and with tears of thankfulness filling my eye, and exclaim, "What hath God wrought!" To see them exchange their wild and savage disposition for the spirit of the meek and lowly Jesus fills my heart with gratitude to that Saviour, who has called them "out of darkness into His marvellous light." On Christmas-day we had them assembled around the table of the Lord, when I had the privilege of administering the sacrament of the Lord's supper to upwards of ninety of the Communicants. I humbly trust that He who has promised His blessing to two or three assembled in His name, has been in the midst of us and blessed us. Oh, how refreshing to have the table of the Lord spread here in the wilderness, and to partake of the memorials of His body and blood! It did my heart good to see our communicants come forward with such humble diffidence around the communion rails, and commemorate the dying love of our Saviour.

We have had one death since my last letter: one of the communicants has entered into her rest. She died rather suddenly, before any one

expected it; but she was so calm and full of hope as to astonish the people in the house. After having exhorted her children and friends around her, she calmly fell asleep in Jesus. We have also had several baptisms here, but they have been principally little infants belonging to our Christian Indians.

I have made my quarterly visit to Moose Lake since I wrote you last, and I am happy in being able to say that the converts of Moose Lake continue steadfast in the faith, and humbly endeavour, in the strength of God, to adorn the doctrine of Christ their Saviour by a consistent life. They are more firm and strong in the profession of Christianity than they used to be formerly. They used to be overcome by the heathen party almost as soon as they embraced Christianity, and every year we had to mourn over backsliders; but now there is no drawing back: they would rather go forward, and they do go forward, notwithstanding the endeavours of their heathen neighbours to bring them back again. And they are very useful to the heathen party, inasmuch as they are always with them, and always talking to them of the religion which they find so good for themselves.

Henry Cockran and John Umfreville are both at the Moose-Lake Station, and are well qualified to preach to the Indians in their own tongues, and carry on the work which has been begun.

The school at Moose Lake is going on, and is kept up regularly: upwards of twenty children were attending the school when I was down, and I found them improving. The heathen Indians visit the station often, and Henry and John have many an opportunity of preaching to them. As the Christian party is getting stronger, its influence is greater on the heathen, and in that way one heathen family after another will be drawn and caught in the gospel net. Henry Cockran is very attentive to his duties in the school, and there are some boys promising well. And John Umfreville is very active and zealous, and very anxious for the conversion of the heathen. Henry and he take the Sunday services turn about, and the week-day evening lectures, and they keep some children and board them, and these children attend the school daily. I shall be going down to see them again, God willing, as soon as this mail has passed.

I have heard several times from the Nepowewin since my last. Thomas Cook and Joseph Turner are both there, and were doing very well when I heard from them last. They were doing better in the way of getting provisions, and more toward the necessary buildings for the carrying on of the work, than they did last winter. Thomas has gone out several times towards the plains, to be able to tell the Indians of Jesus' love for them. One very great obstacle to the Indians of the Nepowewin receiving the gospel of Christ is, that we cannot get at them. They come to Fort a la Crosse two or three times in a whole year, to trade their provisions, &c., and they come over to the Mission every time; but their stay is so short that it is impossible to say much to them, and they cannot remember what they have heard when we see nothing of them till the next half-year. This will always be our trouble until some of the Indians are induced to settle. Some few families are more stationary, and live more about the Mission; and four families have made some gardens, and planted some potatoes, which

I believe come on very well. It is to be expected that others will be drawn in by their example, and that we shall ultimately have more Indians about the Mission. Thomas is keeping a small school, and preparing an Indian with his family for baptism.

I now conclude, with my hearty prayers that God may bless and prosper you in your work of faith and labour of love, and that you may bless, and be a blessing to, my country.

THE MISSIONARIES IN INDIA.

WHAT seek ye here, on these golden shores,
So far from your island home?
Ivory, spices, silken stores—
Say, is it for such ye come?

There are diamonds pure in Golconda's mine,
Fair pearls in ocean's sand;
Here ruby and emerald brightly shine,
And gold lies on every hand.

There are things more rich than silken woot,
More pure and more bright than gems
That ever hung from a kingly roof,
Or sparkled in diadems—

There are *erring souls*! 'Tis these we prize,
It is these we come to seek:
We fain would open blind men's eyes,
Comfort the contrite and meek.
Calcutta.

R. F. F.

THE CHOLERA AT AGRA.

THE cholera is raging with great intensity at Agra and in its vicinity. Several Europeans have fallen a sacrifice to it, and the natives are suffering severely. The cases among them have risen to 100 daily, of which about one-third prove fatal. It is thought that the mortality is underrated by one-half. In the gaol the epidemic has proved so virulent, that the remaining prisoners, upwards of 3000 in number, have been formed in two encampments on the plain.

It is at such time that true religion evidences its sustaining and comforting power. The Christian knows One who is able to help at such a time, and willing to hear prayer; and God, as He has made Himself known in Christ, is his refuge. Alas! how sad the condition of the poor heathen at such a time. We are informed that the Mahomedan temples are nightly thronged and surrounded with worshippers, crying aloud to the Almighty. The Hindús fall back on their own superstitions. There is a curious legend current amongst them. One night lately, about midnight, a horseman rode down to the opposite bank of the Jumna, and called to the ferryman to convey him over. It was too late: it was not worth the fee to take across a single man with his horse. But being promised a large *douceur*, the ferryman agreed,

and brought over horse and rider. The stranger mounted, and, asking the way to the next westward village, rode in that direction. As he approached it, he met one of its villagers, and desired him to show the path westward. He refused, and would not be bribed. In the morning this villager was dead of cholera, and his village was immediately ravaged by the disease.

The people of Agra have long had the gospel among them, faithfully preached by the Missionaries, but they have paid but little attention to it. May this solemn judgment awaken them to recollection! We would earnestly desire the prayers of our readers on behalf of our Missionaries, that they may be preserved in the midst of this trying season, and that out of the evil much good may arise.

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SAU QUALA.

*(Continued from p. 88.)*

SAU QUALA's early history, as related by Mr. Mason in the American "Missionary Magazine," is full of interest. As might be expected, his profession of Christianity exposed him to some trials from his countrymen. He had been betrothed to a young Karen girl, who, on his becoming a Christian, refused to complete her engagement. Subsequently he was married to a young person brought up in the Mission school. She is described as the flower of the jungle, a fair and handsome native woman; tall, of a commanding mien, with attractive features, and wearing her long tasselled shawl thrown about her person like a highlander, with an embroidered turban wound round her head like a coronet. Nor was she less remarkable for her mental qualities and Christian attainments: she has been a pattern to Christian women in the jungles of what a preacher's and pastor's wife ought to be. Her name is Muphau—"Celestial Flower."

And now commenced Sau Quala's work of itinerating and preaching amongst his countrymen. Early on a January morning, a little band of newly-converted Karens and Burmans might be seen hastening over the paddy-fields south of the city of Tavoy. It was a January morning, but not like one in our wintry climate. A morning early in the dry season within the tropics has no parallel in other climes; and the Burmese provinces, in fertility, beauty, and grandeur of scenery, and in the variety, value, and elegance of their natural productions, are equalled by few on earth. On the left of the path is seen a long chain of evergreen hills, "clothed with laurel-leaved gamboge trees, fragrant gum-kino trees, yellow-flowered cassias, and white jasmines, at the foot of which a buffalo is treading out the corn in the open field, or drawing large sleds, laden with sheaves for the threshing-floor." On the right, bordered by red and yellow blossoms of the hibiscus, a river winds its course, the view in that direction terminating by a range of hills from 500 to 1500 feet high. Where were these native Christians

going? On a mission of love, to preach the gospel to villages lying southward, who had never heard of Christ. Would our readers like to know how Quala spoke to his people? He thus pleaded with an idolater—

Can the image save those that worship it? Think! How can it possibly save them? How many trees have sprung up, that the image created? How many clumps of bamboos are there, that the image has made? How many men has it formed? Where are the animals, or even insects, that it has brought into existence? It has done nothing. Nor is the image self-existent: it was made by man. Rather than worship the image, ought we not to worship the man who made it, for his superior power? But the maker was a thief. Do you doubt it? Consider! Earth, wood, stone, gold, silver, lead, and copper, exist because God created them. He who makes an image takes God's earth, God's wood, God's rocks, God's gold, God's silver, God's lead, God's copper. Does he ask for it? No! He takes it without leave, and says he will form an image and worship it; thus making himself a son of folly. Were we to disobey our parents and treat their commands with contempt, following our own will in every thing, would they not be angry? Now, He who is greater than father, greater than mother, the only true God, who cannot die, nor cease to exist, commands—"Make no image, worship no image: worship me." Against this God have we all sinned, in all our thoughts, in all our deeds. There is no part of us free from transgression. The hand has transgressed, the foot has transgressed, the eye has transgressed, the ear has transgressed, the mouth has transgressed, the mind has transgressed, the heart has transgressed. Our transgressions are greater than the hills, loftier than the mountains. It is not fitting we ascend to the presence of God. It is fitting we descend to the lowest depths of hell; and the great grace of God alone still keeps us here. These heavens so wide, this earth so great, every thing in the many waters and numerous lands, God created. He formed man holy, exempt from old age, sickness, and death; but he disobeyed God, obeying Satan; and thus brought misery on himself and all creation. Still God did not give us up. He had compassion upon us, and sent His only Son to save the slaves of Satan, who had no rest in his service. To deliver us from the hands of Satan, and to give us rest, He bought us with His own blood. He had no compassion on His own great life, but He had compassion on men who were going down to hell. He died on the cross for us, on account of our sins; and thus drew open the gate at the foot of the road, so that man is made again acquainted with God. Surely, the children of earth ought to worship God, ought to perform His work, ought to observe His word, ought to follow His path, ought to obey His will; but man makes himself obstinate, and his ears crooked. He worships not, he serves not, he obeys not His word, follows not His path, submits not to His will. But he thus fulfils the language of the elders, who said, "Children and grandchildren! Words good and white are scarcely received. Rottenness has many associates, sweetness few."

Sometimes his countrymen would urge that which is very common



amongst the heathen—that the religion which sufficed their ancestors would do for them. To this he would reply—

Some of you object—“The tortoise dying, dies in its shell. Mother dying, occupy mother’s chamber; father dying, take father’s hall. The tigress striped, the cubs striped. Let not the tree depart from its shadow. If mother has gone to hell, we will go after her; if father has gone to hell, we will go after him.” Let those who speak thus, think of suffering on earth, not to speak of hell. If a tiger devoured mother, dare we go out and give ourselves to be devoured by tigers? If a crocodile killed her, or fire devoured her, or she was drowned, dare we go out and give ourselves to die by the crocodile, fire, or water? We can be very bold while the tiger is out of sight; but when we meet it face to face, we are panic-struck, and scatter, one one way, and two two ways. Our fathers and mothers did not hear what we hear, did not know what we know. It is of God’s special grace that these things have come unto us. The elders of antiquity yearned to hear the word of God, but heard it not. That blessing was reserved for us. Still it is according to the saying, “Lake pleasant, fish remain.” In a large lake where there is nothing to devour the fish, and its waters never fail, the lake is pleasant. Yet if there be no fish in it, it does not call the fish to come unwillingly. If the fish wish to dwell in it, they remain; if not, they depart. God is the lake, and we are the fish. Unless we are in God, ere long something will come and devour us. The fire of hell will devour us. Then dwell in God.

Then some would cavil; and cavillers are not peculiar to the Karens. At home, amongst ourselves, are to be found those who object precisely the same things which the untaught Karens were wont to do. Let us hear the Karen caviller—

God is possessed of infinite power, and has a perfect knowledge of all things. Why did He create Satan? Did He not know that He would come and deceive man? If He knew that he would come and destroy, why did He create him? If God compassionates man, if He loves him, why did He create the tree of temptation? Did He not know that, if man ate of it, he would die? And if He knew, why did He create it? Why has He made men so that some come forth from the womb blind, some hump-backed, some with dead limbs, some with twisted limbs, some with crooked limbs, some white, some black? And why are some born dead? Why do some die in infancy, some in childhood, some in youth, some in manhood, some in old age? Why are some insane, some idiots, some fools, some wise? Why are some masters and others slaves? Some rich and others poor? Could not God make them all alike? Or is it because He loved some, and did not love others?

Such persons Sau Quala answered thus—

God is above man, above kings, above all. Kings are obeyed without asking for reasons. We ought not to reply against God. He is our father. The child understands not what the father does. The axe and the knife kill, yet without them the father could not obtain food for the child. He does not permit his child to handle them, but one with crooked ears, when unobserved by its father, takes hold of them and cuts itself. Parents give children many playthings; but, because they

love them, they do not allow them to play with the axe and the knife. God acts according to His own will. The house-owner builds a house, and decides in relation to all its parts. He disposes of the timbers or bamboos according to their proper positions. That which is too short he lengthens; that which is too long he shortens; that which will not answer his purpose he throws away. That which is shortened does not say to the builder, "Why hast thou shortened me?" nor that which is lengthened, "Why hast thou lengthened me?" The timbers or bamboos do not say, "Make us this way or that way: make us not that way, or this way." The materials know nothing, but the owner of the house knows, and directs every thing according to his own will. He is the owner of the house, and we ought to submit to his dispensations in silence. Then he will use us as parts of his building; that is, we shall become his children and servants. But if we murmur and complain, and abuse God, we become like the bamboos and timber which, being unsuitable for the building, were rejected by the builder and thrown away. Some of God's judicial arrangements are in order that we may praise Him, some that we may repent of our sins, some that we may discern between good and evil, some that we may not hope in transitory things on earth, some that we may avoid hell, and go to heaven. None are made for the disadvantage, but all for the advantage, of man. To those who murmur, the holy book says—"Who art thou, O man, that repliest against God? Shall the thing formed say to him that formed it, Why hast thou made me thus? Hath not the potter power over the clay, of the same lump to make one vessel unto honour, and another unto dishonour?"

We are not to suppose that the Karens at once, and without objection, received the gospel when it was made known to them. The Karen settlements to the south of Tavoy presented great difficulty: the Missionaries and their assistants were rudely treated; nor would the people send a single child to the Mission schools. Some of the Karens had received Buddhism, and they have yielded the least fruit. But they who remained free from Burmese influence and superstition were less prejudiced, and among these the gospel of Christ has had indeed great success.

That journey on the January morning extended more than two hundred miles, and for fifteen years Sau Quala has been the constant companion of the Missionary Mason in these labours of love, until every nook in the southern provinces, where Karens were to be found, has been visited.

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#### MOSQUE OF OMAR AT JERUSALEM.

THE mosque itself stands on a raised platform, or terrace, some seven feet high, and nearly in the centre of the enclosed area; on reaching the steps that lead up to which we exchanged our out-of-door *chaussure* for slippers, and mounted. As we came within near view of the main building, the extreme beauty of the bright-coloured mosaics and arabesques that adorn the whole surface of the outer walls, and the not-less-

exquisite stained-glass windows, excited everybody's admiration; but, without stopping to give lengthened opportunity for examining these in detail, the sheikh led the way to the principal door, in front of which he halted to call attention to a little open marble-pillared structure, surmounted by a small dome, and, like its larger neighbour, ornamented inside and out with brilliant arabesques.

According to Mahomedan tradition, a stone in the centre of its marble floor covers the exact spot whereon King David used to perform his daily prayers. Having enunciated this veracious fact, which none of us could contradict, our cicerone led the way into the mosque, through whose gorgeous windows the early sun was throwing in a soft flood of many-hued light, that revealed to the eye very triumphs of chromatic art. Above the vast concave of the dome was a perfect maze of the richest and most delicately-coloured arabesque ornaments and inscriptions from the Korán, mellowed a little, it is true, by the breath of time, but still more brilliantly beautiful than I can at all describe. So, too, the portions of the wall above and between the fifty windows were everywhere covered with similar exquisite decoration. Right under the dome is the railed-in mass of rock, believed by most biblical antiquarians to be the site of the Jewish Holy of Holies. In one side of this grey limestone lump—the upper surface of which is about seven feet above the floor of the mosque—is an artificial cutting, believed to have been the altar of the high-priest; and leading from this is a hollowed tract, supposed to have carried off the blood of the victims into a deep cavity or well, partly artificial and partly natural, near the southern edge of the mass. A flight of stone steps cut out of the rock lead down from the corridor into this last, in the centre of the floor of which is a circular shaft, called by the Mahomedans "The Well of Souls," and believed by them to communicate with the nether world. Till within some forty years ago this was left uncovered, and the relatives of departed believers used to come hither and hold worldly intercourse with the spirits of their dead friends. About that time, however, an untrustworthy widow, who had wheedled some Avernian scandal out of the ghost of her spouse, published what she had learned; and, as the facts were not considered complimentary to some of the chief families of the city, the loose-tongued gossip was punished, and the well covered in, to prevent further unseemly revelations. There is reason to believe that this shaft communicates at its bottom with an arched sewer, that had its outlet outside the city walls. Round the whole of this massive and time-defying relic of Israelitish glory runs, as I have said, a high wooden railing, separated from the outer main wall of the building by a narrow corridor, some twelve or fifteen feet wide, and from the centre of this last rises the row of eight square piers and sixteen Corinthian columns that support the dome. I may just add, that this mosque is not used for public religious services.

Leaving the building by the door through which we had entered it, the sheikh next led us down off the terrace on which the main edifice stands, across a paved footway, shaded by cypresses, to the mosque of El Aksa, in the south-western angle of the enclosure. This structure was originally a Christian church, built by the Emperor Justinian in the sixth century, and, on the capture of the city some hundred years

after, was converted by the victorious Omar into a Mahommedan place of worship. The whole building, which is crowned with a small dome at its southern end, over what was once the altar, consists of a nave and six side aisles, and, after the decorative brilliancies of its larger neighbour, strikes the eye, in point of internal ornamentation, as to the last degree puritanically plain. It has, indeed, its arabesques and Koranic inscriptions, but they exhibit but little of the delicate elaboration and gorgeous colouring of the others. The nave and aisles are hung throughout with the usual allowance of ostrich eggs and small glass oil lamps to be seen in mosques of this size everywhere.

From this former temple of our own purer faith, our guide proceeded to show us perhaps the finest of all the remains of the old Jewish architecture now in existence, the lofty arched double arcade that once led up from the Golden Gate into the temple. The ancient outlet of this passage upon the enclosure has been filled up, and entrance is now had to it by a flight of narrow modern steps, descending which the visitor finds himself in a wide and lofty vaulted passage, separated from another similar one by a row of open pillars. From this point down to the walled-up gateway, which was correspondingly double, the incline is gentle, and the floorway excellently paved: masonry of the most massively-solid construction meets the eye, alike in the side walls, the arched roofs, and the pillars; the stones in the first and last especially being of perfectly colossal dimensions, and throwing into the shade, in this respect, the largest I have ever seen in any European structure. The mechanical agency that could bring these monster stones from the quarry, and raise them to the places the uppermost of them now occupy, must have been such as we could not, even now-a-days, afford to despise. Through one or other of these arcades was it that the Hosanna-welcomed Christ passed up to the temple on His triumphal journey from Bethany; and the Turks have a traditional prophecy, that the opening of this gateway will be immediately followed by the termination of Mahommedan power.

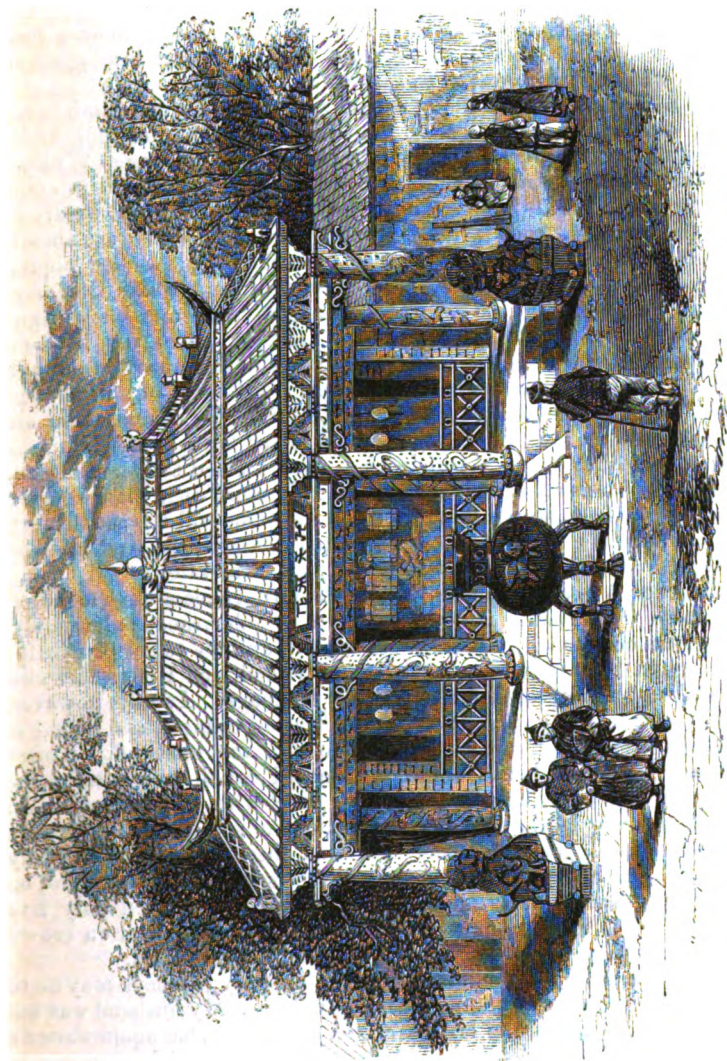
From this unique monument of Herodian architecture we followed our white-turbaned guide to the top of the wall, whence a perfect view is had of the top of Moriah, the tree-sprinkled Mount of Olives, the garden of Gethsemane, and the valley of Jehoshaphat, with the rock-village of Siloam, and the distant hill to the south-west, within a tower on whose summit the crusader garrison took its last stand when driven from the holy city. Descending thence, we strolled over every part of the enclosure, visiting in turn each and all of the minor buildings which the Turks have erected within it; and finally left this most hallowed of all Jewish ground, after a three-hours' survey of every square yard of its surface, by the same private gate through which we had entered.

Such is the briefest descriptive outline of what is to be seen within the Sakara, whereon once stood the gorgeous structure of Solomon, of which, and its successive restorations, the only existing traces are what I have now mentioned, and a piece of its western enclosure wall, before which the down-trodden Israelites now congregate every Friday to read of, and mourn over, the departed glories of their race.

[Correspondent of the "Daily News."

## A LETTER FROM NINGPO.

THE following sketch of Missionary life and proceedings at Ningpo is from a lady's pen, the wife of one of our brethren. We always receive with gratitude such communications: they are valuable and interesting, presenting the labours which are going



JOSS-HOUSE AT NINGPO.

forward in a new light, and giving prominence to those features which are usually touched upon in a cursory manner by the Missionary himself. The letter is dated May 19, 1856.

Owing to our advantageous situation, in the centre of the city, we have many Chinese visitors, both male and female. Though, in general, attracted by curiosity only, an opportunity is afforded for delivering the gospel-message to them; and, in many cases, they leave, without repeating the request to see our house, &c. We have also ready access to most of our neighbours; and though, here and there, a door is shut in our faces, or only half unbarred when we seek admittance, such cases are rare, and we seem to have gained their confidence to as great an extent as we can expect amidst so suspicious a people.

I find no difficulty in obtaining as many children as I can admit to my little day-school. I am obliged to limit the number to something under thirty, as that is as many as my young teacher can well manage. We have quite given up the idea of building a schoolroom, as I find it in every way most convenient to have my little flock in the house; and we are so used to their cheerful voices, that it seems quite lonely if they are absent. It is now seven months since we opened the school, and we are hoping soon to have some help towards its expenses from private friends in England. I trust the little ones are gaining in scriptural knowledge: their answers at the Sabbath-afternoon service, when my husband catechizes them, encourage us to hope that many of them have a thorough knowledge of the leading truths of the gospel. O that it may be applied to their hearts by the power of the Holy Spirit! Of course, there are discouragements in this, as well as in every other branch of labour. I am often grieved at losing my girls when they seemed to be getting on, because their parents find they can earn a trifle more cash than we give them daily; and sometimes they are taken away for still less satisfactory reasons. Still it is a privilege to be permitted to scatter the seed amongst any who come, and we are assured it shall not be in vain.

My teacher, Ah-seen, and Mrs. Cobbold's, go out once a-week together, to talk to the women, and take our respective neighbourhoods alternately. I also go out occasionally with Ah-seen myself, and try to speak a little; but at present I am only very partially understood, and I often feel cast down at the slow progress I make with the language. I study, however, more or less, every day, and am constantly hearing Chinese, and trying to understand it in going amongst the people with my husband. I often think our friends at home would be amused could they witness the preaching-places and audiences which we meet with in heathen lands. My husband adopts the practice very much of speaking wherever he meets with an opportunity, and in China there are always friendly listeners found. Many of these way-side hearers, however, would not, on any account, venture into the chapels. I have often seen only five or six sit down to listen when a chapel has been opened; whilst a crowd of twenty or thirty would be collected at once in the streets.

We feel it a cause of thankfulness that Missionary journeys may be so easily taken into the surrounding cities and villages. My husband was out a good deal in the autumn of last year, and, this spring, has again visited a very populous district in company with Mr. Russell, which promises to be, as far as we can see, an interesting field of labour. One young man,

who first heard the truth from their lips in the autumn, has since been baptized: his case is so interesting a one, that my husband is preparing a statement of it to send to you. I have occasionally accompanied him in his shorter Missionary journeys, but in general we remain at home, as the appearance of a "red-haired wife"—as the Chinese call us—is the signal, in many places, for an endless state of confusion, and, as our catechist says, "The people are all eyes and no ears." Still, we may hope that by and bye, when foreigners are better known amongst them, their extreme curiosity will wear off, and they will better understand our motives in going amongst them. My husband had a pleasing illustration of this latter point during one of his visits to Seen-poh last autumn. On one or more previous occasions he had travelled by boat, in company with brother Missionaries, but on this he crossed the mountain pass on foot, accompanied by one of the native converts. The road was so slippery, that he was glad to exchange his boots for a pair of Chinese straw shoes, but the conclusion arrived at by the people was this, "that the stranger who would take the trouble to come over the hills to preach to them could not have any evil designs against them."

We have been greatly enjoying the bracing cold of the winter season, and the weather still admits of travelling, and out-of-door work, which of course can only be carried on to a limited extent during the extreme heat. We hope, however, to remain at Ningpo, as we did last summer, and thus to avoid the breaking-up of our ordinary routine of labour. My husband suffered a good deal from ague during the spring, but has been mercifully spared any serious attacks of remittent fever. Indeed, all the Missions here have great cause for thankfulness, that, with only one or two exceptions, all have enjoyed a large measure of health for many months past. The Society's publications, which we receive from time to time, are most interesting; and our thoughts were much with you at the commencement of the present month. It is very cheering to hear of the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom in our own and other lands, and very sweet to feel that we are helped by the prayers of so many who love the Lord Jesus Christ.

Our Frontispiece represents the great joss-house at Ningpo, one of the finest in China. The pillars supporting the porch are of stone. The two lions in the courtyard are carved out of a purple marble. In the centre is an immense brazen vase. The whole of the vast building is as gorgeous as carving, coloured porcelain, and gilding can make it.

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#### AGO, IN THE YORUBA COUNTRY.

THE King of Yoruba, who resides at Ago, one of the chief towns of the Yoruba country, lying about sixty miles north of Abeokuta, had complained that while the white people were establishing themselves in so many places in his country, they avoided him and his town. Our Missionary, the Rev. D. Hinderer, at Ibadan, resolved, therefore, on a visit to the king, which he was enabled to accomplish in January last; and his account of his journey and reception will, we think, interest our readers.

On Tuesday the 15th I left Ibadan, and reached Ijaye, spending the next day very pleasantly with brother Mann, and on the 17th went on my way to Ago Oja. The road lay through grass fields, and was rather monotonous; and, from the parched ground at the season, all had a barren appearance. About two o'clock I halted outside the wall to wash and refresh myself, and sent a messenger forward, who quickly returned with another from the king, to say I must enter at once. A lodging was prepared for me, on reaching which I had to appear before the king for a public reception, all the principal men being assembled for the purpose in the king's court-yard. He inquired after my welfare, the reason of my visit, if the Queen was well, and her people have peace, &c.; to all which I replied briefly. He then asked me if I had more to say now. I said, "Yes, very much; so that I fear we cannot finish this evening." Ten heads of cowries and a sheep were then presented to me, after which I was dismissed. The place of reception well deserves the name of a king's residence, and the building surpasses any thing I have ever seen in this country. It is a square of 100 yards by 150, with a range of buildings very neat, and rendered almost elegant by the six towers at equal distances, resting upon pillars of wood. In the most central one sat the king—his courtiers, servants, and principal men of the town outside, forming two lines on each side of six rows deep, leaving a space between the two lines of about fifteen yards long and three wide. In the centre of this I was seated, with my interpreter and the king's. There was quite European military order—profound silence when the king or I spoke—prostration from the people after each message of the king, with a sort of "God save the king!" followed by the blowing of four trumpets and two fifes.

The king was dressed in white from head to foot, with a red canopy over his head. He was most easy and free, and spoke through his interpreter so loud, and always turning to me, that I could understand all he said. The greatest sobriety was observed on all sides, except sometimes one of the servants, after a good speech, in his eagerness to honour the king, ran out to put dust on his head, and managed to stumble and tumble about very awkwardly.

In the evening the king sent to ask me if I had any private word to tell him. I said, none that I knew of; but if he would favour me with a private interview, I would then relate all I have to say, and he would be able to judge what was private, or if I might say all in public. This pleased him, and I was called the same evening, or rather night, into his presence. It was in the same court. I was desired to begin my conversation, and related, as briefly as I could, what God, through English people, by the suppression of the slave-trade on the coast, and the introduction of the gospel, has done for his country, and still is doing; and that God will not cease with His goodness and His almighty power to work, until He had finished all the good He had in His heart to do. After I had finished all I had to say, the king spoke to this effect—As for this message, he was very much rejoiced: it was as if all the good things had at last waited for him. There was a time when nobody knew who was king in the country, but now there was only one king in Yoruba. Through Ibadan's interference, not only Are, and smaller towns of Yoruba, but even Ilorin, now serve him. It was hard to him to express his joy at this fresh



message of peace—he was ready to weep for joy. Then, turning the subject to the English, he said he could not thank the Queen and her people; “but God will thank them, for they do bless us, and surely God will bless them for it.” It was now my turn to thank him for his good word; and I added, “Here am I, sent by the same people, and by my European friends in the country, to ask the king if he wants to receive an European teacher of the word of God in his capital, and to encourage his people to receive the word? If so, they will send him one as soon as God shall enable them to do so.” About the reception of such an one there was no question, and, he added, the sooner the better.

On the same occasion I produced my presents, consisting of a fine silk and velvet patchwork gown, made by some kind ladies, and sent through the Rev. J. H. Smith, of Leamington. The kind givers will be gratified by knowing that it was made available for the introduction of the gospel into a new place. A cushion of similar workmanship, from the Rev. C. Hodgson, and a looking-glass from my companion in Ibadan, Mr. Hoch, completed my offerings, for which the king thanked me again and again, and was evidently much pleased with them. Lights were ordered for seeing the presents; but we afterwards, as before, sat and talked in the beautiful moonshine. I went home with a thankful heart, having seen another step made for the advancement of my Saviour's kingdom in this country.

*Jan. 19*—This evening the king called me again. After I was seated before him there was a pause, and I thought something serious was coming, but was soon relieved by the king telling me he had only called me to see me again, and hear me talk more about my country, &c. He saw me restless with my legs—the fact was, I did not know what to do with them—so he said, “Stretch out your legs any way you like, and make yourself quite comfortable.” It was altogether a most free and easy sitting together. I told him about railways, farms and farmers, in Europe, &c.; and ended with what could be made of his country's productive soil. Nothing more was wanted than that peace should be established, and the people be rightly instructed, both which could only be effected by the word of God being taught and known. On this occasion I urged strongly the necessity of his protecting from persecution all such as wished to receive and follow the word of God. His answer was, “That is not hard: am not I king? let only the European come.”

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

#### RUPERT'S LAND.

THE growth of our Missionary work in Rupert's Land is very encouraging. Twenty-five years back, and we were just beginning to break forth from the old ground first occupied in 1822 at the Red River. Now there are four grand centres, each with dependent stations and numerous out-stations, some of which, perhaps the remotest and feeblest of them at present, will become, in due time, parent stations themselves. These centres are, 1st, Red River,

immediately to the south of the great Lake Winnipeg; 2dly, Cumberland, a little removed from the north-west corner of the same lake; 3dly, Moose Fort, to the south of James' Bay, the name given to the most southerly extension of the great Hudson's Bay; and, 4thly, York Factory, on the western shore of the same bay; and the port of entrance from England to Red River.

It would be tedious to mention the names of the different stations which connect with each. One of the most important is Islington, on the river route from Lake Winnipeg to James' Bay, from whence light may be extended over the districts that extend towards the Canadian frontier; and the Nepowewin, on the great River Saskatchewan, which flows into Lake Winnipeg from the north-west. It is from this point, and from Fort Pelly, lying between the Nepowewin and the Red River, that we hope to reach the more numerous Indian tribes, called the Plain Indians, who roam over the vast plains which extend to the south and south-west, as far as the American frontier and the Rocky Mountains. There the Indians retain somewhat of the strength of former days, before broken by the white man's power; and there they are to be found in all the wild savagery of their native state, hunting the buffalo and warring against each other. The Bishop of Rupert's Land, in a letter written in June last, mentions some particulars respecting that Mission-field which will interest our readers.

Last week, on the anniversary of my own consecration—May 29—I held my third visitation of the clergy. Archdeacon Hunter gave us a very admirable sermon from Ecclesiastes v.—“In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand;” after which I delivered my charge. I hope to bring it home with me, and to commit it to the press soon after my arrival. It was rather singular that a large body of Plain Indians should have come to the Red River at the very time. The day after my visitation they came to pay me a visit, to the number of nearly 200. We had held, in the morning, the meeting of the Corresponding Committee, so the clergy were still with me. They arrived in the afternoon, some on horseback, some in carts, some on foot, and, after firing off a quantity of gunpowder as they approached, they took up their place in two semicircles on the lawn. We had a long conference; many addresses on either side: Archdeacon Cockran beseeching them, in very pointed words, to give up the pursuit of war and their roaming life, and to settle down. Archdeacon Hunter then addressed them in their own language, and afterwards, at my request, offered up a prayer in Cree. We gave them some bags of flour and a bag of pemmican, and a few special presents to the four chiefs. It will, I think, be productive of good, and tend to break up their customs and prejudices. One of the chiefs, who has been long under training, has since been baptized by me: he is the chief of the Portage la Prairie Indians; and in baptizing him I selected the name of our excellent President, baptizing him Henry Pelham, and his son John Pelham, after the Rev. J. T. Pelham of St. Marylebone. Our own chief, Pigwys, happened to be present at the time, and, after the baptism was over, gave him an excellent address,

beseeching him to pray to God, to lead a new life, and to beware of the other Indians, who might endeavour to draw him off from God.

The Canada mail brought me (through the arrival of Sir G. Simpson) intelligence from Moose and Fort George. It brought fresh proof of the zeal and activity of Mr. Horden. Since my own visit, or in the course of less than six months, he had carried through the press a kalendar for the Indians, with a text of Scripture for each day; also a Hymn-book, with fifty hymns, for public worship. The two little works are beautifully printed in the syllabic character: the very sight of them filled me with joy. Mr. Watkins is going on well, but still feels the extreme difficulties of his position from its loneliness.

The bishop also mentions the prospect of the New Testament being translated into the language of the Chepewyans, an Indian nation lying to the north of our present labours at Cumberland. We are at present in communication with them from the Rev. R. Hunt's station on the English river, considerably to the north-west of Cumberland.

Thus, in various directions, this Mission is extending itself. May God's blessing continue richly to rest upon it! The destitution of man there and elsewhere is vast, heart-rending. The gospel can alone relieve it. May the gracious Lord accelerate its progress!

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"COME TO ME."

"Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

WITH tearful eyes I look around :  
 Life seems a dark and stormy sea,  
 Yet, 'midst the gloom, I hear a sound,  
 A heavenly whisper—"Come to me."  
 It tells me of a place of rest—  
 It tells me where my soul may flee.  
 Oh, to the weary, faint, oppressed,  
 How sweet the bidding—"Come to me."  
 When nature shudders, loth to part  
 From all I love, enjoy, and see;  
 When a faint chill steals o'er my heart,  
 A sweet voice utters—"Come to me."  
 Come, for all else must fail and die;  
 Earth is no resting place for thee;  
 Heav'nward direct thy weeping eye;  
 I am thy portion—"Come to me."  
 O voice of mercy! voice of love!  
 In conflict, grief, and agony,  
 Support me, cheer me, from above,  
 And gently whisper—"Come to me."

ANON.

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# AMERICAN NOTICE OF CHURCH MISSIONARY LABOURS IN TINNEVELLY.

THE following letter appeared in the "Journal of Missions" for July, published by the American Board. It is a pleasing expression of that large and comprehensive spirit, on the increase, we believe, amongst the people of God, which leads them to look beyond the spheres of action in which they are severally engaged, to that which is being done by others for the glory of Christ, and the salvation of sinners, and to take pleasure in them, as if they were their own. May the Lord increase that spirit largely, and purify Christian churches throughout the world from that narrow and exclusive spirit, which leads men to disparage every thing which is not done by themselves or the section to which they belong. The letter is addressed to the Editor of the "Journal of Missions."

I noticed in the "Journal of Missions" for January an account of three Missionaries of the Church Missionary Society, Rev. Messrs. Ragland, Fenn, and Meadows, who have devoted themselves to the work of itinerant preaching among the heathen in the northern part of the Tinnevelly field. It may interest the readers of your paper to know that these good men are still prosecuting their labours, and are very happy in their work.

On the 20th of March, while on a tour, in company with the Rev. Mr. Herrick of this station, I had the happiness of meeting two of these gentlemen at Virduputty, a very large town, where we had gone to transfer two village congregations in the vicinity to the care of the Rev. Mr. Whitchurch, a Missionary belonging to the Tinnevelly Church Mission; it being thought that the interests of the Redeemer's kingdom would, on the whole, be best promoted by this measure. On the evening of the 19th, after riding for some time in the darkness and rain, we stopped at the government rest-house at Virduputty, and found that Mr. Whitchurch was awaiting our arrival. The next morning Messrs. Ragland and Fenn came in from their tents, some five or six miles distant, and we had the pleasure of Christian and social intercourse with them for a little season. It was good to see their deep interest in the natives and in the Missionary work, and to behold, as it were, the warmth of a Saviour's love glowing in their countenances. It was animating, also, to listen to their edifying, Christian conversation, and to join in their prayers.

As yet they have met with no very great success, though two or three congregations have been gathered, or are now in a forming state. A few persons have also been baptized. They experience some opposition from Brahmins and others; and, in one case, stones were thrown, by which Mr. Ragland's pith hat was broken, though he was not much injured.

It is a most interesting and encouraging fact, that men of the highest cultivation and most devoted piety give themselves wholly to this work of direct preaching to the ignorant, debased heathen, willing and happy to "wander about," not, indeed, "in sheep-skins and goat-skins," but

truly "sojourners in a strange country, dwelling in tabernacles." May God increase the number of such labourers a thousand fold!

*Tirunungalum, April 5, 1856.*

T. S. B.

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SAU QUALA.

(Continued from p. 106.)

THE history of this convert is so interwoven with the progress of the Karen Mission, that in tracing the one we become insensibly acquainted with the leading facts of the other. Various responsibilities demanded the attention of the Missionaries: first, the translation of the Holy Scriptures into the Karen language; then the education of promising natives as assistant agents in the work of evangelization amongst their countrymen; and, as the congregations increased, the providing of native pastors, by whom, under the superintendence of the European Missionaries, the infant churches might be cared for and sustained. Of the usefulness of Sau Quala in these labours Mr. Mason thus speaks—

Sau Quala is the assistant that has been writing by my side every rains for eight or ten years; and he has been the almost constant companion of my travels ever since I entered the Mission. With him I first began the study of the Karen language; and with him I commenced the translation of the New Testament, and he has continued with me throughout the work. Besides copying for me, I have constantly consulted him, as I went along, for words, their signification, and their construction, precisely as, in cultivated languages, a student consults his dictionaries and grammars. While I have thus been gathering knowledge from him, I have not been unmindful of imparting knowledge to him. I have often thought that, could I leave him, when my labours close on earth, an able minister of the New Testament, I should not have laboured in vain; and latterly I have indulged the pleasing hope that God would more than fulfil my desire, and make him a useful minister even while I live. Formerly his mind was exceedingly obtuse, as are the minds of uncultivated people generally, and utterly unable to make any rational distinction between words and things that differed; but he now possesses, comparatively, quite a discriminating mind, and I am sometimes surprised at the nice distinctions that he occasionally points out as existing between the significations of words. I do not suppose there is any one of his nation who can make any approach to him in the matter of judicious criticism on Karen composition. This is saying nothing to the disparagement of any one else; for no other has had the same years of discipline that he has had. He has, however, acquired something more valuable than a knowledge of criticism: he has obtained a very tolerable knowledge of the principal parts of the New Testament, and of the sentiments of the Scriptures in general. He has copied all my translations at least twice, and I have always told him to ask questions about any thing he did not understand. It very often happens, too, that, to get at the exact word for a passage I am

translating, I have to explain it to him in various language, in order that he may distinctly apprehend the precise idea, and thus give me the proper word, if any such exists in the language. In this way much truth has been imparted in a far more effectual way than in that of direct teaching. Furthermore, he is "apt to teach," and a very good preacher. When in the jungles, he is continually engaged in informal preaching from house to house and by the wayside; and I often set him to preach at evening meetings, when I have an opportunity to hear his more regular productions; and he frequently gives an exposition of a passage of Scripture, of which an educated man in America would not be ashamed.

The Burmese government, untaught by the experience of the past, continued its hostility to the Missionaries and their work; so much so, that the visits of the European Missionary to the Karens who lay within the Burmese frontier were found to be impracticable. To supply this deficiency, it was thought desirable to ordain some of the native helpers, who might be able, undetected by the Burmese officials, to itinerate amongst their countrymen, and instruct them. In the year 1842 the first ordination took place, and two of the assistants were set apart for this arduous work—arduous indeed, as will appear from their own account of it. One of them, Sau Le, thus describes what they had to endure—

I wish to say to my brethren who dwell in the land of the foreigners, that we, who reside under the Burmese government, have many obstacles to overcome, and numerous difficulties with which to contend, in order to preach the gospel. We can hardly go to preach where we may wish to go. It is exceedingly difficult. I went recently with a companion to preach in a certain village. Night overtook us before we could reach the place of our destination, and we got up into a tree to pass the night. It came on to rain and to blow dreadfully, and we were afraid of tigers and wild elephants, for we were in a desolate forest. [A tree is no certain security against wild beasts. The leopard, as large as an ordinary-sized calf, is in the constant habit of ascending the trunks of large trees in search of his prey; and the Karens think, but probably erroneously, that the tiger has the same habit. A Maulmein Christian told me that he was travelling on one occasion, before his conversion, as this assistant was, with a single associate; and when they were overtaken in the darkness, they made little bamboo platforms, on which to sleep during the night, in the branches of a large tree, one on a lower main branch, and the other on an upper large branch. During the night the man on the lower branch was awakened by what he thought to be a tiger, but it was probably a leopard, creeping up the body of the tree above him. It had passed his branch, and was climbing up to where the other man slept. He called out: the man answered, and the leopard was still: not a claw moved. But the sleeping man could not rouse himself, and in a few seconds the leopard rushed up, seized the man in his sleep, and, jumping down with him, devoured him at the foot of the tree, regardless of all the noise the narrator could make above him. Our native preachers, travelling in small companies, are exposed to greater dangers from wild beasts than most people are aware. During my



residence in Tavoy, no fewer than three of our Karen assistants, who had been in my theological classes, were devoured by tigers. These dangers they never shrink from encountering; and though Sau Le escaped that dreary night, yet they fell next evening among men as savage as the beasts of the forest.]

When the day dawned we continued our journey, and reached a Burman village where we preached. The Karen village for which we had started was near; but we found the Burmese on the way were engaged in warfare with each other, and it was not possible to pass through them; so we had to return the way we came. However, we turned aside towards another village. Darkness overtook us at the monastery of a Buddhist priest, so we went up there to pass the night. [They are the caravanseries of Burmah, where travellers are always allowed to stay.] After eating supper, and when we were about to lie down to sleep, we thought that, before going to rest, we ought to preach to the priest. So I drew near him; but when I had uttered one or two sentences, and he discovered we were Christians, he seized a cudgel, rushed at us, and drove us away in the dark. After this, some evil-minded persons informed the governor that I was going about preaching; so he sent his officers to seize me, who took me to Rangoon, and threw me into the stable of the prison, where my feet were put in the stocks, and then drawn up, so that I could neither sit nor lie; and in this painful position I had to remain all night. Then it was the cold season, and they stripped me of all my clothes, giving me nothing but a little dirty rag, so that I suffered much from the cold; and they gave me nothing to eat, though I was very hungry, and no water to drink, though I was exceedingly thirsty. The next day they brought me before the governor, hung me up by the heels in the Court-house in the presence of the people, while a spotted-faced executioner stood over me with a cane, to beat me till I gave up the names of all the Karen Christians. I committed myself to God, prayed to Him in my heart without intermission, and He so sustained me that I did not feel afraid, but resolved to suffer and die, if necessary, rather than betray a single individual. I knew that if I told them of all the Christians, they would all be persecuted, and I thought it were better for me to suffer alone than that they all should. If I died I should die one only. So when they demanded, "How many have become disciples of Jesus Christ?" I replied, "I am not able to say. Should I mention this one or that one, perhaps he would not prove to be a true disciple. I cannot tell you. You may take two stones and beat me to atoms, with one on the top of the other, if you like, but I cannot give you the names of those who worship Jesus Christ. Perhaps I should tell you wrong, and then God might hold me guilty." These examinations were repeated for several days; but on the eighth day I was dismissed, on the condition that I should pay a fine of 500 rupees, which I did.

I was put in jail again for continuing my preaching, where I was detained seven days, but was set at liberty by paying a fine of two hundred rupees. After the second imprisonment, my mother tried to stop me from preaching any more, but I would not listen to her. I remembered that Christians anciently suffered exceedingly for the name of Christ, yet they remained steadfast; so I have continued preaching with undiminished

zeal. Brethren, pray for us, that every thing which hinders the preaching of the gospel may be removed, and that it may be with us as with you.

Such are the trials which these faithful men have to endure. Sau Quala was not one of these, his sphere of labour lying within the Tenasserim provinces, and under British jurisdiction.

LUKE XXI. 1—4.

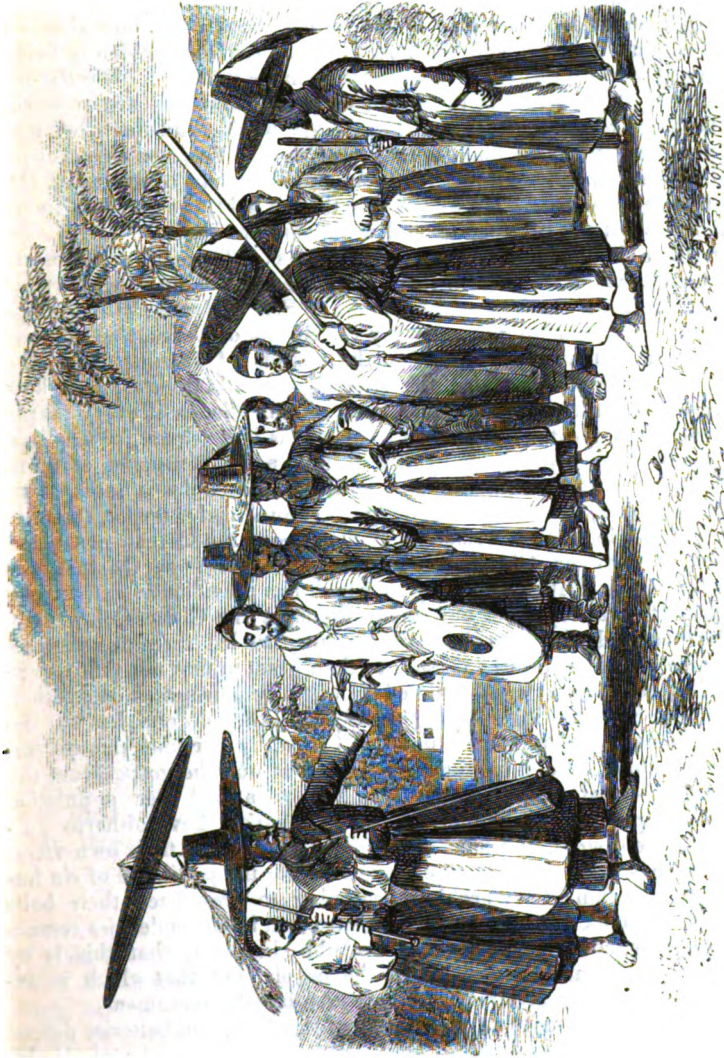
IN a suburban church, within eight miles of the great metropolis, a sermon, having reference to the great duty of Christian Missions, was preached on Sunday morning, September 14, 1856, preparatory to a Missionary meeting on the next evening. One there was present who felt the appeal—a poor widow in the congregation. She did not act at once, but thought and prayed. The meeting was held, and a collection made. Still she waited. A few days after, she came privately to her pastor, and told him what was in her heart. She had been strongly moved as she heard of the wants of millions, and desired to do something, that they also, with her, might have the gospel. She had known better days, but was now poor; and all that remained to her of her former prosperity consisted of two old guineas. One of these she wished to give to the Missionary cause; and she has done so, humbly and unobtrusively, with the request that her name might not be mentioned. Liberality this indeed, out of deep poverty! With two guineas only, she gives one! How many, who have thousands, who have never given so much, or think they have discharged all claims if they contribute a single sovereign during the course of the year! Shall not this guinea rise up as a testimony against those who, with large means, want what the widow had, the large heart; large, because opened by the grace of God to understand and embrace the love of Jesus?

NO BIBLE FOR THIBET.

IF there were a version of the Scriptures in the language of Thibet, thousands of volumes might annually be sent into the interior of Asia, from five different points along the immense frontier of British India. There have been strange hindrances in the way of this translation. It was supposed at one time that it was contemplated by the American Bible Society; but if so, the plan was never carried into effect. A similar project was entertained by the English Church Missionary Society in the year 1815; but just as the Missionary, who had devoted himself, for that purpose, to the acquisition of the language, was entering the work, he was cut off by death. His successor, labouring on the border of Bhotan, fell a victim to the climate, and, two years later, the British officer who originated the Mission died also. Dr. Carey saw the importance of the version into a tongue so widely spoken and read, not only all over Thibet, but by the Lamas in Mongolia; but his knowledge of the language was slight, and he did not feel warranted to add it to his other acquisitions. From the graves of these Missionaries, and from all that populous region, the cry still comes up—"No Bible for Thibet."—*Baptist Reporter*.

THE QUELPARTIANS.

IN our Frontispiece our readers will perceive a singular-looking group of people ; and when they read the name, " Quelpartians," some, perhaps, will at once exclaim, " Quelpartians ! what part of the world do they come from ? We never heard of them before." That, very probably, is the case ; but, what is more disastrous to the poor Quelpartians, they have



QUELPARTIANS.

never heard of the name of Jesus, and they are only one of many tribes and nations who are in like painful circumstances. It is this which we wish our readers to remember, and therefore it is that we introduce from time to time—not, we fear, as frequently as we ought—notices of tribes, whose very names numbers of well-informed persons are wholly ignorant of. It is well to be reminded of them, because we owe a debt to all men who are without the gospel, and it is necessary that we should be reminded how vast that debt is. “There is one thing needful.” Shall we not communicate the knowledge of this one needful thing, without which man must perish? But how little has been done, how slow we are in our movements; and yet how often, in the little which is being done, we absolutely forget the much that remains undone! We fix our attention on those parts of the world where Missionaries are at work. That becomes too frequently our Missionary world, and the tribes that lie beyond are to us as though they were not. Yet, are they not included in the “every creature” to whom the Lord has commanded His Gospel to be preached? Do we not owe them a debt, the first instalment of which has not yet been paid? and when shall we begin?

But where is the home of the Quelpartians? There is a peninsula, called Corea, which, jutting forth from the coast of Manchow Tartary, interposes between the Yellow Sea and the Sea of Japan, so that ships must pass from one to the other by the Straits of Corea, the channel which separates that peninsula from the islands of Japan. The king of Corea might well be styled the sovereign of 10,000 isles, the whole western coast of the peninsula being studded with islands of every shape. The largest and most southern of these islands is Quelpart, or Guilpat. It is about thirty miles long by fifteen in breadth, composed of numberless hills of various shapes and forms. It occupies a most commanding position, fitted to render it a great commercial *entrepôt*, standing off, as it does, in a south-westerly direction from the Corean coast, and intermediate between China and Japan. But the poor Quelpartians share largely in that exclusive spirit which has prevailed so extensively in that particular region of our earth—amongst the Chinese, Japanese, and Coreans, and which, to their great injury, has led them to refuse all intercourse with Europeans: we say, to their great injury, not that we are unmindful of the great evils inflicted by ungodly Europeans on heathen nations, but because, in adopting this system, they do not shut out the evil, while they do shut out the good. China, by pursuing this system, did not shut out the opium; but she has shut out the gospel from the vast interior—that gospel which would have armed her population against the opium and its seductions. The Japanese have hitherto pursued the same system, and have shut themselves in with their own vices. The house has been closed to the foreigner; but the pestilence of sin has been raging within. They are just beginning to draw back their bolts and bars, and look out upon us. But Corea and its dependencies remain inhospitably exclusive. It is very probable, however, that this is by no means the natural disposition of the people, but that which is enforced on them by an arbitrary and narrow-minded government.

At Quelpart forts crown the summits of the hills, and batteries defend the landing-places; and when, some few years back, one of H. M. ships visited the island, lights were kindled up every evening, and an-

answered one another with astonishing rapidity. The principal town is on the western side of the island: it is surrounded with thick walls, in a square form, with parapets, batteries, and embrasures.

The inhabitants are described as by no means prepossessing in their appearance, rude in their manners, and in their habits gross. They have the Tartar high cheek-bone and elongated eye. The crown of the head is closely shaved, leaving a circle, on which the hair is suffered to grow long, and is tied in a knot on the top of the skull. To keep this in its proper place, a net-work of horsehair is fastened round the forehead. Their hats are truly grotesque, the brim being about four feet wide, the crown resembling a sugar loaf with the top cut off, and so very small in diameter as to admit the top-knot of hair and nothing more. All ranks wear hats after the same form; the difference between the poor and rich consists in the materials, the one using felt, the other horsehair. As the broad brim must necessarily render these hats very susceptible of the action of the wind, and the top-knot within is not sufficiently tenacious of its hold to retain them on the head when a sudden gust comes, the mandarins secure them by strings of amber beads passed under the chin. As with the hats, so with the outer garment, a like fashion as to form pervades all classes: it resembles a long pinafore, slit up in front, behind, and at the two sides, with long and wide sleeves.

When the late Rev. C. Gutzlaff visited Corea, in 1832, he found that the people of that peninsula could read the Chinese character, and that, although differently pronounced, it conveyed to them the same meaning as to the Chinese. He put into circulation among them many copies of the Chinese Scriptures. The Romanists, in their "Missionary Magazine," detail many martyrdoms in Corea of natives who, having embraced that corrupt form of Christianity, had suffered death, rather than renounce it, at the hands of the Corean authorities. In their accounts of these, which they publish from time to time, they disagree with Mr. Gutzlaff as to the Chinese character, which they say differs very much from the Corean; while, on the other hand, Mr. Gutzlaff doubts the accuracy of these narratives of Corean martyrs. He and his companions were amongst these people for a month, and could not discover any trace of Christian knowledge or profession. At the conclusion of his account we find the following words—"We passed many islands, of every imaginable shape. The most southern Quelpoert is a charming spot. It is well cultivated, and so conveniently situated, that, if a factory was established, there we might trade with the greatest ease to Japan, Corea, Mantchow Tartary, and China. But if this is not done, could not such an island become a Missionary station. . . . One thing is true, these islands are not inaccessible to Christianity."

AGO, IN THE YORUBA COUNTRY.

(Concluded from p. 113.)

Jan. 26—Five days ago the so-called annual customs commenced. This is the time when the subjects have to pay personal homage to the king, besides paying their annual tribute. They have at this time to cut grass of a particular kind, which is very durable for roofs, and is used for the king's buildings, which consist not only of the palace but of

several other compounds. During the year's cutting days, his servants and principal men keep awake with the king, and the nights are spent, in rejoicing with him that he has been spared another year, in feasting and playing. On the last day, when the grass has been brought in, the bashorun, who is the head of the business, takes a bunch of lighter grass into the grass field, which is a sign that the time is come when every one may burn the field ready to make farms, there being at the same time a strong harmatan wind blowing. This general burning all round the town, the heat and dust were intolerable, and it was in vain to attempt going out for any thing. On this day the king comes out, never being seen out any other day in the whole year. He begged me to be present; and as there was no heathen rite going on, I gladly complied with his request, and well worth seeing it was, for a thing of the kind. The king was seated in one of the before-mentioned towers, concealed by a rich scarlet velvet curtain. In the front one was a window of white silk net work, which looked very elegant at a distance. I was called at half-past ten A.M. The court yard was already crowded with spectators, but every thing arranged in such beautiful order, by the sort of police force, that no one or any thing seemed out of place. On the sides of the court yard were gathered the immense crowd, but leaving a path or road of eight yards wide from the entrance gate, to the tower. All round the tower were his chief attendants, and many of his wives sitting, sixteen of whom, called queens, were distinguished by rich silk coverings, and with white caps, which reminded one of nuns; and at each side between them and the crowd were four immense state umbrellas constantly twirling in readiness for the king. I had my camp-stool not far from the tower, in the place appointed me. After a short time the front curtain was drawn up, and there sat the king on his throne, which was much decorated with rich coloured velvet, and over his head a red canopy. His majesty was dressed in scarlet and black silk velvet, with a crown of scarlet net work, round which strings of beads were suspended, which concealed his face. And now the salutations commenced. First came the representatives of Are, of Ijaye, who is the king's general; then twelve warriors of his own, called Igbooka; then the representatives of the Mahommedans, among whom was the most venerable-looking old man I have ever seen in Africa; and last some heathen priests. The first sentence of the salutation was a sort of "God save the king!" and then congratulating him on arriving at a period when peace commences; "but," added his own warriors and those of Are, "if war arises in one corner of the country here we are!" To me there was something of solemnity in it, though it was all carried on with a pleasant cheerfulness. After this, about twenty huge pots of cooked beef were brought, and placed in the centre of the wide pathway; about the same number of baskets of eko, a country food prepared of Indian corn; and so many pots of country beer; and then followed rather a ludicrous scene, in the dividing of the spoil. The head war drummer came first, and in a sort of stealthy manner examined the good things, and then he chose the meal pot: he took out a piece of the beef and gave it a bite, which was a sign that that was for him and his party; and by his followers it was put on one side for the purpose, and so with a basket of eko, and some of the beer

pots. The next was one of the twelve warriors, who are considered the greatest and cleverest robbers in the war, and really acted a robbery, coming just like a fox stealing through the crowd, with a little boy under his cloth to help him to take away what he should choose. It was so cleverly done one could not help laughing. After that came others for their share, and then the fragments were scrambled for by boys, &c. Soon after this the king walked down his court yard under the huge umbrella till he disappeared in some private apartment, and so all ended, and the crowd dispersed.

The king, through his beads, kept looking at me, and seemed mightily gratified that I was there.

As the result of this visit, the king gave to Mr. Hinderer an extensive piece of ground, within the wall, on which a station might be commenced; and as Mr. Hinderer promised to write for an European Missionary for Ago, he added a convenient native compound, near the palace, for the use of the white man when he should come. Meanwhile a native Christian visitor has been left there. How many the opportunities of doing good—how few the labourers to take advantage of them!

~~~~~ "I WILL SAVE THY CHILDREN."

At a Meeting of the Committee of the Church Missionary Society on the 10th of October, the Rev. T. Green, incumbent of Friezland, near Manchester, related a very interesting anecdote.

Some months ago, at the request of the Committee, Mr. Green took charge of a baptized Burmese youth, William Shwey Too, who had found his way to London in the hope of obtaining such full instruction as might qualify him for teaching his countrymen in Burmah. A short time since, two of Mr. Green's children fell into the water, just where the deep gorge of a large reservoir led the stream under a mill wheel. William, from early habits an expert swimmer, plunged in and rescued the two little girls from their perilous position. In relating the circumstances Mr. Green happily said—"Obededom, the Gittite, welcomed the ark of God into his house; and the Lord blessed Obededom and all his household. I welcomed the Missionary cause into my heart and house; and the Lord has blessed me and my house. But for this, two out of the three dear children the Lord has given me would have been in their graves."

"Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares."

~~~~~ IDOL PROCESSION AT NINGPO.

Our account of this scene is taken from the letter of May 19, 1856, from the wife of one of our Missionaries, referred to in our last Number—

A great idol procession has occupied the attention of the inhabitants of Ningpo almost exclusively for several days past, as well as attracted many strangers from various parts. It takes place annually, and this "Way," as it is called, is designed to propitiate the "god of the plague." As the Chinese have a greater dread of

this Busah than any other, the decorations and arrangements for his festival are on an unusually gorgeous scale. It would be useless to attempt to describe, even had we seen them, all the flowery devices and gay spectacles which this procession affords, in the shape of flags, lanterns, palankins, dressed-up figures, &c.; but the principal and sad part of the whole is the carrying under canopies of the five gods representing the five Chinese elements—metal, wood, water, fire, and earth. The first is painted white, the second dark green, the third black, the fourth red, and the fifth yellow. All these are supposed to have the control of this most dreaded of all diseases, the plague. This festival is continued for four days, and, starting from different points, the procession traverses various quarters of the city. Heavy rain providentially prevented its continuation on Sunday, but on Monday last our immediate neighbourhood was one constant scene of excitement and confusion, as the Chinese military exercising ground, on the borders of which our house stands, was the place of meeting. The sound of gongs and Chinese music, from morning till night, was almost deafening. Close to our back wall stages were erected for the display of theatrical performances; and as we were sitting quietly in the evening we heard such a sudden and confused noise, that our old teacher remarked, with characteristic Chinese coolness, “probably a stage had come down, and precipitated the people into the canal.” This, however, happily proved not to be the case. The disturbance was created by some pickpockets getting into the crowd, and secretly cutting the cords which fastened some elevated seats on which one or more women were seated, causing their occupants to fall, and thus affording an opportunity to the thieves to rob them of their armlets, the gold pins in their hair, and other valuables. This put an end, however, to the evening’s amusement. We have since learned that the sufferers were members of a very rich family, upon whom I called some time ago, with my female teacher, as neighbours; that they were the chief promoters of the theatrical entertainment; and that it was the heads of this family, two brothers, who called upon my husband last week to request him to subscribe towards the affair! My husband’s challenge to them to prove to him the benefit likely to result from such an expenditure of money, saved him the trouble of any further refusal. They confessed that it was all a vain and empty thing; and afterwards listened quietly whilst he endeavoured to bring the truth before them. I ought to have added, when speaking of the carrying of the five idols in procession, that the women and children were howing, with clasped hands, on all sides, as they passed, as an act of worship. We are rejoiced, on all accounts, that the “way” is over for this year. My children, many of whom were kept away from school while it lasted, are now assembling again as usual, in satisfactory numbers.

The old teacher, to whom I alluded above, was with my husband during nearly the whole of his former residence in China, and has lived in our house since we came. He is a truly trustworthy old man, and one to whom we feel really attached, and long greatly for his conversion. He is thoroughly conscientious, and seems to have a real liking for the truth. We know that he reads his Bible; but the one thing he cannot give up is ancestral worship, one of the great hindrances in China, and specially so in such cases as that of Loh Seen-sang (the teacher’s name),

a descendant of a highly respectable family, some of whom have held public offices in the country. We feel, however, that we can pray much for him; and with our God all things are possible.

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SPEAK GENTLY.

SPEAK gently : it is better far  
To rule by love than fear.  
Speak gently : let no harsh words mar  
The good we might do here.

Speak gently : love doth whisper low  
The vows that true hearts bind;  
And gently friendship's accents flow—  
Affection's voice is kind.

Speak gently to the little child,  
It's love be sure to gain;  
Teach it in accents soft and mild—  
It may not long remain.

Speak gently to the young, for they  
Will have enough to bear;  
Pass through this life as best they may,  
'Tis full of anxious care.

Speak gently to the aged one,  
Grieve not the careworn heart :  
The sands of life are nearly run—  
Let such in peace depart.

Speak gently, kindly, to the poor—  
Let no harsh tone be heard :  
They have enough they must endure,  
Without an unkind word.

Speak gently to the erring : know  
They must have toiled in vain :  
Perchance unkindness made them so.  
Oh, win them back again.

Speak gently : He who gave His life  
To bend man's stubborn will,  
When elements were fierce with strife  
Said to them, "Peace, be still."

Speak gently : 't is a little thing  
Dropped in the heart's deep well :  
The good, the joy, which it may bring  
Eternity shall tell.

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HEART-STIRRINGS AT ABBEOKUTA.

WE have been perusing some journals, which have recently reached us from Abbeokuta, and we should like to convey to our readers, in a few words, the nature of the intelligence which they convey to us. There are no large accessions of numbers, no sudden movements among the people: but the word of God is telling powerfully on individuals; and one here, and another there, are led to cast away their idols, and join themselves to the Christian flock. Persecution is not wanting, of a

domestic character, or sometimes from the ogboni of the district in which the inquirer lives—very harassing, yet checked and kept in bounds by the superior authority of the king, who only interferes to prevent extremes. It is thus overruled for good, and becomes a wholesome test of our converts' sincerity. In the earlier part of the year the small-pox was very prevalent in Abbeokuta. The natives have been accustomed to regard this contagious disease as a deity, and reverence it, accordingly, with an adoration profound as the dread which they entertain of it. Two young men, notwithstanding the opposition of their friends, had placed themselves under Christian instruction, and became candidates for baptism. They were attacked with the disease, but declined, in their affliction, the attendance of their mothers, unless they solemnly promised to abstain from all idolatrous practices. Maternal affection proved stronger than superstitious fears, and the mothers consented, and were soon found at the side of the sufferers. Finding, after a few days, that, by the use of simple medicines, without any sacrifices to idols, their sons were recovered, they opened their ears to the advice and persuasions of their children and other converts, as to the great folly of worshipping and adoring a disease. Soon after, they became regular attendants on the means of grace, and candidates for baptism.

There was another woman, well known to the Christians as a great opposer of the Ifa truth. Though not a priestess, she was a generally acknowledged leader of all the thunder-worshippers, and, by her stimulating songs, excited to their shortlived madness those whom the demon was supposed to have entered into. Numerous were the sheep and other animals offered by her in order to obtain such good things in this world as she coveted; and such was her supposed influence with the idols, that in the market-places the people readily gave her many cowries, in order that she might obtain like blessings for them. Her husband, who some months previously had placed himself under Christian instruction, suffered, as might be expected, no little persecution at her hands. Just about this time another woman in the city, who had given herself out as some great one, and had deceived many, thus enriching herself at their expense, was taken up as an impostor, and brought before the magistrates. This brought reflection to the mind of Shango's devotee, until, convinced that idol-worship is useless and unprofitable, her mind completely changed, and, regarding her former practices with disgust and contempt, as monstrous things, as an evidence of her determination to renounce them she brought her orishas to one of the Missionary stations, there to give them up for ever. They were five in number, namely, Shango, Yemaja, Yewa, Oge, and Elegbara. The first of these is the god of thunder. Tornados are frequent in the Yoruba country at the end of the rainy season. The storm-cloud comes with crashing thunder, forked and sheet lightning, and torrents of rain, breaking down and overturning in its course forests, cultivated fields, houses. Then rush forth the worshippers of Shango, with shouting and drumming, to propitiate the god. Whatever is touched by the thunderbolt is sacred to the god; or, indeed, if fire from any cause break out, the house becomes sacred, in the sense that it is lost to the owner, and becomes the plunder of the Shango worshippers. In June last, our native Missionary, the Rev. T. King, heard that a man had been hurt by thunder in a neigh-

bouring street. He found him under a tree, shivering with cold, surrounded by a great crowd of people. The Shango worshippers were there with drums, ready to perform their idolatrous rites. He was asked why he remained in the open air, exposed to the cold, instead of going into his house. He said that he had been at home, but had been brought back by the Shango people. He had been struck by the lightning obliquely across the right arm and chest, and had fallen to the ground. The people, finding him there, did nothing but cover him with wild fig-leaves, until one of our Christian visitors, passing by, rescued him from their hands, and led him to his house, from whence he had been again brought forth by the Shango people. In spite of all Mr. King's remonstrances, they succeeded in carrying the poor fellow away to their own place, where probably they dealt worse with him than the lightning had. Yemaja is the goddess of the river Ogun; Yewa, the goddess of the river Yewa, near Ado, &c.

All these, her former objects of superstition, the poor woman now brought, convinced they could do her no good, and desiring to find a better way. On being asked whether, in carrying out her purpose of giving up these things, the people had offered her any hindrance, she said, "They told me, that if all their orishas cannot take revenge on me for the insult I have, in this respect, done them, they cannot surely do it on any one else. I told them to leave them to do with me what they please, but that if I die to-morrow they must not think it to be the orishas, but God, who takes me away."

We can mention only one instance more. A sick man came, a relative of one of the converts, together with his son, a little boy of about eight or nine, and also his Ifa, which he had been worshipping during an illness of from six to nine months; but, instead of becoming better, he grew worse and worse. No fewer than eight sheep and goats had been killed by him, and thirty heads of cowries expended in sacrifices and medicines, until, at length, both strength and purse were exhausted. While in this state he had a dream. He was carried by a man to a very large assembly of all ranks and ages, all having books in their hands, and engaged in reading, praying, and singing. He was told to kneel down and pray, which he did. He was then admonished, that unless he gave up worshipping Ifa, &c., and began to attend God's house, and hear His word, he would surely die under this sickness. He dreamed, also, that one of his wives tried to hinder him from going that way; to whom he replied, with tears, "Do not you hear that, unless I do so, I shall be ruined?" With these words he awoke, his eyes full of tears, and the mat on which he was lying wet with them. This dream was evidently the result of entreaties and warnings addressed to him by his believing relative; and from that moment he decided, without conferring any longer with flesh and blood, to choose the good path. He had brought his son to leave him with the Missionaries, that he might be taught. "I am not going to take him away any more," he said, "not even if I die. I come here to live or die." As a further proof of his determination, he broke some of his Ifa with stones.

Thus the salt is penetrating very much through individual effort on the part of the converts themselves. They suffer, in the first instance, trouble at the hands of their friends; but, after a time, they have their

revenge by persuading them to become inquirers also. It is evident that there is, throughout the population, an increasing sense of the folly of idols, and a conviction that what the oibos teach is the better way. We have only to add, that our experienced Missionary, the Rev. H. Townsend, accompanied by three young lay agents, has just left this country, in renewed health, for Abbeokuta. May they arrive in the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of peace, and may the Lord's work prosper in their hands!

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SAU QUALA.

(Continued from p. 120.)

IN the year 1826, on the termination of a war with England which had lasted two years, a large portion of the kingdom of Burmah, called the Tenasserim provinces, were ceded to the British crown. The American Missionaries immediately took advantage of the opportunity, and commenced Missions at two cities, Tavoy and Maulmein. The dense jungles were soon penetrated by themselves and their assistants, more especially by Ko-Thah-byu, the first Karen convert; and the poor suffering Karens, freed from the cruel yoke of the proud Burman, gladly welcomed the white men, and attentively listened to the message from God which they had come to tell them. And still, as the work advanced, and the Karens were found willing to hear, new districts were visited. The highest range of mountains in the province was climbed by Mr. Mason and Sau Quala. The timber trees were tall as they began the ascent, but gradually dwindled into a thick growth of stunted bamboos, unmixed with a single shrub. From the elevated spot which they had gained, when some of the bamboos, which obstructed the view, had been cut away, they beheld a wide-spread prospect: rivers were there, wandering through glens and gorges, and Karen hamlets peeping forth at intervals through the dense forests. When first seen, there was not throughout these regions a single professor of religion; and as the Christian teachers descended into the dark valley of Tenasserim, the question was asked, When shall we look down on Christian churches in these valleys? As years passed over, the question was answered. Little congregations were raised up; and in the year 1842 Sau Quala was placed in charge of a church of a hundred members, at a place called Pyeekhya. Here he was led to acquire a new dialect, with a view to more extended usefulness among his countrymen. There are two Karen dialects, the Sgau and the Pwo. Sau Quala hitherto had occasion for the Sgau only; but now he found himself among a people to whom the Sgau was unintelligible. He therefore applied himself with diligence to make up the deficiency, and, after a time, was able to preach in Pwo without difficulty. The Pwos appear to have been driven down by other Karen tribes from the mountain fastnesses into vicinity with the Burmese, from whom they had to endure cruel suffering and persecution, until at length, as a nation,

they embraced Buddhism. But amongst them, as well as among the Sgaus, Christian churches have been formed.

One of their places of refuge in former times of suffering is thus described by Mr. Mason—

On looking abroad from the pagoda-crowned hills of Maulmein, an unbroken range of primitive mountains, four, five, or six thousand feet high, is seen on the margin of the eastern horizon, sweeping around on the north-west like an amphitheatre, where they are lost in the misty distance. From the rocky cliffs of Martaban another range extends nearly north, "Footprint-of-the-Buddh" mountains, parallel with the west bank of the Salwen. In the space between these mountains, bounded by the Salwen river on the west, and the Gying on the east, is an immense alluvial plain, resembling the prairie lands of Illinois and Missouri, terminated on the south by a lake of surpassing beauty, studded with green islets, formed by the mouths of the Attaran, the Gying, and the Salwen, whose united waters find an outlet between the promontories of Martaban and Maulmein. In the midst of this plain, twenty miles north of Maulmein, and six or eight east of the Salwen, the attention of the spectator is arrested by a pile of the most picturesque mountain limestone that ever graced a landscape. Rising abruptly in the most fantastic shapes, from the level of tide-water to nodding precipices two thousand feet high at a single leap, the pinnacles seem to shake their hoary-lichen faces and fern-fringed foreheads at the passing traveller, and threaten him with instant destruction. The whole range is not more than eight miles long, and at twenty miles distant its numerous grotesque peaks give it a striking resemblance to a gigantic Gothic cathedral; and the illusion is rendered the more real by the spire of a small white pagoda being distinguished, with some difficulty, in the distance, on the very topmost summit of the highest point of the range, and on the margin of an abrupt precipice. The whole pile is called Zwaga-being, "The mooring of the ship," from a tradition which says that, in ancient times, the whole world was covered with water, and the only survivors of the human race were in a ship which floated hither, where, the highest point of the range being above water, to it the ship was moored.

Certainly there is not a more remarkable natural curiosity in all the guide-books of Europe than this castellated mass of mural limestone. Until my first residence at its base it had ever been deemed a cluster of inaccessible crags, except one point, where a small pagoda has been erected; but I found the Karens around me knew of an impregnable natural fortress, an eagle's nest amid the Gothic spires on its summit, capable of containing many thousand persons, which, for many generations, had been their refuge when the wars of the Burmese, the Talings, and the Siamese, were desolating the plains below. I determined to verify the statement of my informant; so he led me to the base of an unbroken precipice, five or six hundred feet high. A cool crystal stream, several yards wide, and two or three feet deep, gushes out of a cave at the base, accompanied, in a hot day, by a current of cool air. On the right of this brook the limestone on the face of the precipice has been worn, by the waters of ages, unequally, and many masses of rock

have been detached from its face, and fallen to the base, leaving numerous jutting prominences, some of which are loosely held by the arms of the parasitical wild fig, whose roots find a passage into every crevice, and often bind together the broken fragments. With a steady head, and with fingers and toes accustomed to climbing, a person, by pursuing a zigzag course, may reach the summit at this point. The fallen rocks, piled up from the base, afford a very practicable flight of steps above the highest tops of the gorgeous scarlet-flowered coral trees, which throw their shadows over the mouth of the cave, and crowd the banks of the brook. Above, the precipice has a slight declination and a rough uneven surface, so that naked feet and hands, with care, may ascend it to a narrow ledge: this ledge, though in some places less than the width of a man's foot, serves as a path to a natural parapet, in which one armed man might conceal himself, and defend the ascent against an army.

By a path, with like various alternations, the margin of the summit is reached, where a full view of the region below is spread out before the eye of the spectator. At the base of the western mountains the Salwen is seen, plunging down its mighty waters to Martaban and Maulmein, where they are joined by the Gying, that bounds the prospect on the south and east; while little islands of forest trees, each concealing beneath its shade a quiet hamlet, dimple the whole plain; and babbling brooks thread their wandering ways like veins of silver, or mark the courses of their hidden waters by the emerald hue of their banks.

Turning from the prospect below, and climbing upward on men's shoulders, a gap in the rocks above is reached; then, descending a few yards, the spectator is astonished to find himself on the edge of a large basin, like the crater of an extinct volcano. Around and beyond, on the opposite side of the gulf, for miles in extent, dark precipitous crags, of every imaginable and unimaginable form, fling down their tall shadows a thousand feet above the place of entrance, enclosing an area of several square miles; and, after a descent of one or two hundred feet, an uneven plain is reached, covered with a luxuriant forest. My guide said none but Karens had ever before ascended the precipice, or entered within its precincts. Indeed, that there was here one of the largest, strongest, and most remarkable castles that nature ever built, had never been imagined. Its chief point of weakness is the lack of water: yet it is far from being wholly destitute of that. About a mile from the entrance a gradual ascent of a hundred feet leads to the summit of a precipitous glen; and on descending about two hundred feet, by natural steps in the craggy rocks, a small stream of water is seen gushing from the face of a precipice, which the guide said he thought resembled the rock struck by Moses in the Arabian desert. This affords a never-failing supply of several quarts, and sometimes gallons, of pure water hourly throughout the year. In the days of the Burman emperor Alompra, before his successes in Pegu, a large number of Karens were besieged here by the Siamese; and tradition says that nearly the whole perished for the lack of food and water. From the sufferings of that period, or perhaps a previous one, the place has acquired the name of Dongyang, "The weeping city;" and the stream, Htieyang, "The brook of tears."

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## SCENERY IN THE IJEBU COUNTRY.

IJEBU is one of the provinces of the Yoruba country, lying to the N. E. of Lagos, and in a S. E. direction from Abbeokuta. It was from this quarter that marauding expeditions were accustomed to issue



RUSTIC BRIDGE IN THE IJEBU COUNTRY.

forth, attacking and wasting the towns of the Egbas, and selling their captives into slavery. About two years back it was first visited by our Missionaries, and the foundation laid for Missionary efforts, at Ofin, the residence of one of the Ijebu kings, the akarigbo of Ijebu Remu, and at another town, called Ikorodu.

The Ijebu scenery is often very beautiful. The line of road becomes a beautiful avenue or lane. Numerous Napoleonas, with their dark green leaves and curious flowers—some proceeding at once from the trunk or branches, others strewing the ground—border the road; solitary, gigantic cotton-trees rear their lofty stems; and palm-trees abound in every direction; so much so, that if other trees were cut down, the palm-trees alone would give the country the appearance of a forest. The wide path, arched over head, affords an agreeable protection from the sunbeams, while occasionally a watercourse presents itself, crossed by a rustic bridge. Such a bridge, from a sketch by the late Dr. Irving, is shown in our Frontispiece. Sometimes the path becomes open, and fields of corn appear on either hand. Then an Ijebu town is approached, a wall and thatched gate, flanked with towers of defence, crossing the end of an avenue, from whence issues forth a dense crowd of men, women, and children, who greet the visitor with hearty salutations.

We trust that Christianity will soon take root in this land, and, stretching forth its branches, afford to the inhabitants a shade from various evils to which, from time immemorial, they have been exposed. Our recent despatches from this part of Africa inform us that Kosoko, the ex-chief of Lagos, has been endeavouring to induce the Ijebus to join with him and Gezo, king of Dahomey, in an attack on Abbeokuta and Lagos, but has been resisted by the akarigbo of Ofin. There are restless spirits in the country, who dislike the existing tranquillity, because it interferes with the prosecution of the slave-trade; but their devices, we are encouraged to believe, will prove to be ineffectual.

#### THE PARŚÍS.

THE Parsís are the lineal descendants of the fire-worshippers of Persia, who emigrated to India when the Mahommedans overran their country. There they maintain their religion, which consists in the worship of the elements, and the renunciation of idols. They are an industrious and enterprising people, and, under the protection of the British Government, have risen to the highest place in literature, commerce, and artisanship. One of their number, Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy, at Bombay, has expended on public benevolence no less a sum than £50,000.

Some seventeen years ago a movement in favour of Christianity took place among the Parsís of Bombay, the result of which was, the giving to Western India its first ordained ministers, the Rev. Hormazdji Pestonji, and the Rev. Dhanjibhai Nauroji. Recently a new excitement of the same kind has occurred amongst them. Four Parsí youths, about seventeen years of age, students in the Elphinstone Institution, the principal Government Seminary in Bombay,

in June last sought admission into the Christian church by the Free Church Mission. For two years they had been inquirers, wandering through the jungles of deism and infidelity, until at length they were brought into communication with Christian Missionaries, and, as they expressed themselves in a letter to the Missionaries, became convinced "that Parsíism is a false religion, and that every comfort, joy, hope, success, and every good thing in the world, as well as in the world to come, are concentrated in the Lord Jesus." Having been forewarned of the fiery trial through which they would have to pass, they were received into the Mission house. No sooner had their relatives heard of it than the house began to be thronged: the police were called in to guard the place, and the relatives were admitted. Painful scenes followed. They fell down at the feet of the young men, embraced, kissed them, wept over them, beseeching them to return. That day the young men stood fast: the next day the female relatives came: this also they endured, although nearly fainting from exhaustion. The third day messengers arrived to say that the fathers of three of them, and the mother of the fourth, were dying; and, from seven o'clock in the morning until four in the afternoon, these young men were beset and importuned by their friends and others, all occupying a respectable position in the Bombay community. At last, one, in anguish about his mother, wished to go home for an hour, on the assurance that he should be permitted to return; a promise which was not kept. On the fifth day two others yielded; but the fourth, Dairamji, the oldest and most advanced of them, with a wife and child too, remained steadfast. At the date of the last accounts, however, the efforts to recover him had not ceased.

The following extract of a letter from our Secretary at Bombay, the Rev. G. Candy, will show that this movement amongst the Parsís is not confined to Bombay—

A Parsí youth, by name Ruttonjee, a pupil of the Government Institution at Ahmednuggur, was sent to some relatives at this place, some five or six weeks ago, it is believed for the purpose of checking his desires after Christianity, there being a considerable stir just then among the pupils of the Government Institution at Ahmednuggur upon the subject of religion. Shortly after he arrived, he by stealth attended Mr. Price and his Parsí catechist, Sorabjee Khursedjee, for Christian instruction.

This he was enabled to continue for some time without detection. At length, however, it was discovered, and his friends at Ahmednuggur were summoned hither for the purpose of removing him. On the very day that they arrived here, Ruttonjee, learning what was their object, slipped out of the house, and ran off straight to Mr. Price's house at Shurrupúr, and threw himself upon his protection, avowing his determination to become a Christian. His own wish was, not to allow an interview with his relatives, but he acquiesced in Mr. Price's recommendation to see them. He, however, remained firm in his determina-

tion to continue at Mr. Price's, and to join himself to the Christian church. He was then summoned before the magistrate, to whom he stated his determination, and was allowed by him to return to Mr. Price's. Mr. Price originally fixed upon Sunday the 22d ult. for Ruttonjee's baptism, but subsequently deferred it until the 29th, in order that Mrs. Candy and I might have the pleasure of being present at it. But on Thursday the 26th Mr. Price received a communication, which convinced him, that, unless measures were expedited, serious obstructions of an official character would be interposed. Upon this he summoned his colleagues, Messrs. Mengé and Frost, to give him their counsel. They unanimously agreed to baptize Ruttonjee then and there, and so anticipate all difficulties. This was accordingly done.

The convert's age is eighteen or nineteen, and he is both a husband and father. He is a very pleasing young man, both in appearance and manners, and is, I trust, a true convert.

May grace be granted him to adorn the doctrine of God his Saviour in all things, and may he be an instrument of much good among his countrymen !

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RUPERT'S LAND MISSIONS.

WE have received from Rupert's Land journals and despatches which contain an account of the proceedings of our Missionaries, and the progress of their work, throughout the year ending the 31st of July last. They are of a most satisfactory and encouraging character. All the stations have been visited with a greater or less measure of blessing, and we are constrained to say, with the Psalmist, "Thy paths drop fatness : they drop upon the pastures of the wilderness."

We mention one fact which will cause a glad feeling in the hearts of all who are interested in the Indian race of America—that there is no fear now of their becoming extinct, at least so far as those tribes are concerned amongst whom pure scriptural Christianity is being introduced. The process of depopulation has been arrested by the action of the gospel. Sin, after all, is the great destroyer of man. It generates vices and evil practices of various kinds which are destructive, and the divine declaration is fulfilled, "Men of bloods and deceit shall not live out half their days." It is not merely in the barren wilds of Rupert's Land that races of men have been found in a wasting and decaying state. We might then have thought that their decrease arose from the inclemency of the climate, and the want of sufficient food. But in the rich and beautiful islands of the South Seas, where the climate is delightful, and abundant and nutritious food for man, the bread fruit, and the taro root, grow spontaneously without an effort on his part, the same solemn process was going forward when Christian Missionaries first arrived there ; so much so, that a few years more would, in all probability, have left them without inhabitants. The decay of races may be traced, not so much to the pressure of disadvantages from without,

as to the evil that is inherent in man's nature, and which, if not checked and restrained by more powerful influences, hurries him onward in a course of self-destruction. "O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself." How many have destroyed themselves, both in time and for eternity! Christianity enters with power into a man's heart, and puts this evil in chains and bonds, and thus becomes a principle of recovery in man, and individuals are saved from ruin, and nations raised up out of hopelessness and degradation. This is the delightful procedure that is going forward in Rupert's Land.

We shall endeavour to present our readers with occasional glimpses of the different stations, and of the progress which is being made, notwithstanding many difficulties, in the blessed work of evangelizing the Crees and Saulteaux of Rupert's Land.

There is one station—Fairford, Manitoba—where Missionary labours were carried on for a lengthened period without fruit. It is discouraging work to till a barren soil. And such the hearts of the Indians appeared to be in that place. The soul of the Missionary was cast down within him; yet, though sometimes tempted to say, "I have laboured in vain, and spent my strength for nought," he was enabled to persevere until his prayers were heard, and the blessing, sure because promised, although long delayed, came like the glad-some breaking forth of summer in those wintry regions, when the earth put off its frozen surface, and becomes soft for the plough, and the rivers break loose from their icy chains, and genial influences, crowding in, arouse torpid nature into action. Here there is now a little church of believing Indians, who have cast away from them their heathen superstitions, that they may worship God in spirit and in truth. They confess the Lord Jesus, and seek to serve Him, and the little band increases by the addition of new converts brought in from their wanderings in the wild waste of heathenism. One interesting case has recently occurred—that of the leading chief at the station, who has made an open profession of faith in Christ before his heathen countrymen, and joined himself to the church. We find the following notices of him in the journals of our Missionary at Fairford, the Rev. W. Staggs—

Easter-day, 1856—In the afternoon I held a meeting in my own house for the benefit of the Indians. One of the half-breed settlers interpreted for me, and Papamas was present, and several of his heathen friends. After I had done, the old man made such a speech as will not be forgotten for a long time at Fairford. The interpreter shed tears while relating to me what he said. He boldly declared his belief in the Christian religion, and said it was only by the help of heaven he could continue stedfast. He said the works of heathenism were the works of Satan. Will Papamas be stedfast? God grant that he may! If he should go back he will do much harm. If he continue stedfast he will undoubtedly do much good.

March 30—There has been much said amongst the Indians about what Papamas said on Easter-day. Some are surprised; some say they

must follow him. Oh, may it please the Lord to pour out the Holy Spirit, that they may be gathered into the Redeemer's kingdom!

June 10—To-day Papamas left us. He will be off a few weeks for the moose hunting. He said to some of my people, as related to me afterwards, "Before I embraced the gospel I could go to the woods with pleasure, but now I cannot. I shall soon return, that I may hear what is good for my soul, as I know not how soon death may come."

This Indian is diligently using the influence which he possesses over his countrymen in persuading them to follow his example, and give themselves to the Lord.

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### RESIGNATION.

There is no flock, however watched and tended,  
But one dead lamb is there ;  
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,  
But has one vacant chair.

The air is full of farewells to the dying,  
And mournings for the dead :  
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,  
Will not be comforted.

Let us be patient : these severe afflictions,  
Not from the ground arise ;  
But oftentimes celestial benedictions  
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mist and vapours—  
Amid these earthly damps :  
What seem to us but dim funereal tapers,  
May be heaven's distant lamps.

She is not dead, the child of our affection,  
But gone unto that school  
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,  
And Christ Himself doth rule.\*

She is not dead : what seems so is transition.  
This life of mortal breath  
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,  
Whose portals we call death.\*

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,  
By guardian angels led,  
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,  
She lives whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing  
In those bright realms of air ;  
Year after year her tender steps pursuing,  
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken  
The bond which nature gives,  
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,  
May reach her where she lives.

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\* These two verses have been slightly altered from the original.

Not as a child shall we again behold her ;  
 For when with raptures wild  
 In our embraces we again enfold her  
 She will not be a child ;

But a fair maiden, in her Father's mansion,  
 Clothed with celestial grace,  
 And beautiful with all the soul's expansion  
 Shall we behold her face.

And though at times, impetuous with emotion  
 And anguish long suppressed,  
 The swelling heart heaves, moaning like the ocean  
 That cannot be at rest—

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling  
 We cannot wholly stay,  
 By silence sanctifying, not concealing,  
 The grief that must have way.

LONGFELLOW.

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 THE KARENS.

OUR readers, we hope, have been interested in the notices we have introduced of Sau Quala, the Karen pastor. At present we have nothing to add with reference to him, but of his people, the Karens, much may be said. Their traditions, which are numerous, are of a curious and interesting character. They say, for instance, that the country which they now occupy is not their own, and that they came from the North, where they were independent of the Burmese and Siamese. On the banks of the Sitang, a river which flows into the sea, between the Salwen and the Irrawaddy, about 200 miles from its mouth, stands a city called Toungoo. That had once been their city and country, and from thence came all the Karens of Siam, Burmah, and Pegu. But even this appears to have been only the first place at which they settled on their arrival in further India, and their tradition points to some far more remote place than this as their original home. They speak of "the river of running sand, over which their ancestors crossed as they were advancing, a fearful trackless region, where the sands rolled before the winds like the waves of the sea." Our readers may compare with this the description given by the travellers Huc and Gabet, of the frightful deserts of Thibet, lying between the Blue Lake and Lassa. "Immediately after crossing the river of Tsaidam we found the aspect of the country totally changed. Nature becomes all of a sudden savage and sad: the soil, arid and stony, produces with difficulty a few dry saltpe-trous bushes." The passage of Bourhan-Bota mountain, remarkable for its pestilential vapours, is thus described—"Every body measured with his eyes the steep and rugged paths of the lofty ascent, gazed with anxiety at a light, thin vapour, which we were told was the pestilential vapour in question Before long, the horses refused to carry their riders, and all, men as well as animals, advanced on foot, and step by step. By degrees our faces grew pale, our hearts sick, and our legs incapable of supporting us: we threw ourselves on the ground, then rose again to make another effort, then once more prostrated ourselves, and again rose to stumble on some paces further. In this deplorable fashion was it that we ascended the famous Bourhan-Bota." Further on, passing

another mountain, they say—"Almost immediately after attaining the summit, the sky became thickly overcast with clouds, and the wind began to blow with a violence which grew constantly more and more intense. The opposite sides of the mountain we found so encumbered with snow, that the animals were up to their girths in it: they could only advance by a series of convulsive efforts, which threw several of them into gulfs from which it was impossible to extricate them, and where they accordingly perished. We marched in the very teeth of a wind so strong and so icy that it absolutely at times choked our respiration, and, despite our thick furs, made us tremble, lest we should be killed with cold." Similar difficulties lie between Lassa and the Western provinces of China.

All this is interesting; but the scriptural character of the traditions of the Karens is still more so. They say they were dispersed because they lost their faith in God and their love to each other, and that their language became confused in their dispersion. Their tradition of the fall of man is very singular, from its close resemblance to the Bible statement. We insert a fragment of it—

A yellow fruit took the great dragon, and gave to the children of God.
A white fruit took the great dragon, and gave to the daughter and son of God.
They transgressed the commandments of God, and God turned His face from them;
They kept not all the words of God—were deceived, deceived unto sickness;
They kept not all the law of God—were deceived, deceived unto death.

It is difficult to conceive that these ideas could have been derived from any other source than the Old-Testament writings. The Karens themselves say they were obtained from their ancient books of skin, which taught morals, while the palm-leaf books treat only of wonders, *i.e.* fables. In this persuasion, that they once had books, the Karens are very decided: they say that they did not take care of their books, and that, when they lost their books, they lost the knowledge of God. It is strange, that, in connexion with this, the idea has prevailed amongst them that the knowledge of God would be restored to them through the instrumentality of white foreigners—"Look toward the ocean. The great bird shall ascend, and spread forth its white wings. This is the white foreigners, bringing you the words of the eternal God."

In another Number we shall describe Toungoo, which, since the termination of the last Burmese war, has become a Missionary station.

THE LAND OF THE CHAGALELEGAT.

OFF the west coast of Sumatra rise out of the ocean three hilly masses, called the Mantawe Islands, the channel between them and the mainland being some eighty miles across. Their place on the world's map is thus marked—from 1° to 3° 40' S. lat., and 98° 30' to 100° E. long. Our readers, if they please, may look them out, and place their finger on the spot. Why do we select them as a subject? To remind our readers that there are places we have never heard of, which are, nevertheless, the homes of our fellow-men, who are living and dying without God. The northern, and largest island, Si-Berut, is seventy-two miles long and fourteen broad. The middle one, Si-Kobo, separated from the northern by a strait about twenty-five miles broad, dotted with isles, is thirty-four miles long by ten broad; and the southern, Si-Galagan,

fifteen miles distant from the central one, about forty-four miles by seven.

Along their whole length the islands are intersected by ranges of hills, the highest summits of which do not rise above 500 feet. These hill ranges are covered to their summits with trees, and the whole land, as viewed from the sea, appears a dense and continuous forest, almost impervious, and consisting of a great variety of trees and underwood, more or less matted by hanging and trailing plants. Some of the timber trees on the richer soil of the hills attain a great size. There is the Bintangur, large enough for the lowest mast of a first-rate man-of-war. Casuarinas grow along the shore, in long and regular rows, to the height of 100 or 150 feet. There are several species of the fig and the wild nutmeg; but more prized by the inhabitants are the abundant natural groves of cocoa-nut and the sago palms. The plantain, bambú, &c., are also common.

The large wild beasts of Sumatra are unknown in these islands; but monkeys and Sumatran deer abound. The Indian crocodile inhabits most of the rivers; and various kinds of zoophytes in the seas around are busily engaged in raising new islands to the surface. So long as the reefs remain beneath the surface, the water on them is remarkably clear and transparent; and, like a transparent wood, are seen the different corals, decked with brilliant colours, with beautifully coloured fishes moving amongst them in all directions. In dark nights these animals appear to be surrounded by light, and the water is full of small shining specks, like stars on a dark blue field.

The people who inhabit these islands are the Chagalelegat, a rude, simple, sequestered race, who are not found beyond the limits of these three islands, which are their home. The races contiguous to these are the Niba, in islands to the north, the Malayan tribes, and Battas, on the Sumatran shore; but with none have they any dealings, the Malays excepted, who visit them for timber and traffic. The numerous foreign traders who resort to the western shores of Sumatra, have not been attracted to these islands. The Chagalelegat, or Mantaweans, are about 11,000 in number, of middle size, well made, and very muscular. Some are remarkably handsome, with finely-moulded limbs. The nose is more or less flat; the mouth projecting, but not in the same degree as with the Malays; the eyes large and bright; the eyebrows thin, and only slightly curved; the hair fine, lank, and jet black; and the colour of the skin yellowish brown, with a ruddy tinge. They are robust, athletic, active, and expert in all bodily exercises incidental to their mode of life. Their ordinary occupations consist in hunting and fishing, the extraction and washing of the sago meal, the preparation of bark cloth, the collection of wood, oil, timber, rattans, wild fruits, and other forest produce. The house and garden once made, their highest industry and skill are employed in the fabrication of canoes, weapons, and implements for killing and snaring game and fish. In carving implements in wood, and in plaiting grass, rattans, &c., they show considerable ingenuity. Their houses are of two kinds—large ones, in which thirty or forty families live together, and small ones, adapted for one only. The former, which are always the property of a chief, have a length of 180 to 200 feet, and a breadth of 30 or 40 feet. The whole is, as it were, a colossal roof, covered with the leaves of the sago, having arched side walls;

the doors being openings in the roof about three feet high. They are always built along the bank of a navigable creek or river, and, on account of the marshy ground, are raised on posts ten feet high. Long platforms erected alongside give entrance to the interior, and reach, by steps, to the bank of the river. There is one large apartment for common use, and a narrow passage from this leads through the middle of the house: on either side of which small pens, disposed in great number, serve as the sleeping and cooking places of the different families.

Dwelling by the water-side, they spend a great part of the day on the water, from which they draw a large portion of their subsistence. Their canoes, hollowed out of the stem of a thick tree by a common chopping knife and chisel, are of different lengths, from twelve to fifty-six feet. The largest, which are covered, have one or two masts, to which palm-leaf sails are fastened, and can carry forty persons. Children nine or ten years old have their small sampans, in which they venture fearlessly into the midst of the breakers. Rowing is performed by men and women with equal dexterity, and in a kneeling posture.

Like the Polynesian islanders, their dress and adornment consist of bark, leaves, and tattooing. The tattooing, which is performed with a copper or iron needle, is a painful operation. Their clothing consists of prepared bark, coloured yellow with turmeric. For protection against sun and rain they wear a hat made of the outer bark of the sago palm, light, but of formidable size, with a very broad brim, and running to a point. Both sexes are fond of adorning the hair, forehead, and ears, with flowers and leaves, while around the throat and arms are disposed various kinds of small chain and bands. They prefer corals of a dull blue colour, which the women hang from their necks to the weight of six or eight pounds. Copper rings are also worn all along the fore arm by the women, and by the men on the upper arm. The waist is also ornamented with different kinds of bands. Both in their persons and houses they are very uncleanly.

Their weapons are bow and arrow, spears, short swords, daggers, and shields: firearms they have none. The blades of the swords and spears, &c., are brought over from Sumatra in a roughly wrought state, and they bestow much labour on polishing and sharpening them. The point of the arrow is always smeared with poison.

They believe in a great number of malevolent spirits, who dwell everywhere—in the forests and caves, in the air, in the waters, and below the ground. Thunder and lightning, heavy winds and rains, conflagrations, inundations, and earthquakes, are supposed to be caused by these demons. These poor people are under continual fear, and in various ways endeavour to ward off the evil influences which they consider to be so thickly around them. They never undertake any thing of importance without first consulting a kind of oracle, which consists in killing a fowl and cutting out the stomach from which the chief divines. Should a snake creep along or across the path when they are engaged in dragging home a large tree, which with much labour they have felled for some necessary purpose, they immediately abandon it where it lies. They have village festivals, which are held periodically, or on the occurrence of any event of importance, such as the

death of a chief, on the completion of a house, &c. They often last one or two months, the people eating to excess during the day—they have no intoxicating drinks—and dancing, singing, and talking during the night. In these festivals there is one point, which brings out the dark character of this people, and identifies the Mantawe islands as amongst the dark places of the earth which are full of the habitations of cruelty. To bring the feast to a proper conclusion, the killing of one or more men is thought necessary. Hence their murder voyages. The largest canoe of the village is fitted out for a distant voyage, and manned with a crew often amounting to one hundred. The people of the southern islands steer to the northern ones, and of the northern to the southward. Hence the bitter hatred which the inhabitants of different parts of these islands bear to each other. When they reach their destination, the canoe is anchored by heavy stones. The crew land, and conceal themselves in the forest, and shoot down the first persons they can surprise. Having effected their purpose, they put to sea as quickly as possible.

Here is sequestered man. He is not corrupted by communication with other nations. He is left to the development of his own natural tendencies. Is he virtuous, innocent, inoffensive? or is the Scripture true—"living in malice and envy, hateful and hating one another?" The poison of sin is rankling in their hearts. When shall they have the antidote?

SHALL WE GIVE, OR SHALL WE NOT GIVE?

GIVING is the law of the universe. To cease giving is almost to cease being. The apparent exception in the system—accumulation—is only a process preparatory to more abundant and more useful giving. The sun gives light and heat to the globe; gives life, vigour, health, joy, beauty, to the whole planetary system. The clouds give rain in due season, and in the frosty nights of autumn they give a warm covering to the earth. The ocean gives moisture to the air, a path for our ships, fish for our tables, salt for our daily wants. The forest gives timber for our buildings, fuel for our fires, furniture for our houses, ships for our commerce, homes for birds and beasts. The air gives us the elements of life. The flowers give pleasure to a refined taste, and, by absorbing injurious gases, and emitting healthful ones, they give health to our frames.

The snow gives to the fields the fertilizing principles which it has received and brought down from the air. The fields of grain give us bread. The bowels of the earth give us precious stones and gems, valuable metals and fuel. The dead stone walls around the fields collect from the atmosphere fertilizing qualities, and, as they are decomposed in the process of ages, give these elements again to the soil near them. Wire, properly arranged and stretched, gives music to cheer the soul, and to raise it in devotion to God. Every drop of water gives itself in its evaporation to become fructifying rain, or gentle dew, or the glorious rainbow, or the splendid array of summer clouds, or the garniture of the rising and setting sun.

God gives, and He has constituted the whole unintelligent creation to give. The bee gives his honey. The ox gives his strength and his

flesh. The turtle gives his shell and his meat. The marten, and the elk, and the seal, give their fur. The elephant gives his tusks, the wolf his skin, the monkey his amusing tricks. Even the sluggish metals give us their various qualities, which fit them to be manufactured into useful implements—the gold and silver their preciousness; the iron, its adaptation for our ten thousand uses, the great helper and guard of civilization; the steel and the brass, for our watches; the lead, for our pipes and our coverings; the copper, for sheathing our ships; the mixture of metals, for our bells and our types.

A thing is valuable in proportion as it has the capacity of giving. When it ceases to give, it is of no further utility, and is cast away. Nay, what, that God has made, does not continue to give as long as it exists? Even the cinders from our furnaces give us hard paths, or fill for us unsightly excavations, or extend our wharves into the harbours, and our cities into the sea.

Of the army of givers, some are voluntary, some involuntary, in their giving. But God has made them to give. And they give, in fulfilling voluntarily or involuntarily the purpose of their creation. God, the prince of givers, made them that they might give, and He made them competent to give.

If the whole unintelligent creation gives, and if God, the perfection of intelligence, gives, ought not man, the moral agent—man, the constant recipient of these gifts—man, on whom all things wait, and to whom they all minister, and for whom they are formed, that they may give—man, to whom God gives continually—ought not man to give? "Shall we give, or shall we not give?"

If we have nothing of this world's goods, but live stintedly on charity—if all our earnings are necessarily consumed in meeting the just demands of society, and no reasonable economy would enable us to impart to others—then we have only the influence of a holy life, and our prayers, to give. But these we can give, and we must not withhold them.

But most men have something more to give; the produce of a field, the income of a certain sum of money, the rent of an estate, a tithe of the profits of certain prosperous projects, a thank-offering for mercies—given not in empty words, but in substantial forms, which men can appreciate, and by which men shall be blessed—gifts that should be constant as our demands upon a giving universe are constant; and constant as our receipts from a giving universe and from God, the greatest of all givers, are constant.

In this giving universe, and from this giving God, what have we received? The body, "curiously wrought," and "fearfully and wonderfully made;" the soul, with its mysterious powers and capacities; the blessings of this life, adapted to our double nature, and consonant with our destiny; the gospel, with all the benefits springing out of and attendant on a Christian civilization; the propitiatory sacrifice of the Son of God; a hope, full of immortality. Let a Christian man write out the several things included in this catalogue; and then, when a call is made on his generosity, and the question forces itself upon him, "Shall we give, or shall we not give?" we make no doubt that he will find an answer ready.

[*The Macedonian*," May 1856.